

# In The Land of The Salaam

*by Bert Wilson*





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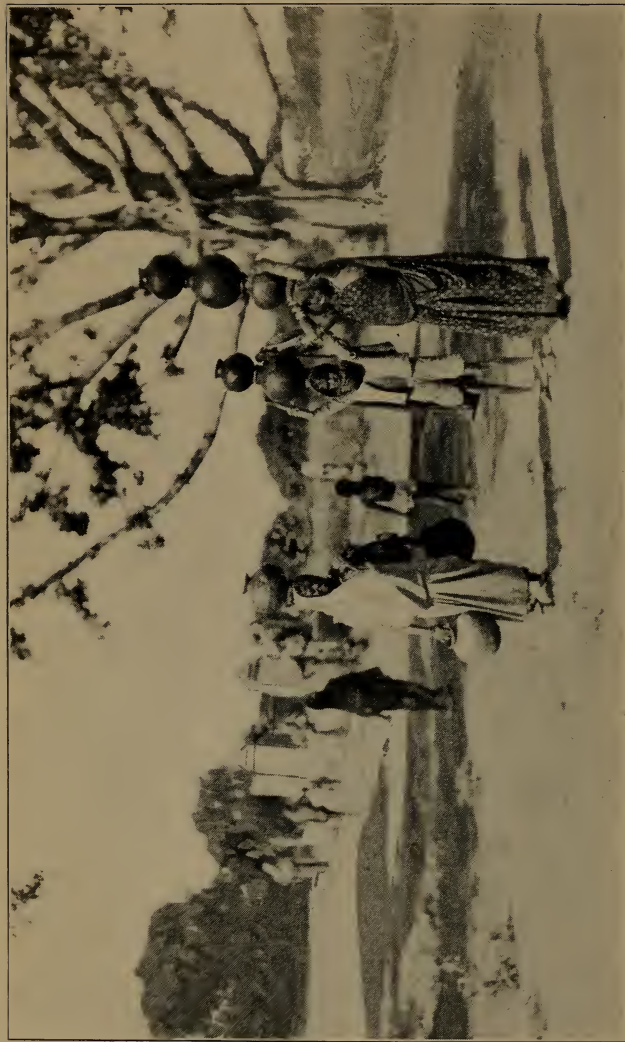
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“Women with water pots on their heads coming and going”

# In the Land of the Salaam

*By*

BERT WILSON

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United Christian Missionary Society

*and Author of*

*DAD'S LETTERS ON A WORLD JOURNEY*

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## THE WORD BEFORE

Some of the material in this volume was sent home as travel stories during my stay in India, and was published in World Call, The Lookout, The Front Rank, Girls' Circle and Boys' Comrade.

Appreciation is hereby expressed to those publications for permission to use a part of that material, somewhat revised, in this volume.

September, 1921.

B. W.



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## CHAPTER I

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### “SALAAM”



## CHAPTER I

### "SALAAM"

#### IN THE LAND OF THE SALAAM

##### 1

India might well be called the Land of the Salaam. At least it is the salaamingest land I have ever seen. Out in the middle west in the U. S. A. it was considered good breeding if you saluted your neighbor by the way; not so in Cincinnati or St. Louis, unless you know him. In India one is salaamed on every hand.

"Salaam, Sahib. Carry your baggage out?" called out a half dozen coolies upon my arrival at Calcutta. One fellow took my trunk upon his head, a suitcase on top of that, a grip in each hand, and went down the gangway.

"Salaam, Sahib," said the *gari* men as we came out on the street, looking for a taxi to take my baggage to the railroad station. No taxi was in sight except the two-wheeled ox-carts.

"Salaam, Sahib," said the old keeper at Carey's Chapel in Calcutta, as we went to have a look at the beginning place of modern missions in India. Here is the church that Carey

built, in good repair, with services being held there every Sunday. On the inside we saw the baptistry which Carey built. It is in the floor, in front of the pulpit where everyone in the church can see it. In this baptistry Adoniram Judson was baptized, upon his arrival in India.

"Salaam, Sahib," said the ticket agent as we called for tickets to Serampore, where Carey later moved and started the new work and the Bible College. Serampore is about fifteen miles from Calcutta, and a splendidly located suburban city. Here we visited the old home of William Carey. It is a large roomy building, now being occupied by the President of the College.

Carey lived in this home from 1823 to 1834, the year of his death. He erected the college building in 1818. It is large and roomy in the colonial style. The auditorium will seat a thousand people. It is rather remarkable that this far-seeing pioneer had the vision to plan his Bible College for a hundred years in the future, for only recently the attendance has reached nearly six hundred.

It will be understood that this is a regular Arts College and that the Bible Department has only a limited number of students.

The great iron gate at the entrance of the grounds was given by the King of Denmark, and the large double iron stairway in the college building was also given by him. This tract of ground was originally ceded to Denmark, and it

was necessary for Mr. Carey to secure his grants for the land through the King. He was pleased with Carey and the work he was doing, hence made these gifts to the school.

"Salaam, Sahib," said the coolie, who had carried my baggage to the train when I started to Jubbulpore. I had paid him the regular price but he wanted more. A *pice* is one-half of a cent, and when I gave it to him he salaamed in farewell.

"Salaam, Sahib, tea, sir?" said the steward of the dining car, as our train stopped at one of the stations. He came back along the cars and found out how many wanted tea, and had it prepared ready to serve when the train made the next stop.

Those Indian sleepers are different. They call each compartment a carriage. Each second class compartment has in it five berths. These are like big leather sofas, only not nearly so soft. They run end-ways of the train, are stationary, and there is no porter to make up or make down the beds. The passenger takes his own pillow, sheets, and blankets, makes up his own bed, crawls in and pulls the "drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams," or unpleasant dreams as the case may be.

"Salaam, Sahib," said the *syce* of Miss Jeter's *tonga* at Jubbulpore, when I emerged from the crowd ready to go to my stopping place.

The *syce* is the man who tends to the horse, and he is a very interesting individual. He feeds and waters the horse, hitches him up and drives up to the door. When you start, the *syce* goes out and opens the gate. He then hops on a little seat behind the cart. You wonder why he is along, but at the first stop, it is plain. There are no hitching-posts in most places, and the *syce* is the portable hitching-post. When you are ready to go to the next place, the *syce* has the horse ready.

2

"Salaam, Sahib, have a stick?" said one of the Bible College boys at Jubbulpore, as I walked out on the hockey field where a hot game was on. Hockey is nothing more than old-fashioned "shinny" modernized. When a boy I used to play "shinny" in the country school, so I took a stick and sailed in. I made a dash for the ball and heaved a heavy stroke for a three bagger, but found myself lying on the ground and the ball going in the other direction. "A haughty spirit before a fall," but not after!

"Salaam, Sahib," called out two little Hindu girls on their way to school one morning. They were barefooted, had on their gay-colored *saris*, nose-rings, earrings, toe rings, bracelets, and anklets. India is a land where jewelry abounds on every hand, and on almost every arm, ear, nose, toe and ankle.



"Salaam, Sahib," said a Mohammedan patriarch with long whiskers, as he came to Dr. Drummond's hospital for medicine for his wife. He bowed with great respect and wanted to know about the wheat crop and cotton crop in America. He also asked why the price of cotton was so high in America. When I replied that it was no doubt due to the war, he shrugged his shoulders and made an outward gesture with both hands as if to say, "the war explains everything."

"Salaam, Sahib," said the cook at Harda in the mission bungalow where I was staying. He had prepared some extra dishes for the new Sahib and greeted me with a profound salaam as I went to the table for the first time.

"Salaam, Sahib," said a high school boy in one of the homes where I went with Miss Thompson. I was a seven days' wonder to him. How did they do this and that and the other in America? And would I show him my camera? And could he come and make me a visit?

He came to see me, and I showed him my typewriter, my watch and my camera. He had brought two others with him. When I offered to take a picture of them, he replied, "Oh, no, sir. That would be very bad to take a picture, if we are not properly dressed. May we go home and put on our better clothes and come back in half an hour?"

When they returned, they had on all kinds of jewelry, and one brought a small, gaudy-

colored looking glass. The high school boy came barefooted; said he did not have any shoes, and would I lend him a pair of my shoes while he had his photo taken? When I brought a pair of number nines, he fished an old pair of socks out of his pocket but they were too small, and he had his photo taken sockless, but in the American Sahib's shoes.

"Salaam, Sahib," saluted the village barber as he came to the bungalow to cut my hair. He cut my hair for four annas—about eight cents, and thought he was well paid even without a tip.

"Salaam, Sahib," called the girls in the home at Kulpahar. "Give our salaams to your Mem Sahib, and to all your Miss Sahibs."

And thus was I salaamed through India. The boy on the street, the merchant in his place of business, the postmaster, the telegraph operator, the master of the schools, the Mohammedan beggar, the *syce*, the cook, the cook's wife, the weaver, the leper, the sweeper, the banker, the shoe mender, the barber, all saluted me and bade me farewell with cordial and courteous salaams.

It is not an English custom, but strictly an Indian custom of salute and goodbye. In a short address in a church one day I told them that the Christians in America sent their best greetings. The interpreter translated this by saying they sent their big salaams.

And on many occasions I was asked to convey to the American Christians their *bari-bahut*, big-big salaams. It is a pleasure, therefore, to pass on, through this volume, the best wishes and greetings from the very interesting people who live and love and toil in the Land of the Salaam.

#### INDIAN HOSPITALITY

Good old Kentucky hospitality has an almost world-wide reputation, but the hospitality of "The Old Kentucky Home" has nothing on the hospitality of the humble Indian homes which I visited. During the first week of my stay in India came an invitation to eat at the home of the grandmother of the church at Harda. This good woman's son, Isaac, tall and straight and efficient, is the pastor of our Harda church. They met us a block off and showed us the way by the light of a lantern.

"Ah, Sahib, we are glad to welcome you to our home. It's a simple home, but you are welcome. We are glad to give you some of our simple Indian *khanna* (food)." We removed our shoes, and entering, sat on a small rug on the floor. Brass plates were placed in front of us. "Will the Sahib wash his hands?" It is the custom before eating in India. A little brass bowl was brought for this purpose. Our plates were heaped full of rice, and then the hot curry was poured over it. "Shall we bring a spoon for the

Sahib, or will he eat with his fingers, Indian style?" (No spoon of course was available had it been called for). *Chapatis*, (Indian bread) were passed around. "Will not the Sahib have more curry and rice and more *chapatis*? Surely the Sahib does not like our food or he would eat more." (The first heaping plate full was enough for two hungry harvest hands).

"Salaam, Sahib, we thank you for honoring us by visiting our home and eating with us."

At Mahoba an invitation came from the one hundred and fifty girls to eat with them at the boarding school. Remarks of wonder and astonishment from the small girls that the Sahib could get the food into his mouth with his fingers. Bows and thanks and salaams from the matron and teachers that the visitor had sat on the ground with them and eaten his food out of the same great brass kettle.

At Damoh a big Christmas dinner on the lawn of the church. The new Sahib must certainly come and eat the Hindustani food. Great kettles of rice were cooked over a big log fire. A carpet was brought for the Sahib to sit upon. The whole church, with the missionaries, sat upon the ground in fine fellowship, and ate the simple meal. Ah, the Sahib wants a second plate of curry and rice! Surely he likes our food when he asks for a second helping.

In the jungle camp at Damoh. One great kettle, larger than a bushel basket, full of rice.

The second great kettle, full of curry and the meat from two deer, cut up into small pieces.

"Sahib, you shot the deer and all the boys want you to come down and eat rice and deer curry with them." What hospitality these boys showed. Deer curry and rice, to them, was the par excellence of culinary achievement. Under the great banyan tree, with one hundred and fifty hungry boys, I ate deer curry and rice to my own, and to their intense satisfaction.

And here comes the Indian policeman who lives in the village three miles away. Will not the Sahibs eat New Year's dinner at his home? It would please and honor him. We went, two of us on bicycles, while the third, with the ladies, made the trip on the Rajah's elephant. Salaams, and bows, and handshakes, and beaming countenance, for never before had a Sahib eaten in this home. The young wife did not show up during the meal. That would have been improper. The policeman did not sit with us but acted as bearer and attended to our every want.

In a little mud house, in another far village, I sat on the dirt floor and ate with a grey-haired Indian Christian. His daughter, barefooted, yet modest in her simple Indian costume, served the meal. I said to her, "Bai, your curry and rice is very good." She replied, "Ah, Sahib, it is the food of the poor." I said to her, "Yes, but it is good enough for a king." She replied instantly, "Oh, I have heard that the king has very fine food."

And will I ever forget the hospitality at Piparkhuta, nearly twenty miles beyond Mungeli, fifty miles or more from a railroad? Mr. Saum had told them they must not prepare a meal. But at the conference of the few Christians there, I noticed the hands of two big awkward fellows who had lately become Christians. Those hands were a golden-rod yellow, the unmistakable stains of curry powder. No soap and water had been used to remove the stains from those lily hands! Meeting over. "Sahib," said these two men, "You have had a long journey. You must come to our house and eat just a little before you start back." Protestations from Mr. Saum. Stubborn insistence from these two men, mixed with anxious hospitality. We went. But if the reader can imagine the effect of those hands upon the average man's gastronomic apparatus, he will know that we went, praying that the Lord would give us extraordinary digestive powers after that meal. We needed both grace and courage to finish what it was necessary for us to begin.

And the reverse of this at Bilaspur, at the home of a high caste Brahman—the man who bade Mary Kingsbury welcome to Bilaspur thirty-eight years ago. A well-to-do man, lawyer, college graduate, author of two or three books. We sat on chairs in his home on Sunday afternoon and discussed matters of education and politics and world affairs. He spoke very good



English and before leaving, insisted that we should have tea with him. The tea was served, not by his wife or daughters, for even in that well-to-do home it would have been improper for them to have come into the room. Improper for me even to have inquired about their health. He spoke of the women as "females." His son served the tea. Not in Indian style, but in English style. But the hospitality of the occasion was Indian to the core.

Yes, I sat on the ground and ate out of the same kettle with people who had formerly been sweepers, the untouchables, who are both the low caste and the outcaste of India. I ate the food of those formerly chamars, the leather workers, who are sometimes called the scavengers of India. Both the sweepers and the chamars had been lifted from their degradation by the power of Christianity, and it was no dishonor to me to sit with them and to eat with them, and to partake of their friendly and earnest hospitality. With a dividing space of some three feet, I sat in the same room, and ate with the Brahmans, the high caste people of India. But whether they are high or low, rich or poor, educated or uneducated, there is about the Indian people, an innate courtesy and hospitality, a rare grace which is rapidly diminishing in the complex life of our American civilization. It would be safe to say that there is as much hospitality in a one-room Indian mud house, as there is in a

fourth-story efficiency flat in Cincinnati or St. Louis.

A BANQUET OF THE BRAHMANS

1

One day while sitting on the veranda of the mission bungalow at Harda, a man came up and handed me this note:

“The following gentlemen are requested to favor us with their company at a party to be given to Mr. Wilson in Mr. Paulkner’s garden this evening exactly at 5:00 P. M. All are expected to be present at a photo to be taken at the time specified above.”

S. G. Paulkner,  
Secretary Mr. Wilson’s dinner committee.

Then followed a list of names of gentlemen who were invited to the dinner. The custom is for the note to be carried from one invited guest to another until all have been seen. So I marked the word “Seen” against my name, and the note went its rounds to all our Harda missionaries, four of our Indian Christians, three leading Mohammedan citizens, and to about thirty prominent Brahmans of the city.

As we crossed the railroad track on the way to the dinner, a guide met us and went before to show the way to the gardens. After the



usual red tape and delay in taking the photo, great care being taken that the guests were seated in the order of their importance, we were invited to go inside the house. We removed our shoes at the door, and were surprised and pleased to discover that the floor was covered with nice carpets. They had been borrowed for the occasion. We were seated at the end of the room, on the floor, with some long pillow-like affairs at our backs to lean on. The rest of the guests were seated in front of us, and around a large lamp which was placed in the middle of the room on the floor. Then the musicians brought in their instruments. These consisted of a harmonium, like a small baby organ, only flat, so that it can be played sitting on the floor. It is played with one hand, while the other is used in giving it wind. Two small drums were used, being strung up on the outside with small stout ropes, and tightened to tune by taking a hammer and pounding down some wooden blocks until the right tension had been secured.

One man played both of these instruments, one with each hand, and simultaneously. The singer sat on the floor, and when the usual tuning-up was done, they began the performance of the evening. One man was very careful to explain that this was called *sangi*—scientific singing. The first song was a description of the rainy season. It told of the husband being gone, the wife gloomy and discouraged, and complaining. It is a very interesting thing how so much

of the Indian music takes on the moods of both the people and nature about them.

Another was a song to be sung early in the morning, about three or four o'clock. The music is set according to the hour, and in keeping with the moods of the morning. It was explained that all of these were very old tunes, and very classical. That the old tunes were supposed to be the best, that no new ones were being written.

Then a high school professor gave a soliloquy of an old defeated king. It told of his battles, his falling defences, and his utter defeat, and then at his death he exclaimed: "If I again take birth in another body, I will defeat those wicked enemies of mine." Both the recitation and the music breathed the native atmosphere of the Indian people.

2

Then came the hour for dinner. I had noticed that as the Indians came in each one carried a package under his arm, which he placed on the floor, or hung up on a hook on the wall. I was interested in what they contained. Soon several of the Brahmans threw aside their cloaks and began peeling off their shirts, right in the presence of Miss Thompson and Mrs. Harnar. One of the men spoke rather sharply, and out filed the whole crowd onto the veranda, with their little packages under their arms.

Then it was explained to us that the Brahmans have a habit of eating their food with

either wool or silk next to their bodies. So at meal time they remove their street clothes and put on their silk garments, which usually consist of a silk *dhoti* wrapped around their bodies from the waist down, the chest being left exposed.

When all were ready we were escorted to another building, a few yards away. At the door of this building we were furnished water with which to wash our hands. It is the custom of the Indian people to eat only after their hands have been washed. We entered the long, narrow dining room and were seated on small platforms about three inches high. They were simply little wooden seats and in front of each seat the ground floor was painted with red and white paints, each guest's floor space being marked off for him.

There was room for us five missionaries at the one end. At our right side were the four Indian Christians. At our left were the three Mohammedans. How were the Brahmans going to get around the point that they would not eat with any one else? It was easy. Between the Christians and Mohammedans they had marked off a little space nearly three feet wide. Beyond that the Brahmans were seated. They were all stripped to the waist, and their clean brown bodies looked like so many bronze statues set along the walls.

There were no Indian women, and the gentlemen did the serving. They placed large

clean banana leaves on the floor in front of us. These were our plates. Then the food was brought in and placed on the banana leaves. There were fourteen kinds of vegetables.

3

When all was ready there was silence and the Brahmans chanted their grace in unison. The leader then announced that they would remain silent until I had said the Christian grace. They were as reverent and courteous during my prayer as any body of Christians could possibly be. We of course ate with our fingers, as is the custom throughout all India. We had no sooner started than the leader came to us and said that it was the custom of the Brahmans when eating to be calm, quiet and undisturbed, to have no worries of any kind upon their minds, and he requested that as their guests we eat leisurely and happily, that we might best enjoy their hospitality. It was a splendid meal a-la-India, and I ate some of everything they put before me.

After the banquet was finished, the Brahmans sang a couple of their songs. They then asked us to sing an American song. We stood and sang "America" and it pleased them greatly because it is the same tune as the British "God Save the King." When we filed out of the dining-room we were again given water to wash our hands. Back in the sitting room, perfume and small cloves and seeds were passed. We then had a long discussion on many points of

interest. I discovered that most of these Indian gentlemen could speak fairly good English. The principal point of discussion was the English rule and democracy. They wanted to know what America thought of the Indians; whether or not they thought of them as wild pagans or as cultured and progressive people. They also wanted to know if the American people did not feel that the Indians should be given self government.

Among them were two or three extremists and they were watching carefully for any word from me that they could construe as meaning that it would be a wise thing for the British to withdraw and leave the affairs of government to the Indians. I tried to point out to them that education and democracy had always gone hand in hand, and that it was practically impossible to have a democratic form of government with eighty-five or ninety percent of the people illiterate; that one of the great needs of India at the present time is education, and that the leading Indians should use every influence they possess to assist the British government in developing an educational system that would after a while produce a generation that would be capable of self government.

Some of them were not very well pleased, because they did not get as much encouragement from me as they had hoped. However, when I left I had a high regard for the intelligence, capability, and astuteness of these courteous Indian gentlemen.



## CHAPTER II

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### HARDA





## CHAPTER II

### HARDA

#### HOW HARDA IS TACKLING THE SUNDAY SCHOOL JOB

##### 1

I got up at 6:30 and was visiting the first Sunday-school at 7:30. The children were all there on time. It was a boys' Sunday-school. Some churches in America are losing the boys out of the Sunday-school; not so the church in India.

I went to the first class and counted the boys present. There were twenty-one, all sitting on the floor. All were barefooted, and all had a leaflet containing the Bible story, and a good picture. A native leader was telling the story and getting the "reaction" from those boys in a fine way.

The next class had twenty-eight boys in it. It was the same lesson, the "Feeding of the Five Thousand." The teacher was an expert in boy-psychology. He told the story in such a way that those little Hindu boys could almost see the picture. Then he carefully asked questions, as to what the boy in the story had, how many

fishes, where did he likely get them, to whom did he give them, and why, and what did the Master do to them, and could a boy help the Master today? Those boys answered the questions with a snap of the eye not often seen among Sunday-school boys in America. Attention and order? It was never thought of.

The next class had thirty-six boys. This class was in an open room with a tile roof. Just as I came up, a mongoose almost broke up the meeting. A mongoose is an animal about three times as large as a tree squirrel. He was chasing another mongoose and the dirt came tumbling through the tile roof as the animals squealed and fought. All the boys stood up in an instant and peeped up through the roof to see the fun. Just then the fight ceased and the mongoose stuck his head down through a big crack to see what was going on below.

2

I got over to the girls' Sunday-school about a half mile away a little after 8:00 o'clock. In the first class there were thirty-six. They were dressed up in all their Sunday jewelry, and some of them in not much else. They were singing a Christian song with great enthusiasm. Their little brown eyes shone as they took part in the exercises of the morning.

Another class had twenty girls. And another double class called the Marathi class,

because the girls speak that language, had forty-four.

There were six women teachers in this school, all Indian Christians, and one hundred and fifteen girls. An interesting thing about this school was the offering. Most of the girls are poor and cannot give much, but nearly everyone gave something. What they gave was not real money but *kauries*. These are small shells and it takes about sixty of them to make a penny. They have a value in the money market, and each Monday the treasurer takes them into the bazaar and exchanges them for money. When the secretary gave the report, she announced the amount of money from each class and the number of *kauries*. I bought the whole collection to take home with me as curios, for an anna—two cents.

### 3

The next Sunday-school was nearly a mile away, and I got there a little after 8:30. They were just finishing a prayer, and the people all said "Amen" as it was finished. That is a very fine custom in India. At the church service when the minister closes his prayer the whole audience says a reverent "Amen."

As they sang a song, I noticed that all the children were singing from memory, while the adults had song books. When they had responsive readings, the men read one verse and the

women the next. And be it said to the credit of those Indian women, they read their part as well as the men.

As they finished the song, just before going to classes, a sparrow fell down from a nest over the window near the pulpit. I noticed a little chap about ten watching the bird, with a tender look in his brown eyes. As they marched to their classes, he slipped out of the line, picked up the bird, and put it on the window sill in his class room. These people have a high regard for life of all kinds, and boys do not kill birds just for sport.

I visited the mothers' class, and it was a real mothers' class. There were fifteen present, and seven of them had their babes in their arms. Another class was the High School class taught by Mr. Harnar, one of the missionaries at Harda. This is the only class in all the Sunday-schools that is taught in English. The boys prefer that as most of them are studying English in High School.

This was at the central school, and is held in the church. There were 122 present. Three of the classes were held on the porches of the church and two on the veranda of the High School, which is about a half block away. Thus did I attend three Sunday-schools before breakfast, two of them beginning at 7:30 and the other at 8:30.

But that was only the beginning of the Sunday-schools in Harda that day. In another

section of town there was a Sunday-school for the middle school boys, and thirty-three were present. Off in another direction there was an Urdu school for the children who speak Urdu, with an attendance of twenty-two.

Across the railroad tracks there was another for the railroad people, all natives, and fifty-six were present. In another part of the town was the "Anna Pura" Sunday-school for the laboring class. This is in a small rented building which the Mission rents for one rupee per month—about forty cents. Twelve were present.

Then there was the "Khera Pura" School. This is away out in the corner of town where the sweepers' Sunday-school is held. Twenty-three were present.

The "Mahar" school had thirteen in still another part of town, and in the beggar section of the village a school is maintained for the beggars, who work at basket making when begging is not good. Twenty were in attendance and several *kauries* were put in the offering.

Mrs. Harnar runs another school in English, for the English-speaking people of the town. These are mostly Anglo-Indians or "Eurasians" as they are sometimes called. Most of these people are railroad employees.

Out in the country fourteen miles were held two more Sunday-schools for the villagers there. And they reported one hundred people present. In another direction thirteen miles were two

others in which there were one hundred and twelve in attendance.

Altogether there were fifteen Sunday-schools in and around Harda, and the actual attendance at these schools was seven hundred and thirty-three. Most of them began at 7:30 in the morning, and a few at 8:30. Why do they go so early? Because that best fits into their habits of life. They have but two meals a day, most of them, and the first comes somewhere about noon.

So all these Sunday-schools are held before breakfast. And how does the missionary adjust himself to this program? He takes *chota-hazri*—"little breakfast" consisting of a cup of tea and a piece of toast "very early in the morning," and then goes to Sunday-school. He gets back and has his breakfast about 10:30.

4

At the close of the central Sunday-school the communion service was held. Pastor Isaac presided and read a part of the fourteenth chapter of John. Then there was a silent prayer. Then a spiritual song, and I have seldom heard a whole audience enter more heartily into the spirit of a song. There is no organ in the church, but everybody sang, from the least to the greatest. If putting an organ in would spoil that singing, then I would be "anti-organ" at least for this one church.

The individual communion service is used and there was the utmost quiet and reverence while the emblems were being passed. On the wall of this church is the following inscription:

“In memory of G. L. Wharton,  
Pioneer Missionary, of the  
Christian Mission, and  
Organizer of the Work in Harda.”

As I sat in that quiet service, it seemed that the spirit of Wharton was brooding over that meeting and was glad, and that the Spirit of Wharton's Master was actually present.

I ended up this busy day by speaking to the church in the afternoon at 4:30, and to the English-speaking people at 6:00. The Harda church was crowded to its capacity, with some extra seats carried in. There was the greatest interest as I tried to impress the obligations of the Great Commission upon this church, to go out and bring the message of Christ to their own people.

There are five hundred villages around Harda, and no other mission is here but ours. If the church at home does its full duty, and the church in Harda does likewise, this district some day will be a part of the kingdom of our Lord.



A NEW TESTAMENT MARY, ONE OF SEVERAL

—1—

The India Mission seems to be long on Marys. There is Mary Clarke, Mary Kingsbury, Mary McGavran, Mary Longdon, and Mary Thompson.

When G. L. Wharton, our pioneer missionary to India, visited Australia, a young school ma'am heard him tell of the need for workers in India. The pastor of the church said to her, "Mary, why don't you go?" She replied, "I would like to go if I could."

When she first came to Harda, the meetings of the very small church were being held in the Wharton bungalow. There was one small school in the bazaar, and two very small schools in rented buildings. A small rented building in the bazaar was the home of the hospital.

Having been a teacher in Australia, Mary Thompson began her career in India in the school room. But in addition to that work, she felt that the mothers in the homes must be taught also. So she began a systematic program of visiting in the homes of the people. Many of the women were not friendly at first, especially the Mohammedan women. They were prejudiced, and their husbands did not want their wives to learn from foreign women. But gradually the simple life of faith opened up the doors and the hearts of the Harda women.



She secured the help of a faithful Bible woman in the person of Saru Bai. This woman is of a high type, a woman of great faith and devotion, who spends much time in prayer. These two made up an evangelistic team, and they have worked together since 1892, the second year of Miss Thompson's residence in India.

They secured a tent, and a yoke of oxen, and toured among the villages. Sometimes they would stay for a period of three or four weeks. They sang gospel songs, read and sold the Scriptures, and talked to the people about Jesus. They felt that their chief work was introducing people to Christ, for many, if not quite all, had never heard of Him before. In this way through the years she built up a wide acquaintance with nearly all the villages within ten or fifteen miles of Harda.

The man who drove her oxcart—the *gari walla*—was not a Christian, could not read nor write, and was as fine an old pagan as might be found anywhere. Miss Thompson preached, or rather talked to him about Christ on many a long trip into the country. She taught him to read and write, and one day she was rewarded by the man asking for baptism.

## 2

One day I had time to go with Miss Thompson to see how she now does her work in Harda. We started out to visit some of the women in

their homes. Some of them were rather shy of strangers, she thought, but they might allow her guest to come in with her. Great was my surprise as well as hers, to know that every home except one to which we went was open to us. "If the Miss Sahib brings anyone to our homes, it must be all right."

In one home the woman sat on the floor, and motioned us to sit down on an old bed. We sat down and Miss Thompson explained that I was new to the country and wanted to see her friends. I saw at once the anklets and bracelets and earrings the woman had on, and I began to count them out loud and express my surprise at seeing so many of them. The woman unlimbered in a hurry. Was the new Sahib interested in her jewelry? Well, she could meet him on that ground! She had more than that! Much more! And out came her jewelry. There had been a wedding in the home recently. There had been about two thousand rupees worth of jewelry given to the bride. And a woman across the street had a fine silk *sari*—native dress—and it was embroidered in gold! And would the son run across the street and have the neighbor bring over her *sari*, and her jewelry, and show to the new Sahib?

Well, in almost less time than it takes to tell it, eight or ten women brought in dresses and jewelry, and we had a regular early morning fashion show. When the jewelry was all displayed, Miss Thompson sang, and told them

about Christianity, and then had prayer. I do not know what she said, but I know that God seemed very near.

In another part of town, we went to see some weavers. The men were weaving, and not a woman in sight. I began counting the jewelry on a dirty little baby's arms and legs, and soon a band of five or six barefooted women were hovering around with their babies, whose jewelry I also had to count. It is not the custom for the new Sahib to kiss the babies. Little boys and girls crowded in, the weaving stopped, and I don't know just how it was done, but Miss Thompson had shifted the conversation to religion, and was getting in some fine work.

And so it went all forenoon. She seemed to bring a ray of sunshine into these gloomy homes. They all seemed to recognize her spiritual purpose. One little boy whose home she visited, said to her: "Won't you pray before you go? Father is sick, and he always feels better after you pray."

In another home she was teaching a girl about Christianity, and suddenly the girl burst out laughing. When asked the reason, the girl replied: "It seems so funny. Here you are teaching me about Jesus and the foolishness of idolatry, and there is mother on the other side of the room washing idols."

One day she sang a certain song in a Mohammedan home. The woman told her she had heard that song at a wedding. She requested

that she be taught the song. "Many times," says Miss Thompson, "I have gone past that home and heard the Mohammedan woman singing that Christian song."

She now has a list of about one hundred homes which she and Saru Bai visit regularly. She teaches the women to read, knit, sew, and never fails to teach them of Christ. Others come into these homes also when she goes, so that her work is thus increased two or three fold. I saw an elderly woman baptized in Harda, who had been won by this kind of faithful work.

On Saturday evening in her home, Miss Thompson conducts classes for the Christian women. She gives them faithful instruction regarding their homes, the care of the children, and how to win other women to Christ.

One non-Christian woman once criticised Miss Thompson for not coming to see her for a long time. Miss Thompson replied: "I taught you to clean up your house and your children, and you did not do it. What's the use of my teaching you when you will not obey? I am never coming to see you again until you send me word that you have cleaned up." It takes a good deal of moral courage to do a thing like that. But it worked. Not long after, she was invited to make a visit to that home and found it clean and neat.

3

Mary does not have a lamb, but she has a fine yoke of oxen, and a good two-wheeled cart.

If you ask why she doesn't use a horse instead, her reply is that her oxen can go places that a horse cannot go.

One of her tours is about as follows under the present plan. She makes preparation for a three days' trip. Her folding cot is tied to the side of the cart. Cooking vessels are put into a box and also fastened to the side. Cushions, food, copies of the gospels, song books, and other things for the trip are packed under the seat. Boiled drinking water for the three days is taken in large earthen jugs. She takes enough bread for the trip, a lantern and plenty of oil.

Then Saru Bai's things are packed in. They make their start on the first morning about 4:30. They reach the first village at day-break. The women are already up. India gets up in the morning, even though it might be "nicer to lie in bed." Other women come in, and usually from six to ten women are taught in this first early meeting. Then they go into another home and several other women gather. Miss Thompson has taught from ten to twenty women before some American Christian women are out of bed. By the time eight or nine homes have been visited, the majority of the women of the town have been taught. She will thus reach at least two villages before noon, and one or two in the afternoon. On the second day about the same, and on the third day on her way back to Harda, two or three more, arriving home at dark. Where did she sleep? In a tent, or in the oxcart by the

roadside, or possibly in a native house. There are no hotels.

Does she get discouraged doing that kind of hard work? If she should, it would not be surprising. She seems to never tire of the work. She loves it, and she loves the people, and, "love never faileth."

A SCHOOL PROGRAM FOR A CITY OF  
TWENTY-THOUSAND

1

In this splendid Indian city the government has no provision whatever for the education of the girls. Its only provision for the boys is the maintenance of a middle school. Because of this neglect, the mission finds its opportunity.

A well organized primary school for girls is conducted near the bazaar, which had an attendance of more than one hundred and forty. There were nine teachers, all Christians, and instruction is given in the five primary grades. There are three departments of this school, the Hindi, the Urdu, and the Marathi. There are about fifteen Mohammedan girls in the Urdu class. The girls in this school come from many of the best homes, and are gaily dressed in their *saris* of all colors, with their bracelets, anklets, ear-rings, toe-rings and nose-rings. School is held five days of the week, beginning at 10:30 in the morning and lasting five hours.

Some of the girls from the high caste families are escorted to the school by three old women who are the servants. These women stay at the school all day and carry water to the girls when they are thirsty. These high caste girls would not take a drink of water from their Christian teachers or even from Mrs. Harnar, the missionary who supervises the school.

There is a school near the railroad tracks for the children of railroad employees. There were fifty-eight in this school, with four fine teachers. The boys as well as the girls wear earrings and bracelets. They all come barefooted to school. On the walls of the one-room school building were large colored pictures of wild animals. One boy told the story of "David and Goliath" and a little girl gave the Hindi version of "The Little Red Hen." A woman teacher instructs the girls and the younger boys.

2

The boys' primary school had an attendance of two hundred and nine. This includes the first five grades. There are ten teachers employed. Only ten percent of the boys are allowed free education. The others are required to pay at least one anna per month as fees.

In the program given by the school, the boys recited large portions of the Scriptures from memory. One recited the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians; another the fourteenth chap-



ter of John; another the Ten Commandments; another the Parable of the Sower; another the Prodigal Son; another the story of John the Baptist; and another the story of Daniel. Sometimes as they recited, the teacher would stop one and have another take up the story where he left off. These Christian teachers seem very anxious to teach the Bible to their pupils. In all of its educational requirements, the school is up to government standards, and receives a grant from the government.

In the Urdu primary school there are sixty enrolled, with five teachers. This school is maintained for the children of the Urdu-speaking people. They sang a song in honor of King George V. The British flag was hanging in the school room. This school, of course, is kept up to government requirement the same as the others.

3

In all, the Mission is running six different schools, from the primary grade up through the high school. The total attendance is around eight hundred. Of this number there are about one hundred and sixty girls. The girls attend school five days in the week, and the boys six days. All the boys, except about fifty, pay fees.

In the primary schools there is Bible instruction thirty minutes every day. In the middle school and high school, the Bible teaching has a forty minute period.



This school program is modeled after the government plan, five years of primary school, four years of middle school, and three years of high school. They are all government aided schools and follow the government curriculum. They are also inspected from time to time, by the educational department of the government. At stated times the government examinations are held, and these schools have a very high record in the proportion of pupils that successfully passed this examination. The high school stood the highest of any school in the whole Nerbudda area.

### 4

#### THE HARDA HIGH

The nearest high school to Harda on the east, is fifty-five miles. On the west it is sixty-three miles. On the north seventy-five miles, and on the south one hundred miles. The urgent necessity, therefore, for this school may be easily seen. Harda High is a good school, and it is the only high school maintained by our Mission in India. For the purpose of this report the middle school and the high school will be considered together.

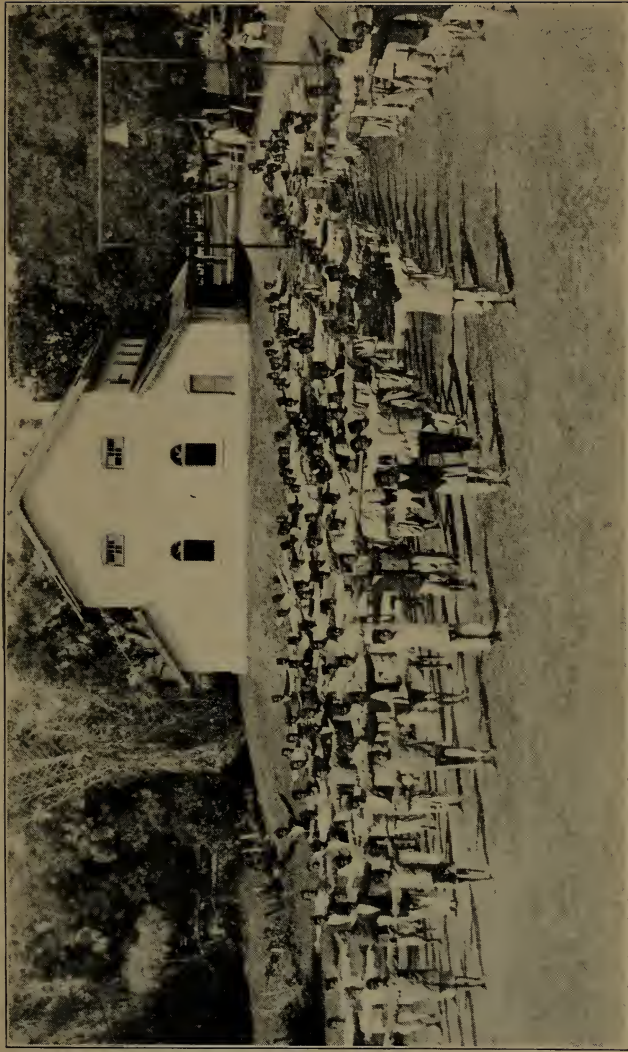
The total attendance is about two hundred, half of which are in the high school proper. At least half of the boys come from outside of Harda. There are boys in attendance from Damoh, Bilaspur, Jubbulpore and Mungeli.

There are boys from fifteen Mohammedan homes, six from Parsi homes, and one hundred and sixty from Hindu homes. The support of the school comes from three sources, government grant, fees, and mission appropriation. Each of these supplies about one-third of the money to maintain the school.

The church should take a square look at this high school it is helping to maintain in such an important and strategic center. There are thirteen Indian teachers, including the drill master and the drawing master. Some of these teachers are Mohammedan and Hindu, as it is impossible to secure enough Christian teachers who have had advanced training. However, the Bible teaching is done by a well trained Christian who gives full time to that work, going from class to class at different periods of the day.

The present building, a half block from the church, contains but four rooms. There is no room for the library, so it is stuck out in the hall. During the school hours the four class rooms are occupied, two classes meet on the veranda, and two or three other classes are being held in the church. There is no assembly room in the high school, and when any public services are held, they must go to the church.

Under these adverse circumstances the school has been maintained for many years. But through these years, the school has been kept at a high state of efficiency. Some of the teachers have been sent away for special instruction and



High School Boys in their daily Drill



two or three of them have the A. B. degree. The educational department of the district gives prizes for the best drawing, writing, map drawing, etc. One year Harda High took first in drawing, first in penmanship and second in map drawing. Eight students took the examinations of the Bombay Art School and six of them passed.

The drill master is a man of excellent training and wears several medals. He gives the boys thorough, systematic drill, which is compulsory in the school. He also supervises their play in foot ball, basket ball, base ball, hockey, cricket, races, jumping. Teams from this school are sent to the tournaments, and it takes a speedy bunch of contestants to carry off more blue ribbons than does Harda High. The guiding hand in this important school program while I was there was that of Mr. Frank Harnar. (W. H. Scott was in America during my visit. They are to co-operate in the enlargement program of the high school.)

The enlargement program of Harda High involves a new building on a new site. The site is already secured and paid for, a beautiful plot of ground, well located, containing from six to ten acres. The proposed building will have eight class rooms, an auditorium, which will also be used for an examination hall, two offices, library rooms, rooms for the head master, store rooms, two bath rooms and plenty of veranda space. It will be of brick construction, the floor

will be of flagstone on concrete, and the roof will likely be Allahabad tile. This new building when complete, will accommodate about four hundred boys. This would care for both the middle school and the high school for years to come. Mr. Harnar feels that when the new building is erected the attendance will greatly increase, as some pupils were turned away during the past year.

The new site will give ample room for playgrounds and when the whole thing is finished, the Harda High will be second to none in Central Provinces. In all of this program the government will furnish one-third of the money and one-third of the running expenses after the new school is in operation. This plan has had the official vote of the Mission and of the Executive Committee and the erection of the building will be pushed as rapidly as possible.

#### THE CHURCH

The regular church program at Harda is being pushed with vigor. It supports its own pastor who gives full time to the work. The church membership numbers one hundred and seven. Mr. Isaac, the pastor, has invented a new collection box. It is a large flat box with compartments, each compartment is for one family. Each family's name is written on the compartment and there is a small opening just below the name where the offerings may be deposited. It was an unusual sight to see the

deacons passing these large collection boxes, but the members took particular interest in seeing that their offerings got in the right compartment. A year's financial report of the church showed the following:

Receipts—		
Balance on hand Jan. 1.....	rupees	467
From missionaries .....	"	216
From Indians .....	"	412
<b>TOTAL .....</b>	<b>"</b>	<b>1095</b>
Disbursements—		
To Foreign Society .....	"	40
" Kota (Indian Home Mission) .....	"	90
" Convention Expense.....	"	10
" Bible Society .....	"	20
" Tract Society .....	"	20
" S. S. Union .....	"	10
" Benevolences .....	"	40
<b>" Total "for others" .....</b>	<b>"</b>	<b>230</b>
Pastor .....	"	310
Church Expense .....	"	231
<b>Grand Total .....</b>	<b>"</b>	<b>771</b>
Balance in Treasury .....	"	324

Officers and pastors of American churches may find food for thought here as they study the budget system. It is not improbable that this Harda church, composed of these poor people, is giving more actual cash to support the gospel than some well-to-do churches with a larger membership at home.

A significant series of evangelistic meetings were held in Harda. The town hall was secured for the meeting. Four of the high school teachers, two Brahmans and two Mohammedans, took an active interest in these services. They



passed the invitations throughout the town, they looked after the lighting, and acted as ushers, and kept good order.

About two hundred and fifty people were present each night. The most substantial people of the town were present during the four nights of the meeting. Mohammedans and high caste Hindus, business men, lawyers, merchants, and bankers were in the audience. The Indian preacher spoke on the following subjects:

- 1—Christ and the Prophets.
- 2—Sin and its Consequences.
- 3—Christ and the Sinner.
- 4—Christ the Saviour of the World.

One night the people desired to ask questions. The preacher stood before the audience and answered most difficult questions and defended and advocated Christianity in a splendid way. The meetings stirred the people to think more carefully about matters religious and it also disarmed much of the prejudice in the minds of some of the people.

The evangelists also visit the surrounding villages, and their work, along with the work of Miss Thompson, Dr. Drummond, and the influence of the schools, is introducing a large number of people to the Christian religion.

#### THE DOCTOR SAHIB

##### 1

One day was set apart for me to accompany Doctor Drummond Sahib on his daily work. We



were on the way before 7:00 o'clock. As we went down the street in the *tonga*, a man stopped us.

"Salaam, Sahib, come to my house at once, my brother is sick." We went. I went with him into a little front room where the sick man with a fever lay on a dirty cot. He held out his hand to have his pulse taken. Then the man's sister was brought in with rheumatism, and she, too, had her pulse taken. Then a girl of fifteen with a swollen neck was ushered in, and she stuck out her hand to have the Sahib feel of her pulse. That's the style in India, everybody thinks he will get better if the Sahib feels his pulse.

As we left, a boy stopped us a half square down the street, and wanted him to come to see a man with the fever. Another boy salaamed to us who had had a timber fall on his neck. A grain merchant wanted him to go and see his wife. Another man came out of his little mud house and said he had someone sick in his house and that he had been waiting two days for the Sahib to pass that way. As we passed through the bazaar several others wanted help for various ills. There must have been at least a dozen different people on the street that morning asking for help, before we arrived at the hospital.

It happened to be a rainy morning, (this was during my first week, and it did not rain again during the five months I was there) and when we reached the dispensary veranda there were only two men there. In less than three

minutes there were a dozen. And what a motley crowd it was. One fellow with his leg off half to his knee, hobbling up on a bamboo crutch; a school boy with a big bottle for medicine; another boy with a sore ear. A gray-bearded grandfather wanted him to go and see his wife. A woman with a cataract in her eye; an operation is necessary. Another woman with a nude baby astride her hip, the baby with sore eyes. A Mohammedan patriarch wanted the Sahib to go and pull his wife's tooth. A farmer with an oxcart drove in six miles for medicine for his wife and two children. I never knew before that there could be so many diseases. In a week's time people with malaria, typhoid, smallpox, eczema, sore eyes, itch, leprosy, plague, tumor, dyspepsia, and I suppose a hundred other ills came pouring into the dispensary for treatment.

The assistant records each person's name, age, caste, disease, and number, and a ticket is given. If a man returns he must bring this ticket.

As the evangelist began his morning sermon, everyone present leaned forward. The old grandfather seemed to absorb every gesture. The one-legged man had an expectant look as if he hoped to be miraculously healed. The speaker spoke with earnestness and directness on the incident of Christ washing the disciples' feet. He emphasized faithfulness, service and humility. He told of the progress of Christianity in Africa and China, and said that the gospel was

not for high caste nor low caste, but for all. He urged them to accept the teaching and when they understood it to accept and publicly confess Christ.

To me it was a dramatic scene. The rain pattering upon the tile roof—brown Hindu and Mohammedan men and women sitting on their haunches listening to a Christian sermon. In the yard a half dozen ox-carts; beyond them a block away, a public well, and women with water pots on their heads coming and going in the rain. By the side of the well a washerwoman pounding out her washing on the rocks. Out on the road the herdsman taking the cows and goats to pasture for the day. A man and wife walking up the road, the man under an umbrella, the woman ten feet behind taking the rain. The old Mussulman patriarch stirring uneasily as the evangelist pressed home the claims of a divine Christ upon their lives. And then the prayer. I could not understand it, but it touched my heart. And then the crowd at the drug room to get their medicines.

When they scattered to go back into their humble homes I am quite sure that they carried more with them than what was contained in the bottles. Their hearts must certainly have been stirred with new sensations of service, and sympathy, and unselfishness as was mine.

As the work has enlarged through the years, the hospital had to enlarge also. So the second hospital was erected where the operations are performed and the in-patients are kept. A trained nurse — native — looks after the patients. On the wall a tablet reads:

“The J. W. McCleave Memorial Hospital.”

The old hospital is used as a dispensary, a drug store, and the compounder fills all the prescriptions there. On the veranda of the old building, the preaching service is held every morning. After the patients get their tickets for their medicines, they wait for this service. The Doctor thinks they need healing for their souls as well as their bodies. Thousands of people every year hear the Gospel message that otherwise would never hear it.

All of this medical work is co-ordinated as far as possible with the evangelistic program of the station. The names of villagers who come are given to the evangelists, so that when they visit those villages they have friends who know something of the work. The Bible women also are informed, and two approaches are thus often possible to the hearts of the people.

The largest record thus far at the hospital was an average of ninety-six patients a day for a whole year, or a grand total of thirty-five thousand and forty treatments. And the records

show that the treatments were actually given to twelve thousand different patients. And yet there are young M. D.'s in America going through a starvation period of four or five years waiting for a practice. Is it any wonder that the whole town salaams the Doctor Drummond Sahib as he goes up and down their streets?



CHAPTER III

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MAHOBA





## CHAPTER III

### MAHOBBA

#### IN THE CITY OF A THOUSAND TEMPLES

##### 1

Mahoba has been called the city of a thousand temples. An off-hand census quickly demonstrates that this is no figure of speech. On Mr. Thompson's compound there is an old suttee pyre, a temple, and two temples or shrines over the fence to the left.

To the right of these grounds is the hospital, on which I counted four suttee pyres. In front of the hospital and across the street is the church grounds, where there are two small temples, two suttee pyres and another just across the lot line. In front of the church on the dispensary grounds is a small temple or shrine.

In front of the dispensary is the large yard and home where Misses Ford, Dill and Pope live. In this yard—and front yard at that—there are four old suttee pyres and a dirty old temple just over the fence. In the corner of this yard, facing the lake, is an old open summer house used by some Rajah of the olden days. The view of the lake and surrounding country from this point

is very beautiful, but from there I counted six suttee pyres and a dozen temples and shrines.

It was in this little summer house that Adelaide Gail Frost wrote her famous song, "India, Sad India." It is no wonder that the heart of this good woman was moved to write in such an environment of idolatry and superstition.

Back of the mission grounds and some distance away is the Christian cemetery. It is located at the foot of a rocky hill, covered with great boulders. Here is the beautiful white tomb of Dr. Martha Smith who wrought in and around Mahoba from 1903 to 1914. She is still remembered for her great work and her sympathetic interest in the welfare of the native people.

To the right of this graveyard is quite a large temple, and at its base, under a great banyan tree, is a sacred pool. It is fed by a clear spring coming out of the rocks on the hillside. At this pool two women and a nude child of about seven were hovered around a little pile of ashes and coals. We asked them why they were there. They had come to worship and bathe. Nearby was an old man who had come out of the city and climbed the slope to this Hindu pool of Siloam.

Under the trees was a big ugly image of black stone and it was still damp, as some worshiper had poured water over it from the pool. In the temple court were a number of small

shrines and small dirty broken gods. No priest or caretaker was to be found.

2

Farther up the hill is another popular temple. In this temple is a big image of the god Hanuman. He is a hideous looking old fellow nearly the size of a man, painted a deep red, the kind of red that the farmers use in painting their barns. An old lady and a small girl with nothing on but bracelets and anklets, were staying in the temple house. She said they had come up for only a few days. This place of worship is reached by a long row of stone steps from the valley below and when the big annual religious fair is held thousands of Hindus climb these stone steps to get a view of Hanuman and do their obeisance to him.

On another hillside is a great stone image of the god Kali. She is carved out of a great rock and is fifteen feet high. The necklace is carved in such a way as to represent human skulls. Even the gods out here wear jewelry. She has great stone legs and arms and looks like a thing of strength and power. This is nearly a mile away from the nearest house and yet there were evidences that worshipers had been there that morning. Not far away were other places of worship. In one old temple there were about a hundred gods, some broken, and others with an arm or leg off. They were all thrown in

promiscuously, and one of the missionaries remarked that it looked like "scrambled gods." And yet at 10:30 in the morning those old gods were still damp, water having been carried up and poured upon them from the sacred wells some distance below. It always seems that some one has just been there and left, at nearly every one of these places of worship.

As we climbed up and down over these hills it seemed as if there was a Hindu god peering out at us from nearly every rock. Dozens of rocks on these hillsides had images carved in them. Little shrines here and there every few feet, and under "every green tree" almost, there was a place where a man could bow down to either wood or stone. A big bunch of long-tailed monkeys sighted us and for some time kept at a safe distance in front, scrambling over these gods, sometimes standing upon them, having no respect whatever for their divinity.

There were several large temples, and in one or two of them were separate stalls for the gods. And out in the middle of the lake was a large temple, which could not be reached except in a boat. This town and community is certainly the "garden of the gods."

But one fact impressed itself upon my mind very strongly. Nearly every shrine, temple, and place of worship was in a state of decay. Some of the larger temples are fairly well kept, but that is the exception. The janitors evidently have been on strike for the last hundred years.

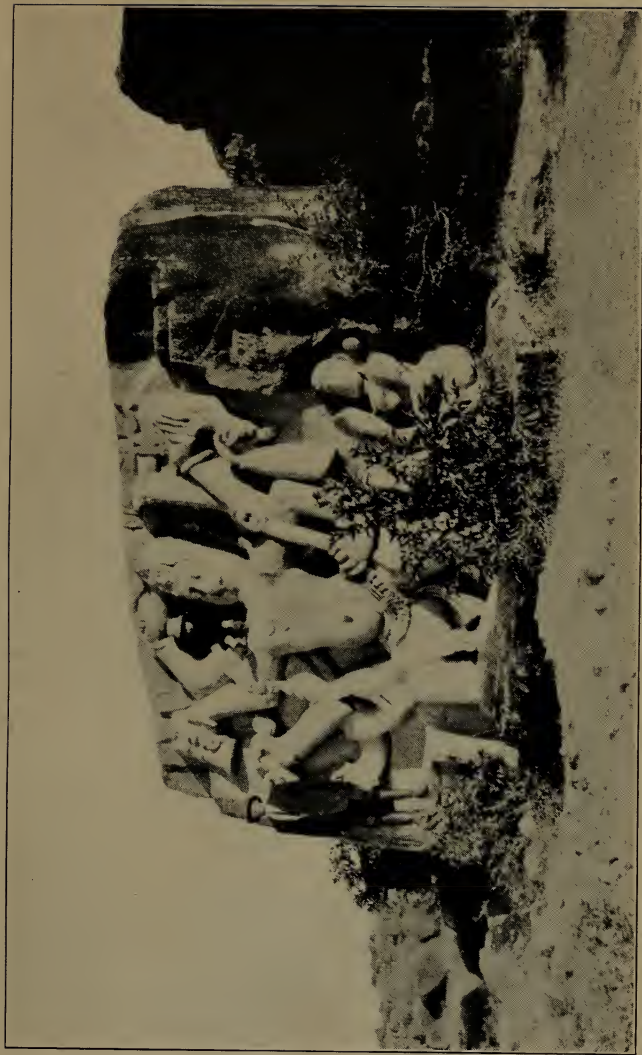


Image of the Goddess Kali, in the hills back of Mahoba



The gods are old and broken and some of them even wear whiskers of moss. No new ones are being made. The old thing is the sacred thing here.

3

It is in such a city and community that the missionaries are introducing the Christian religion. The golden age of the gods of stone is passing and the new age is gradually being ushered in. The main emphasis of all work in the station and out-stations is evangelistic. It is intensive evangelism, through personal work and preaching for direct results. The only man on the station is C. N. Thompson, who is secretary and treasurer of the Mission, general manager, and director of the evangelistic work. Special emphasis and work is being done in two castes, the Koris and Basors. These people live in little groups, or *mahallahs*, in different parts of town. They are really little towns within a town. The idea is to get the head man of each caste and several families to accept Christianity and use them in turn to win the rest of the caste. A splendid start has been made along this line.

The same general plan of intensive evangelism is being pushed in the two out-stations, Kabrai and Shri Nagar. Mr. Thompson visits each of these stations twice each month to encourage the evangelists and to keep in close



touch with the work. It is the plan to put as much responsibility upon the Indian church as it can successfully carry.

In the medical work the compounders and nurses are continually reminded that theirs is a spiritual task. Not a single patient is to pass without being told the plan of salvation. The educational work is primarily for the making of Christians. All in the station feel that while a high intellectual standard should be maintained, unless the students are clearly given the teachings of Christ, their efforts would be in vain. The Christian teachers are urged to become acquainted with the parents of the children and visit them regularly in the interest of Christianity.

The Sunday services, conducted by the Indian pastor, are not unlike the regular Sunday services elsewhere. But the Mahoba prayer meeting is a service of unusual fervency and spiritual power. The new program of intensive evangelism is manifest in the prayer meeting. Not only the missionaries, but the Indian Christians, are praying definitely for the winning of their fellow Indians to the new religion. And how they exhort one another to good works! And—is it possible for the American church to really understand—these Indian Christians upon their knees in the church, fervently pray for the coming of a mass movement, when not only a few, but hundreds will be won from their idolatry every year.



Furthermore, surely it will not be thought sacrilegious to pull aside the curtain and let the church catch a glimpse of the weekly private prayer meeting of all the missionaries on the station. After the evening meal came Miss Pope, the trained nurse, who has supervision of the hospital, the in-patients, and the Indian nurses. Also Miss Ford, who has the care and management of the girls' boarding school. Dr. Bertha Thompson had been busy every hour of the day with her home, the patients at the hospital, and the many people at the dispensary. These three ladies, with Mr. Thompson, made just a little group of four people. Not even enough to have the inspiration of numbers. They gave a weekly report of their work, talked over their problems, and, tread softly here, upon their knees, reached out in prayer for help and guidance. Will I ever forget that little prayer meeting in Central India? How they prayed for the church at home. That it would send out more laborers. How they prayed for the Indian leaders, that they might remain true and faithful. And with what faith and earnestness they prayed for definite conversions among their Indian acquaintances. There was unity and power in that little prayer meeting. It seemed that such faith and zeal and earnest prayer could not go unanswered.

The next morning "Clint" Thompson pulled me out of bed at 3:30, and by 4:00 we were on the road to the out-station of Kabrai, fourteen miles away. As we pulled out into the fine macadamized road we saw a very wonderful star in the East. The stars seemed to shine more brightly than at home. The Great Dipper was turned upside down. The Southern Cross was shining out in wonderful brilliancy. There was not a cloud in the sky, nor scarcely a breath of air stirring. The clatter of the ponies' feet echoed among the trees and hills.

We passed many old dilapidated temples. In the day time they look dirty, forsaken and unkept, but at night they seem like the tombs of lost Hindu souls. Two miles out we overtook a man, scarcely discernible in the darkness, walking with a dirty old shawl wrapped around his head, his face entirely covered. Farther on the first streaks of dawn appeared. We overtook two ox-carts, farmers going out to their farms for the day. A little farther we met a man going towards town, his oxcart piled full of bones. It seemed quite in order to meet the bone man on his way to the market at this early hour.

As the stars began to fade away we came to a great banyan tree and underneath it was a fire. Around the fire were five men who had stayed there for the night. Their robes were drawn up over their heads and in the grey dawn they looked like somber tombs. But one fellow

was already awake, singing one of the weird Hindi songs, in a minor key. Most of the Indian music seems to be in the minor key and some of it that I have heard was in no key at all.

Then we began to see people coming out of the fields. They had been there all night to drive the wild animals away from the growing crops. From now until harvest time these farmers must each "watch in the fields at night." They build a small platform five or six feet high and from this watchtower they frighten away the deer, wild pigs, and other enemies of the crops. The people come shivering out of the fields to go back to their villages some two or three miles away for their morning meal.

The sun came up between two high, rocky hills. At the end of one of the hills, standing out in bold relief, was a great rock, the shape of a huge bear, with its front feet up on a large boulder. It looked as if the bear had come out to see the rising sun. What a clear, beautiful sunrise it was, as the sun started on its course, with a halo of golden glory around its head.

Just after sunrise we arrived at the out-station and called on the native evangelist there. He and his good wife are doing their best to establish and make permanent the work. There have been a few converts and the communion service is held in his little home. There is a small Sunday-school of about a dozen people. The work is just in its beginning but the outlook is hopeful. He told of the head man of the

gardeners' caste, who had come to see him the week before and had a long talk about becoming a Christian. There were about twenty other people whom we had taught and held conferences with, who were considering becoming Christians all at the same time. A Brahman, who was the headmaster of the school, was almost ready to take the step.

What did we see at Kabrai after our long journey? An Indian preacher, a couple of mud houses, and a few Christians with the ordinary Indian village as the background. But that is not all that "Clint" Thompson saw. In his eye was the picture of the whole gardeners' caste being baptized; of the Brahman head master making the confession. In short, the vision of a redeemed Kabrai. And not only Kabrai, but a score of other villages in the Mahoba district, transformed by the love of Christ.

#### A HOSPITAL SET ON A HILL

##### 1

The Mahoba hospital building, located on the top of a hill, is easily seen from every direction. It was built during the time that Dr. Ada McNeill Gordon was located in Mahoba. Dr. Bertha Thompson was giving attention to the in-patients and looking after the dispensary across the street. With the care of her two children and the stream of people coming to the

dispensary day after day, she was a busy woman. During the previous year some fifteen thousand treatments had been given at the dispensary. There were three thousand new cases. The people are required to pay the value of the medicines and for services rendered, according to their ability. If they are unable to pay they of course receive treatment just the same.

The people come from the city of Mahoba and from villages in all directions, from three to thirty miles. One man had walked twenty-two miles for treatment. He had to have a cataract removed from an eye. After the tickets were given out for medicine, a preaching service was held. The assistant at the dispensary preached on the text, "Be sure your sin will find you out." At the close, when he was trying to sell copies of the gospels, one man said, "I can't read, so I will not buy." The preacher replied, "When you receive a letter who reads it for you?" The man said, "Oh, I go around over the village until I find some man that can read. Then he reads my letters for me." "All right," said the preacher, "this gospel is a letter from God to you and you must get some one in your village to read it to you." A number of the gospels were sold after this talk.

Now and then Dr. Thompson has special calls. One day a man sent her the following note:

"Madam:

My wife is troubled too much and feeling very bad. For humanity's sake and to save the life of a fellow creature, see her as soon as you can.

Yours faithfully,  
(Signed) RAM SINGH."

One night a non-Christian patient died at the hospital. Dr. Thompson was called at 1:00 A. M. and found the relatives starting up the wild, weird wail of the Hindus. She commanded them to stop it immediately, and to her great surprise, as well as theirs, they obeyed her.

2

The trained nurse in charge of the hospital proper, the in-patients, and the Indian nurses, is Miss Caroline Pope. She has the work well organized and everything is kept spick and span, for Miss Pope is a spick and span sort of a girl. She showed me the linen room, where everything is kept as clean and neat as a new pin. She also introduced me to the diet kitchen, where the most scrupulous care is observed in the preparation of food for the patients. A buffalo cow is kept so that patients may have pure milk. In August there were thirty-nine in-patients; in September, thirty-seven; in October, forty-one; in November, forty-two. Individual charts are kept daily on every patient by the Indian nurses, so that Miss Pope and the doctor may quickly discover the symptoms and progress of each case.

Four nurses are under training, also two compounders, and they are given the most careful instructions along all lines.

The operating room is in Class A for India. Modern sterilizers are in use, and everything in order so they can get ready for an operation in a hurry. They can quickly sterilize sheets, towels and sponges, and the surgical instruments. There is a good lot of surgical instruments, well cared for and ready for business. When the doctor wants to have an emergency operation Miss Pope and her assistants lose no time in making preparations for the job.

There is a purdah room in the corner of the hospital buildings, with a separate entrance to this room, where the purdah women may come and go without coming in contact with the other patients. The women seem to like this arrangement. Their husbands also like it. They know that they may send their women there and they will receive the best of treatment without their customs and ideas of privacy being violated. In case it is necessary for a purdah woman to remain in the hospital she has her own private room and care.

Thus the women of high caste and low caste, rich and poor, are being cured of both their physical and spiritual ills in this house of healing on the Mahoba hills.



THE MOTHER OF ONE HUNDRED AND  
FIFTY-SIX

The old woman who lived in a shoe would be considered small potatoes out here in Mahoba when compared to Lucile Ford, manager and mother of the Girls' Orphanage and Boarding School. She comes from a family of nine girls, which is almost a small boarding school in itself. There are one hundred and fifty-six girls, and she is the only missionary who is working among them. She has a large staff of native women who are her helpers. There are girls here from every mission station we have in India. Some come in from the jungle country, some are orphans, and some pay for the privilege of attending school here. If any reader is interested in how they feed such a large family let him read what I was interested in finding out.

They have rice two meals a day. That is the main article of food. They eat about eighty pounds of rice a day. That makes a ton each month. Sometimes they ship in a whole carload of rice for this school. There is a large granary where they keep the rice and wheat and pulse.

There is a large kitchen at one end of the building. In this kitchen are the native stoves which consist of some brick built up against the wall on two sides and across the top a large



sheet of iron. The large brass cooking kettles are placed on this and a fire built underneath.

The other foods are cooked in the same way. Why these simple stoves? Because they only cost two or three dollars to build and the people know how to use them. The larger girls are taught to do the cooking. They cook on these same big iron sheets their *chapatis*—cakes of unleavened bread. It is wheat flour mixed with water and cooked in pieces about like a pancake. They cook about thirteen dozen of these *chapatis* every day.

Where do they get the flour? Well, they buy the wheat at the bazaar and grind it in their own mills. There is a grinding room near the kitchen. In this grinding room there are eight *chakkis*—little stone mills. One large flat stone on top of another with a small hole down in the center where the wheat is put in. On the upper stone there is a handle with which it is turned.

The girls do all the grinding. Two girls work at one mill, and each mill must grind two seers—about two quarts every day. Thus flour comes much cheaper than buying it at the store. Early in the morning the grinders for the day get up and do the work before breakfast. They retire at seven at night so that it is not a hardship for them to be about early.

When the girls had finished their breakfast they washed their own plates in large cement tanks. They put them in the plate room and the dishes were ready for the next meal,

No doubt American girls would be glad if their dishes could be done that quickly.

I then had a chance to visit their bedrooms. The beds are made on the floor, built up with brick and cement about a foot high. The nearest thing I could think of, that they looked like, was a row of flat cement tombstones about a foot apart. The girls each have a large heavy rug which they lay on this bed, and two blankets for use in colder weather. Do you say that they ought to have real beds? Those are real beds to them. Better than they have ever slept in before. If you gave them our kind they would not sleep in them; at least the majority would not.

Every night Lucile goes out to see that they are all in bed and that everything is in order for the night. When the influenza epidemic was on there were seventy-five girls sick at one time. Then Miss Ford abandoned her own comfortable bed in the mission bungalow and lived with those suffering girls. She slept there with them several nights, at least she was there trying to sleep, but up at any call, to mother and help those who needed her.

Miss Ford is a shark on sanitary conditions and sees to it that nothing is left undone to keep the place as clean as possible. This not only applies to the grounds, but also to the girls themselves. The lake is about a block away and the girls are required to go regularly to the lake to bathe. She also sees to it that they brush their

teeth. I wondered where she got enough tooth brushes and powder for such a large family. Nature furnishes the brushes— their fingers— and Miss Ford has taught them how to make their own powder. Many of the older readers remember how to make tooth powder out of charcoal. Well, that is what is done here. In these native stoves there is charcoal in abundance, and it is still a question in Miss Ford's mind if that is not really better than Colgate's or Pepsodent. And it does not cost a cent, or a *pice*, as they would say out here.

There is a little hospital ward for any who may be sick and they are given the best attention. There are also rooms for the native teachers, where they sleep and keep their own things. There are two or three open places where the children play and exercise, much of it directed play. They play all kinds of girl games—drop the handkerchief, hide and seek, swing, London Bridge is falling down, and many native games.

At nine o'clock all the girls go to school. They are properly graded according to government requirements, and all of the branches are taught. For this service of education the Government gives the school a grant-in-aid of fifty rupees a month. I was present at the chapel hour of the school. One of the teachers read the daily reading in connection with the Sunday-school lesson, and they sang a Christian song, and had prayer. The teachers rotate in leading this chapel service.

Lucile Ford got much of her training in St. Louis at the Orphanage of the National Benevolent Association. "Uncle Jimmy" Mohorter can testify to her devotion and faithfulness. I asked her how she liked these little brown children as compared with those in St. Louis. She said: "They're all the same to me. They are the dearest little things, and I love them just as much as I did those in America."

When Sunday comes Mother Ford and her one hundred and fifty-six children put on their best Sunday clothes and go to Sunday-school. They march two by two down around the beautiful shade trees on the lake front to the nice big brick church. They certainly add much to the singing as nearly all the girls know these songs by heart. They fill up one whole side of the church.

The hope of India is largely wrapped up in the girls and women. Without educated girls and women the Christian homes of India will never be what they ought to be. This institution is making a real contribution to the program of establishing the Kingdom in the needy land of India.

I knew "Lucy" Ford as a student in Cotner College. I knew her then as one of the most faithful, conscientious, and unselfish girls in the school. I have seen her at Mahoba, and have felt something of her spirit. May her tribe increase.

CHAPTER IV

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MAUDAHA



## CHAPTER IV

### MAUDAHA

#### A STIRRING IN THE MULBERRY TREES

##### 1

It is hard to record the impressions which come trooping through the mind in visiting a place like Maudaha, an unattractive village, with a population that is hostile, and with a mixture of both Mohammedans and Hindus. One is immediately confronted with the difficulties and the seeming impossibility of the task. The Mission bungalow is located a half mile out of town, but there is a small cement building in the town, used for a dispensary for part of the time. Near this building are the homes of the evangelists. I was awakened early in the morning by a rising bell and heard S. G. Rothermel bustling about in his usual manner. I hustled out as quickly as possible and found a group of some twenty or thirty people assembled on the veranda for morning prayers and Bible instruction. The meeting lasted a half hour. A song or two and prayers and then a Bible lesson taught by one of the evangelists. These people are all new in the Christian life and it was necessary

to instruct them line upon line, precept upon precept. During the days following I found that this was the regular daily program.

Rothermel is demonstrating a new kind of evangelism. It used to be considered good mission policy to make many tours, camp at a given place, preach to all the villages within a radius of six miles, then move camp and repeat the process. In this way the Indian evangelists got the idea that they were merely seed sowers and not reapers. These villages could only be reached once or twice a year which was not enough for sufficient teaching to win the people from their idolatry. The result was that the evangelists had almost come to the place where they did not expect converts.

Rothermel's plan is to have more concentration. He believes not only in preaching to the masses but directly to the individual. He set as the aim of the station, twelve baptisms in a given year. The Indian preachers did not believe it could be done. But he has emphasized this idea of definite personal work constantly, and it is beginning to bear fruit. The first year of the new program there were six baptisms, three from caste. The second year there were ten baptisms, four from caste. The third year there were seven baptisms, six from caste. The fourth year there were twenty-five baptisms, all but one from caste. The whole church is now at work with a new hope.



Two out-stations were established with one native evangelist living in one and two in the other, with their families. Sunday-school at Maudaha had an average attendance of about one hundred. In one of the out-stations many of the children are afraid to come to Sunday-school because their parents have threatened to punish them if they do.

Once a month these workers come in to Maudaha for the conference of all workers lasting from Friday through the following Monday. The workers are required to give a monthly report in writing. In addition to this each one gives a verbal report telling of the discouragements, as well as the hopeful things. Classes of instruction are held and lectures are given on Bible study and evangelism. On Sunday all of the workers have the fellowship of the communion and the preaching service. On Monday night a social is held, in which all the Christians participate. Rothermel did some sleight of hand performances; I did one or two; and then the Indian Christians pulled off some stunts that would have done credit to an American High School or College crowd. Refreshments were served and everybody went out for another month of the hardest kind of work.

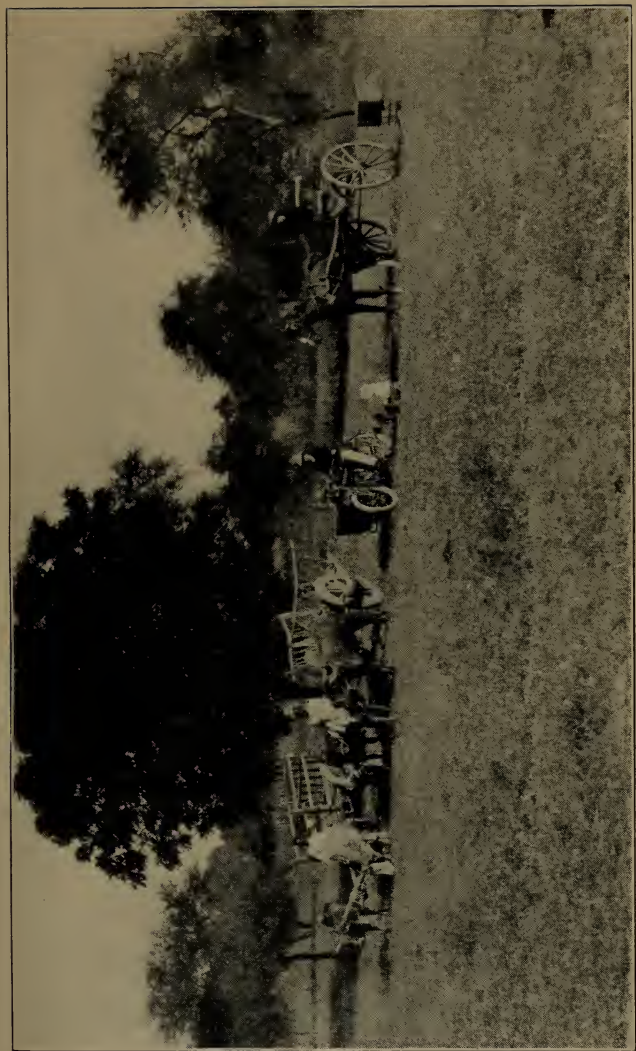
2

The evangelistic outfit of an Indian missionary is most interesting indeed. First of course is his New Testament, but a close second

is a good pair of scissors to cut off the hair and beads of the Hindus who accept the teaching of the New Testament. In addition to these, Rothermel had a lot more evangelistic paraphernalia. He has a *tonga*, that is, a horse and a two-wheel cart; he has a motorcycle, with a side car; he has a bicycle; he has a yoke of oxen and an oxcart. There is also a yoke of large buffaloes and a cart to transport the tents and baggage when they go on tours. In these various ways he is able to get out to the great multitude of people who live in the villages around Maudaha. However there is nearly three months during the rainy season when he cannot reach the villages by any of these means of travel. He must go on foot, or on horseback. But go he must and does, and his faith goes forward to the day when the mass movement will come in that section of India and large numbers will be won from the old life to the new.

3

Mrs. Rothermel is a physician, but with the care of her children and her home, has not been able to give as much time to medical work as she had hoped. Every morning the people come for medicine to the veranda of her home. She spends an hour or more in looking after their needs. She also supervises a little school for the children. This school is taught by two Indian teachers and is held under a banyan tree near the Mission bungalow.



Mr. Rothornel and his "Evangelistic Outfit"



Mr. Rothermel is also assisting in the organization of co-operative credit societies or banks. Three of these organizations are now perfected. One among the *chamars*, one among the Christians, and one among the *basors*—the sweepers, basket makers and swine herders.

A conference was held with a new group of *chamars* for the organization of a fourth society. About a dozen tall fellows, with their interesting headdress on, sat down upon the veranda to complete the organization. The agent was present, who goes from place to place and assists when all of the preliminary plans have been made. The organizations are semi-official and the people fully understand that they are signing a legal document when they put their names to the notes or mortgages.

During the time that the matters were being fully explained by Mr. Rothermel and the agent, the missionary kept sandwiching in some gospel teaching. He would say something like this: "What would the high caste Brahman do if you would try to get a loan from him?" They would reply, "He would charge us seventy-five percent or kick us out." "And what would the rich Mohammedans say to you?" And they would reply, "They would kick us out, too." "Aha," exclaimed Rothermel, "the Brahmans and the Mohammedans are your own people and yet they oppose you and treat you like slaves, and here

you are on my porch and the Mission is helping you to secure a loan to feed your families until harvest time. Who is your real friend?" And they replied in concert, "Sahib, Sahib, you are our friend; you are our father and mother." "Yes," replied Rothermel, "but why do I do it? It's because of my religion; it's Jesus Christ in my heart. The Christians always help the poor. They are doing this at Rath and Mahoba as well as for you. Now, who are your friends?" And the men replied, "The Christians, Sahib, the Christians are our friends." Then Rothermel pressed the point home. "Well then, you ought to be Christians, and you ought to tell all of your friends and your neighbors about the Jesus religion. Your whole caste ought to become Christians. Every day you ought to give three cheers for the Christians."

All this between explanations of the legal papers, getting the small committee of three appointed out of their own number, who should act for the group, agreeing upon how much each man could borrow, and in getting the promises from each man as well as the whole group, that the money would be used for the purpose for which it was borrowed and that the money would be collected and repaid immediately after harvest. And when all was fully understood the signatures were placed upon the legal document. Only one man of the twelve could write his name. The others signed by their thumb prints. The agent would press their thumbs on the ink



pad then press them firmly on the margin of the paper and write each man's name underneath his own thumb prints. These men put their thumb prints on this document as seriously as if they had been signing the Declaration of Independence, or a new Constitution for India. The largest borrower received rupees twenty and the smallest amount received was rupees six. The money was all in silver rupees, and each man tested his money out on the cement veranda to see that it had the proper ring. They can detect counterfeit money instantly.

As these men bade the Christian Sahib salaam and went off down the long dusty road they seemed happy because they had found what to them was a real friend. How much they knew and comprehended about their Unseen Friend is problematical, yet sometime, if the present program in Maudaha continues, they will surely know and understand.

#### JAGGANATH, THE "WITNESS BEARER"

There is a saying in the New Testament that it takes the simple things to confound the mighty. To form the acquaintance of a plain simple man named Jagganath, at Maudaha, is a confirmation of the truth of that statement.

Jagganath came many years ago as a young man and worked for Mr. Davis, who was Mr. Rothermel's predecessor at Maudaha. He did not become a Christian, although he had been taught

many years. Mr. Rothermel inherited him and found that he was "gospel hardened." His work was unsatisfactory and finally he was discharged. Later he was re-employed but still resisted the gospel. He became very ill with influenza. The evangelists visited him, supplied the family with food and water and were kind to him in every way. The Bible women helped cook the food and assisted his wife in her care of him.

Finally Jagganath called in his relatives and told them that he was convinced, through the kindness of the Bible women, the evangelists and the missionary, that Christianity was true, and that whether he got well or not he would become a Christian. They scolded him, threatened him, but he insisted that his purpose would not change. One night while he was still sick they set fire to his house and burned it to the ground, and as he dragged himself out of the burning building he resolved to become a Christian at the first opportunity. He did so. And when he was fully recovered he requested the Mission to allow him to become a preacher.

Jagganath become a preacher? It was unthinkable. He was illiterate, could neither read nor write, and his looks—well, he would take last place in a beauty contest. But his heart was right and they soon found that he was in earnest. He insisted that he could tell the "Jesus story" to his friends. He did not know enough to be a preacher or an evangelist, but finally the church, because of his earnestness and consecra-



tion, decided to give him employment. They had to create a new office for him. They called him "Witness-bearer." His chief business was to go among the people and sit down with them and tell them what the Christian religion meant to him.

He could not preach to the crowd, but he could sit down with a man by the wayside and make him understand, by his personal testimony. He did what his new title implied, bore witness every day and many hours a day to the new Christian joy in his own heart. And what was the result? Mr. Rothermel says that he has won more converts than any other one man in the station. Through his efforts fifteen *chamars* have come out of caste and accepted Christianity.

It might not be a bad policy for the church at home to add a new office, that of witness-bearer, to the officary of the church. But how much better it would be if every member would voluntarily live up to the teachings of Jesus when he said "Ye are my witnesses."

It is my judgment that it is a necessary thing in all mission lands to have men entirely free from institutional work such as schools, hospitals, printing presses, etc., who can give undivided attention to the evangelistic work. The program at Maudaha is most certainly commendable and is bound to bring an abundant harvest in the years to come.



CHAPTER V

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RATH



## CHAPTER V

### RATH

#### AT THE JUNGLE STATION OF RATH

#### 1

Twenty-nine miles off the railroad lies the jungle station of Rath. It is reached by *tonga* and oxcart. I was lucky enough to be taken from Maudaha to Rath in Mr. Rothermel's motorcycle.

But one missionary family, that of John Bierma, lives in this interior village of about eleven thousand. It is a beautiful little village, nicely laid out streets, quite a number of better built houses, and the people are friendly. However, as far as missionary accomplishments are concerned, we are just at the beginning. There is a neat little church building, with a membership of about ten families. There are four Sunday-schools, with an average attendance of about two hundred. No day schools are conducted either in Rath, or in the outside villages. There is only one out-station in connection with the work at Rath.

Two evangelists are busy all the time preaching to the people in Rath and in the villages. I made a trip with Mr. Bierma, reaching the first village, some four miles away, for a service at 7:00 A. M. It was necessary to arrive early before the people went to the fields. About forty people gathered under a banyan tree in the center of the town to hear the songs and the teaching. Several goats, dogs and buffaloes were also present. The people listened eagerly.

When the service was over, the evangelists offered Gospels for sale, and a few people bought them. One old man shook his head and said, "Why should I buy, I cannot read." That was literally true of all but five people in the total population of about two hundred. There is not now, and never has been, a school in this village. Do you ask why Mr. Bierma does not establish a school there? This is the answer. In the Rath district there are two hundred and thirty-four such villages. There are schools of some kind in only eighty-three of them. That leaves one hundred and fifty-one villages entirely without a school of any kind. It would take one hundred and fifty-one teachers, that number of buildings, besides text books, slates, etc., to solve this neglected educational problem. Mr. Bierma has neither time nor money, nor the teachers, to do the job. He is the only missionary of any church in this whole district, which has a population of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand.

The whole job is yet before us in this jungle station.

2

A rather interesting experiment is being conducted in the city of Rath. There had never been a public library in the history of the town. Furthermore, there is not a public library in any of the two hundred and thirty-four villages in the district. About two years ago, the question of the organization of a Library Association was agitated. Problem: How could the co-operation of Hindus, Mohammedans and Christians be secured? Easy enough. Representatives of each on the Library Committee. When the Committee was organized it voluntarily elected Mr. Bierma as president. The next step was the formation and adoption of a constitution. Mr. Bierma wrote out a constitution, with the constitution of the United Christian Missionary Society before him as a model. This was read to the committee and unanimously adopted.

The club is composed of all "those worthy literate men (note that nothing is said of women) who support the project by contributions paid each month, or paid one year's total in advance." The monthly fees are rupees 1:8 to two annas, depending upon the standing and ability of the donor. A building up town was rented which provided for a library room, a game room, and a place for the co-operative society to meet. This young library has two

hundred volumes. It has one hundred Hindi books, fifty English books, and fifty books in Urdu. Daily papers, in English and Hindi, come to the library. The librarian elected was one of the Christian men of the Rath church. There has been no stampede of the people to get these books from the library, although a number of the people have taken out cards and have read some of the books. One of the great problems is to secure interesting, readable books in Hindi. Both the Mohammedans and Hindus, as well as the Christians, are rather proud of the new letter heads and envelopes, bearing the following imprint: "Public Library Institute, Rath, United Provinces." And they may well be proud, for is it not the only library in the whole district?

3

Another approach to the people is the influence of the co-operative credit societies. The purpose of these organizations is to lend money to the people at a cheap rate of interest, to assist them to buy seed grain for their crops. Four of these have now been organized with one hundred and eighty-four men as charter members. Thus these men are freed from the covetousness of the professional money lenders. Each society is usually formed from the men of one caste. The group then becomes responsible for the loan of each member. The head men of the caste sign the notes and the whole caste is re-



sponsible for each man paying back his loan. With this kind of an arrangement, some of the well to do Indian men of the better type will loan money to the credit society, knowing that they run but little risk in so doing.

Some fifteen acres of ground have been secured to assist the Christian people to make a living. A new type of sugar corn has been introduced, also potato raising, and the raising of seed wheat on a small scale. It is the hope that the people will receive the proper training so that they can later take land and make a living for themselves. By these different approaches to the hearts of the people some are being won to the Kingdom. Within the past few months eight have been baptized, six of them from caste.

. AN INTERVIEW WITH PT. NANDKISHARE  
SHARMA

While at Rath I had the pleasure of interviewing and being interviewed by an Indian gentleman who is one of the divisional superintendents of agriculture in the district. His official title is as follows: "Pt. Nandkishare Sharma, Honorary Magistrate, United Provinces, Agriculture Service." He traveled twenty miles on horseback and in oxcart to see me. He was a wide-awake, practical and cultured gentleman. He spoke both Hindi and English fluently. He attended the service in the church and when I needed an interpreter for my speech he gladly

volunteered, and in his interpretation elaborated upon, and polished up my speech so that it was quite respectable. He did not fail to tell the people what I ought to have said, when I failed to say it.

In our interview he told me many interesting things about the people and the farm problems of India. The government maintains twenty small demonstration farms in the United Provinces. They only plan one such farm for each one thousand square miles. On these farms they only show a small advance at one time, so the people can comprehend it. The growing of wheat is demonstrated in the old way and the new way, in little fields side by side. Then when people come to visit the farm, seeing is believing.

There are no silos in India. The farms are too small. The average farm for all the United Provinces is not more than four or five acres, and this is about the average for all of India. This man thinks it is a great disadvantage to the farm to have the people living in the villages; that the farms would be greatly enriched and better kept, and would be much more productive, if the people lived on the farms.

He says that seventy per cent of the people make their living by agriculture. Yet ninety-eight per cent of the people live in the cities, towns and villages. The farms have deteriorated for generations. In the last few years he thinks a new era has begun. Demonstration farms, the selection of seeds, and better methods of

farming have been introduced. The average yield of wheat per acre for the whole Province is seven bushels. On the demonstration farms the average yield is twenty-six bushels. He says the American missionaries have helped greatly along this line.

This gentleman thinks that agricultural missionaries would be very useful in that part of India. The new program is only in its beginning and will take much persuasion and demonstration to get the slow-moving people to change from the old to the new. He very naively suggested that these agricultural men who come should have women ("females") as their wives, who are canning experts. They could teach the Indian women how to can and preserve food. They do not know the advantage of canning and do not know how to do it. Hence before the next crop is ready for harvest the people are out of food and have to borrow. It is his experience that the women, when shown, take on the new things quicker than the men. But he says that only the "females" can teach these women.

He thinks the missionaries are doing a splendid service in India. They help in times of famine; they teach the children; they establish hospitals, where medicine is dispensed; and they are friendly to the people. He thinks the American missionaries are more economical and set better examples before the people than do the English officials. While he himself is a Hindu, he thinks that Christianity is more unselfish

than Hinduism. He says that thousands of people are losing interest in their old religion, their old beliefs, and their old superstitions. He is not sure that Christianity will come to reign throughout India, but he is sure that it has a fine, leavening influence upon all the people, rich and poor alike.

It is a very interesting life in these jungle stations in the outer districts. But it is most certainly not a monotonous life. Every day a new responsibility, and every day insistent claims upon the Christian man's time and sympathy. These families who are living alone must get very homesick now and then, for they go weeks and sometimes months without seeing another white face. The two Bierma girls, about five and seven, have no playmates but the brown-faced boys and girls of Rath. But He who promised to be with them always is a constant companion, and some good day the Kingdom shall grow and prosper in the jungle.

CHAPTER VI

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KULPAHAR



## CHAPTER VI

### KULPAHAR

#### KULPAHAR, THE PLACE OF MANY MOUNTAINS

The institution at Kulpahar may well be called an institution of the women, by the women, and for the women. It was founded and has been maintained by the Woman's Board. Its management and oversight is by the women missionaries. The inmates are women and girls and small boys under six years of age. It is the only institution of its kind we have in India.

Agriculturally, it is almost a young farm. The grounds cover about twenty acres. The women have two yoke of oxen to do the farm work, and a third yoke for the use of the evangelists. The evangelistic work outside of the institution is directed by an evangelistic missionary, a man, and of course by the use of native men evangelists. But all of the institutional work is managed by the women.

#### 1

Miss Zonetta Vance showed me around the farm. The first thing we saw was a large patch of peanuts. The ground was plowed by the oxen

but the women planted them, the women hoed them, the women digged them, and the women market them. Some are sold to the women themselves, some in the villages, and some are sold to the missionaries in other stations.

We next went to inspect the lime kiln, where about twenty people were employed in building up the materials ready to burn. It takes about a week to build and another to burn the kiln.

The mixing of the lime and sand for building purposes is a very interesting process. They have a large circular ditch about eighteen inches deep. In this they pour one part lime and two parts sand and then pour water in the ditch. It is then mixed by the use of a great stone wheel drawn round and round by a yoke of oxen. The wheel is about a foot thick. It took seventeen men to roll that stone wheel out from town where it was bought.

There is a brick yard about a mile away where the tile brick for the roofs for buildings is burned. They make there the tile for the roofs for all the buildings except for the missionary homes.

The ladies raised a good sized patch of kaffir corn. It was a great sight to see them harvesting this crop. Early in the morning Miss Vance and Miss Clarke started across the road with about thirty or forty women, each armed with a small knife with which to cut the ripened grain. Such chattering and buzzing you never heard unless you have been in India. They



entered the tall grain and pulled down the heads in order to cut them off, and piled them on large pieces of cloth in which they were later tied up and carried on their heads back to the compound. For two or three hours they were as busy as bees. Each woman seemed to be spurred on to her best efforts by the rest of the crowd and all worked with a hearty good will.

The rest of the grounds was a place of extraordinary interest. There were three patches of potatoes, a part of them grown from government seed. There was more than an acre of *chana*, a pulse, or lentil, that has a seed like a small pea. The tops can be cut twice and used for greens. The seed is ground up into flour. There was another field of a special kind of grass, which can be cut at least six times a year for hay and fodder.

There were several nice tomato patches and the tomatoes were ripe the middle of December, and they are certainly fine eating. There was also a fine patch of castor-oil beans. They make these up into crude axle grease for the ox carts, but they also refine some of it for medicine and for sale.

There are also little patches of butter beans, sweet corn for roasting ears, beds of peas, turnips, kohlrabi, and a gooseberry patch. This last might be called a gooseberry-adapted, for the fruit is much like a ground cherry. There was also a cabbage patch. And Miss Mattie Burgess, who has been twenty-seven years in India, might

well be called the "Indian Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." It was an interesting sight to see her in the garden with a little native hoe and a water pot looking after the seed beds in a motherly sort of a way, to see that the ground was in proper condition, and that the tiny growing sprouts were getting enough water to drink.

In the orchard there was an orange grove with about thirty fine trees and the fruit was just ripe. These Indian oranges are much like tangerines. I stood in the midst of this fine grove and ate two oranges from the tops of those beautiful young trees. There were several large holes in the ground, fertilized, ready for the planting of more orange trees. There were a few peach trees but the ladies had discovered that peaches do not thrive well and they are planting the orchards with other kinds of fruit.

There was a small guava grove, also some custard apple trees, and some mango trees. The mango is the great fruit crop of India. There were four banana patches on the compound. There were also lime trees, lemon, figs, pomegranates, and *karaunda*, a fruit like cranberry. There were also a few pomelo trees, an enlarged edition of grape fruit. There were palms and palm fruit. There were three *mahuva* trees. This is a rare fruit, the plants having been obtained from the government botanical gardens. From the time the fruit comes on the trees until it is ripened and picked, the women watch these orchards day and night, to keep the crows, the

monkeys and the flying foxes from destroying the fruit.

These gardens and the orchards are all irrigated. The irrigation process is supervised by the lady missionaries. The water for the irrigation is drawn from a great well in the center of the grounds. It is drawn by a yoke of oxen in a huge leather bucket as large as a half barrel. One woman drives the oxen and two women empty the water into the large cement tank. They work four hours each morning and two hours in the afternoon every day during the dry season to keep enough water for the crops.

In India the men wear a topi to protect the head from the sun, and it is improper to even take off your hat to the ladies when you are in the sun. But I confess that after seeing this wonderful compound, with the gardens, the orchards, the irrigation process, the building program, and all of the other manifold work being carried on, I wanted to get in the shade of a banyan tree somewhere, and take off my hat to these ladies who are doing such a fine job along lines that are commonly supposed to be the work of men. It should be kept in mind that the work upon this small farm is being done by the women of the institution, under the direction of the lady missionaries. They move the dirt for the mud buildings, they cut the grass, they keep the ground in good shape, and a person entering this institution, not knowing what it

was, would naturally think that it was a small government demonstration farm.

2

But this agricultural program is only one phase of the great work that is being carried on at Kulpahar. There is a school for the women. They gather in the church building for morning prayers at 7:30. They sing a morning song. They then have roll call. Miss Mary Clarke has charge of these morning exercises and each woman answers to her name "sab kiya," which means "all done." That is, that they have done all of the work in their little homes before they came to school. They have washed their dishes, cleaned out their fire-places, swept the floors, and done their hair, etc. Whenever a woman fails to answer "sab kiya" Miss Clarke knows she has been loafing on the job. After the prayers and the reports, the orders are given for the work of the day. Some are to work in the gardens, some to clean the yards, others to look after the orchards. The women are much more contented when they have something definite to do, and these wise lady missionaries see to it that the schedule of the day keeps their hands and minds busy.

In the afternoon the regular school work begins. There are six classes of girls and women. These classes are organized along the regular school lines and go up through the fourth grade.

There is a class for new girls and women who have just come into the home and cannot read or write.

There is also a class for the blind. They have little brass slates made by a firm in Chicago. The teacher went to a special school for the blind and learned how to teach. They have both a first year class and a second year class. One girl wrote for me and read with her fingers, "Jesus said unto them, I am the living bread." Their reading book is a big book with the "blind" letters containing the Gospel of Luke and the Acts of the Apostles. A number of these blind women have accepted Christ and are regular members of the church.

There is also a children's school for little boys and girls about five and six years of age, or under. Native teachers were in charge of about fifty children. They led the children in acting out the songs. The chief purpose of this kindergarten school is to teach the children to play. Someone has said that the only animal that doesn't know how to play in India is the Indian child. Considerable time of the missionaries and the teachers in all of our Indian schools is given to teaching the children to play. Strange feelings of emotion came over me as I saw those little brown faced boys and girls standing in a row, at attention, and singing "God Save the King."

There is really no proper place in the institution for these boys and girls, for the in-

stitution primarily is a woman's home. Plans are under way for the erection of "a little boy's home," across the road from the present building. These boys are too small to attend boarding school at Damoh, and it was thought wise to build such a home at Kulpahar, so that at their tender age they might have the supervision and care of the lady missionaries. This home, when completed, including a neat bungalow for the women in charge, will cost about eight thousand dollars.

3

The Sunday program is different. Nearly two hundred women sat on the floor with their white *saris* on. They were practically all barefooted. This church building is a long, clean room with whitewashed walls. The women sang without the organ and they lifted the tunes vociferously. Many of them had song books. After the opening exercises the women go out in the yard for the teaching of the lesson. They sit in the sun because it is warmer at that time of the year, and there is no heating plant in the building. It was a very beautiful sight to see those little groups in their white dresses, seated all over the yard, with their Indian teachers standing before them teaching the lesson. Miss Clarke reported that every woman in the institution was present at Sunday-school. And every woman had studied her lesson before she came to the class. The reason for this is



that in their plans for their daily Bible lesson they study the Sunday-school lesson regularly every Friday. Including the children there are about two hundred in the institution.

Following the classes in the yard a review of the lesson is conducted as part of the closing exercises. This is done by one of the Bible women who asks questions about the lesson. She is very expert at this and the women in the audience answered promptly and in most cases correctly.

Later on there was a communion service held. This is conducted by the native evangelists, one of whom, a gray-haired man, has been many years in the work and is considered the pastor of the church. He read from the New Testament, explained the meaning of the communion, and the women were very quiet and reverent while the service was going on. Many of them are members of the church and they enjoy that service more than any other during the entire week.

Another part of this institution is the girls' compound and training home. Each house is large enough for four girls. These are nice, neat little rooms, and the girls take a pride in keeping their homes neat and nicely decorated. Each group of four does its own cooking. They have a little flour mill—two stones with which they grind their wheat. They have their own little cooking pots and little stove on the floor which they make themselves. One girl had her

room very nicely decorated with pictures, among them an Easter card from Northampton, Massachusetts.

4

A very interesting part of the work at Kulpahar is the embroidery and sewing department. Twelve women use most of their spare time in making and repairing the clothing for the fifty children.

There was regular class work in needle work and embroidery, and Miss Thorpe, a young missionary, was in charge of this class. She had forty in the class and they worked two hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon under her supervision. The girls all sat on the floor in a big airy sewing room. A table sat in front next to the teacher's desk upon which thread was kept and other materials. Miss Thorpe says she has to keep a constant watch upon the girls for many of them do not want to wear their thimbles. The beginners are taught hemstitching and the more advanced ones do the more intricate work. Some of the finer pieces of embroidery take three or four weeks for one girl to finish.

The fine linen and cotton materials are ordered wholesale from Ireland and Calcutta. The patterns are received from a Boston firm and are filed in a pattern cabinet. The designs are drawn in a big book and a record is carefully kept as to what designs go on certain pieces of





“After the opening exercises, the Women go out in the yard for the teaching of the lesson”



cloth. A careful record is kept on these pieces of embroidery, the price of the cloth, the stamping, the labor and the laundry, so that when a piece comes out of the shop they are able to accurately estimate the cost of its production.

After the girls learn this work they are paid for their labor so that they may become self-supporting. The regular allowance for the girls is six rupees per month for food and clothing. Little books are kept for each girl to check up on what she does, and how her account stands, and she can see her record at any time. They take their own money, buy their own grain, grind it, cook it, and they are thus taught the management and care of their own homes. If they desire to buy fish, meat, and extra vegetables in the market, they may do so.

The Kulpahar embroidery has now become quite famous. They get orders from nearly all parts of India. So much so that they are unable to supply all of the orders. People often write in and send patterns and ask that the pattern be worked upon the cloth. Parcels of their embroidery work are often shipped upon approval to different parts of India. People who know about the work will write in and request that certain pieces be shipped to them upon approval, but they rarely ever come back because to see these fine pieces of embroidery is almost sure to mean a sale. One order came from a woman near Calcutta, seven hundred miles away. She had heard of the work while visiting at Darjeel-

ing, which is a thousand miles away. Another woman took a parcel of the embroidery work to Australia, and the wife of an English official who had formerly lived in India, wrote back from England ordering some special pieces. They have done work for the wives of the English officials, one order coming from the Major General's wife.

One day while I was there, the wife of the Internal Revenue Collector came to buy some embroidery. She had bought some for her wedding; she had also bought most of her first baby's clothes, and now she wanted some for Christmas presents for her friends.

All of this embroidery is washed and ironed before it is sold. The ladies have in mind the building of a large wash room for this finer work. They also need a shop for selling it so that it will be separate from their homes, as there are many people who come to inspect and buy. They feel that such a modest building could be partly paid for from the profits. It is proverbial that women can stretch a dollar and make it go farther than anybody else. It is certainly a marvel that these women are able to run such an institution as Kulpahar with the small amount of money appropriated from year to year by the Mission. They seem to multiply every dollar they receive, by their careful management and wise supervision.

The medical and dispensary work at Kulpahar is under the direction of a woman medical missionary, Dr. Osee Dill. She comes from Mahoba once a week, but she or some other should be located there full time. Treatments are given to the women at the institution in the town about two miles away during the rest of the day. Dr. Dill treats all kinds of cases. She took special clinical work at Tulane University, New Orleans, for diseases of the eye. She treats many cases of trachoma and corneal ulcers. One morning as one of the women had her teeth pulled, a dozen other women who were waiting for treatment, crowded around to see the fun. The woman yelled as if she were being murdered.

One day a woman walked a distance of five miles carrying her fifteen months' old baby on her hip to give it to the home. Her husband was dead, she was very poor and had been compelled to work in the fields and carry water for a living. She belonged to the water carriers' caste. The child was poorly fed, and in giving it over to Miss Clarke, the mother said, "You will get some *roti*—bread—to eat." She said she was sorry to leave the child, but that "God had spoiled her joy." She did not kiss her baby goodbye, but went off down the dusty road with a heavy heart, and perhaps will never come back to see her baby again. Another woman came bringing a girl. She had found this girl on the road and the girl had asked

the woman to show her the way. She was from a village twelve miles distant and had walked all the way. She didn't know her own age, but was perhaps ten years old.

Nearly every day something of this kind occurs. One such case seems to the observer to be the composite tragedy of all paganism.

Every now and then the comedy side shows up. For instance, some long-tongued woman in the Home takes a notion that she can run things better than the missionaries. She becomes unruly. Miss Clarke, in an off-hand way, said that once or twice they had been compelled to put a woman in jail. They locked her up in a little house off by herself for nearly a day, and after that they had no more trouble with her. They hated to do it but it seemed necessary to maintain order, decorum, and authority in the Home.

6

The Kulpahar Home is also serving the Mission in another most necessary way. It furnishes Christian wives for many of the Christian young men in most of our Mission Stations. These Christian young men would be unable to get Christian wives, were it not for the institution at Kulpahar. If they married non-Christian wives the influence of the home would be such that they might be lost to the church. The kind of training the girls get at Kulpahar prepares them to be home-makers



and helpers for farmers. The girls who marry Indian farmers are much more efficient and therefore happier if they have had the splendid training of this home. Mr. Grainger reports that while he was in Mungeli, he arranged for the marriage of twenty-five men with girls from Kulpahar, and every one of the girls made good. It is necessary to establish Christian homes in order to make permanent the Christian program in India.

The women of America who have been maintaining the Industrial Home at Kulpahar have been doing a great humanitarian service. They have brought light where there was darkness. They have changed sorrow into joy. They have helped to change idol worshipers into Christians. They have helped to erect and maintain a Home that has saved and redeemed thousands of women and girls and which has set a higher standard of life to a great multitude of other women who have caught something of the inspiration and ideals of that wonderful institution.

Kulpahar, the place of many mountains; a place of beauty; a place of industry; a place of sanctity; a place of religion and redemption; a place where the flower of American civilization, woman, is lending its beauty and its fragrance to the down-trodden women of India, and causing them to walk up the Delectable Mountains into the place of purity and of holiness.

DOES IT PAY?

Conference With Two Evangelists at Kulpahar.

The people are eager to listen and to learn. They buy the gospels and read them and then come back and ask what it all means. From this these evangelists think that the people are anxious to know more about Christianity. The people often say, "If you have any better book than this please sell it to us also."

These evangelists go into thirteen villages regularly to preach and teach. They start early in the morning and reach the villages just after sunrise. They do their best work at this time of the day because the men have not yet gone to the fields to work. They talk to the people in their homes, they talk to the crowds in the village streets, they sing the gospel songs, read the New Testament, and get the people to understand what Christianity means. In some villages they separate and have two services at the same time.

In their discussions with the people they have to explain who Jesus is, and whose Son he is, and why Christianity is better than other religions. One of the evangelists was formerly a Mohammedan, and the Mohammedans ask him many questions, and they usually end up by saying that the Mohammedan religion is the best of all. They say that a good many of the people believe in Christ but are afraid to make a public confession for fear of persecution. Many of the people to whom they go are ignorant. They



cannot read nor write. And many of the villages where they preach have no public schools of any kind. The mission, of course, is unable to supply teachers for all of the villages.

In the larger villages the government maintains schools for boys but none for girls. They say there are only two schools for girls in the Kulpahar *tahsil*, a district with a population of about one hundred thousand. As they go from village to village, they do not meet much opposition and are rarely ever persecuted. Many people hear them gladly but not all who hear are willing to take their stand openly for Christianity.

However these evangelists think that Christianity will sometime reign in India. Many of the Hindus often tell them they believe Christianity will conquer all other religions. It is written in the Koran that some day there will be but one religion. And even many of the learned Mohammedans think that some day it will be the Christian religion.

These evangelists say that in their little homes at night they pray for the Board and for all those connected with it. They also pray for the Christians in America and for the churches here. They also pray that the Kingdom of Christ will come throughout all the land of India.

#### SHYAN BHABINI

One of the real saints among our workers is Shyan Bhabini, matron of the Home at Kulpahar. I have seen something of the radiance

in her face and her joy at the work she was doing, and requested that she come to the mission bungalow for an interview. On Saturday afternoon, sitting on the veranda, she told me a wonderful story of devotion and perseverance, such as I have rarely ever heard before. This is her story:

Her parents were Hindus and all of her relatives were, and still are the strictest of the Hindus. While her parents were strict Hindus, they sent her to the mission school to learn to knit and sew, for they were of a good family and wanted her to have the best in life. They were of the Bengali tribe. They told her when she went to this mission school, that she must not learn the new religion, that she must forget everything she was told about Christ.

Her missionary teacher was very kind and she learned to love her. She requested to be taught the stories that the other girls were learning, and little by little she learned about Christ and finally secured a New Testament of her own. At the age of eleven or twelve she decided she wanted to become a Christian and expressed her desire to her parents. They objected, saying she was under age and that she ought not to think of such a thing.

Upon confiding this to the missionaries she was told that she could believe in Christ in her own home even if her parents did not allow her to publicly accept Him. Finally her mother took her away to a place where there were no mis-

sionaries. This brought a great sorrow to her heart but she still believed in Jesus. Her mother got her half married and told her she would be better off when arrangements were completed for her wedding. But her brother found out that the man was no good and drove him away. Finally her mother died and she went to live with her brother. Her brother had been in the University and was well educated. He married a rich man's daughter, who later died and Bhabini took the baby girl and brought her up as if she were her own daughter.

From time to time she talked to her brother about Christianity. He was afraid she would become a Christian and gave her anti-Christian books to read. She said, "One volume was a horrid book by Thomas Paine. How I hated that book."

After seven years her brother was married again. Bhabini kept on praying that the opportunity might come for her to become a Christian and do Christian work. The brother's wife at one time got very sick. Ten doctors were called in for consultation and they all said that she would die. Bhabini loved her and prayed earnestly for her recovery. She said, "I prayed for her and she lived, and is living now. I learned by praying that Christ is true. He is the only incarnation of God. I hold him tight. And I believe in Him with all my heart, and I told my brother so."

"My brother then did not interfere with me. He said, 'You can believe in Christ and worship Him but don't go outside and become a Christian for if you do you will bring disgrace upon me and your dead father and mother.'

"As the years passed we went to live in a community where there were missionaries. My brother allowed the missionaries to come into the home to teach his wife and young daughter. I had to help care for the family which kept me in the home and prevented me from publicly becoming a Christian. Year after year I kept thinking I would get all the work done so that I could be free to live my own life. I was the house keeper in the home and looked after the accounts.

"At last when I was thirty-four years old, when it seemed that I never would get all the work done, I decided to run away with a missionary and become a Christian. Whenever the missionary came to the home, my brother's wife watched me so I never could get to talk privately. I finally, by strategy, got alone with the missionary and told her that I wanted to run away. I fixed up all of my accounts and left a copy for my brother. I left a letter telling them how the accounts were kept and then telling my brother that I could no longer resist going out into the world and publicly becoming a Christian and living my life for Him.

"One night I slipped out and ran away. I met the missionary, and she took me to Deoghar

where I was baptized October 16, 1902. Through these long years I had read and studied so that I was useful at once to the mission. I did zenana work for a while, was a teacher in one of the schools, and later a teacher and worker in an orphanage.

“Finally I came to Kulpahar where I did zenana work and school work and tried to teach the women in the bazaars the story of Christ. Now I am the matron of the Home here. I guess I am like a mother to the girls, for they all call me ‘ma.’ I live with them and love them. They tell their troubles to me and I advise them and help them the best I can. Many of the women who come here have been turned out of their homes. They have been treated like slaves. They are very thankful for this home.”

I asked Bhabini if she could see any change come over the women after they come into this Home. “Ah, sir,” said she, “the wonderful thing Jesus does here is to help change the middle-aged women. It is not so wonderful to see how Jesus influences the children, but it is marvelous to see the change come over the middle-aged women whose forefathers for generations have been Hindus. Their faith is changed, their character is changed, their whole lives are changed. They learn to read and write. They become new creatures in Christ Jesus.

“India is becoming Christian. The Hindus are imitating the Christians. All of the new things that are coming in, are they not the fruits

of the Christian religion? India is becoming Christian. I have prayed for it. I believe it, I know it, and some day India will be Christ's."

After hearing this wonderful story I asked Bhabini to let me take her picture. She refused, saying she had promised her brother that she would never allow the Christians to take her photograph. She said she had kept that promise to her Hindu brother through all the years. When I suggested that I might take her photograph when she was not looking, she gave me such a look that made me understand that should I do so I would be helping her to break the promise she had made to her brother. But I left her with the conviction that the above picture of her heart and soul is of more worth to the Kingdom than would have been the photograph of her outward appearance.

## CHAPTER VII

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DAMOH





## CHAPTER VII

### DAMOH

#### CHRISTMAS SUNDAY AT DAMOH

##### 1

Christmas Sunday at Damoh is past but the memory of it will linger for a long time. It was so like and so unlike anything I had ever seen before that I feel many will be interested in it.

Before 7:30 I was walking across some fields with Mrs. Ray Rice to a village two miles away where she has conducted a Sunday-school for the last three years. As we entered the edge of the village we met one of the boys going into the fields, and Mrs. Rice asked him if he were not coming to Sunday-school. He had to work and could not come. As we went through the town she called to a boy here and a girl there, and told them to hustle up, it was time to begin.

Imagine my surprise when we got to the place of the school to find it an open place by the side of a native house under a tree. The little old house was made of mud and plastered on the outside, and whitewashed, so it made a fairly respectable appearance.

One boy had a paper with a song written on it, and I asked him if he could read. He, a second boy, and a man, were the only ones in the entire village that could read or write. The session was a very short one, as the trip was to be made into Damoh where all the schools were congregating at the church for the big Christmas program.

As we started down the narrow street, a crowd of boys and girls followed us. One little girl about ten, came running to join the crowd, carrying her clothes in her arms. She dressed on the way and no one seemed to pay any attention to her. The count showed thirty-eight from this school on their way to Damoh. When we arrived at the church a strange sight met my eyes. Here came Sunday-schools down every street. Seven outside schools came in. They entered the church in order, and by schools, and were seated on the floor.

All those boys and girls had on jewelry, even though they had but the scantiest clothing. One little girl had five bracelets on one arm, a gold head star with gold chains running down to her ears, three anklets, four toe rings, and two gold ear-rings. She said she did not put on much as she was coming out in a big crowd.

2

When the Superintendent called for order, a quiet hush came over the great crowd. The first song was in Hindi, "Silent Night," sung by

one of the schools. They stood as they sang. Small girls had their baby sisters on their hips. These Indian babies are like little monkeys. They clamp their little legs around the hip and body of an older brother or sister, and hang on. Practically all of these children were barefooted. December here is about like October at home.

Another school sang a song, "Our Hearts Are Inclined Towards Jesus." Another, "Jesus Christ Saves Our Souls." Then the Taparya school took the house down. It is the "hut" Sunday-school. The people are of the poorest, and they live in grass huts. They are of the coolie class and are looked down upon by their fellows. There were twenty-two of them. One boy had on a little dirty short shirt, and an anklet. A baby on its sister's hip had on three bracelets only, but it was half-way tucked under its sister's *sari*. None of them had had their hair combed and their mothers had forgotten to wash their faces also. But that crowd of "hut" children stood up and sang in good time and clear voices "Jesus Christ Healed All the Sick."

There was only one girls' Sunday-school in the whole crowd. They rose with their brightly colored *saris* draped up over their heads and sang "As the Wise Men Followed the Star." A school that was late came in at this juncture, all the space was taken, so they sat down in the center aisle.

Then three boys sang a prayer song written by a Hindu. This man comes to Sunday-school,

knows much about Christianity, is a great admirer of Christ, and says he will soon make the confession. The prayer is as follows:

"Oh God, I pray thee to offer thy soul to me as thy machinery is clean and neat, I pray, O Lord, to make mine also. I am all empty handed, there is nothing whatsoever in me, hence bestowing thy good soul on me, kindly enable me to do thy good services. At every time and in every deed I commit some mistakes, so kindly forgive our mistakes and faults. The Devil tries its best to betray us, to bring us into the wrong path, hence we pray, O Lord, to keep us separate from it (Devil.) Is it possible for us to get thy soul as some of our prophets who have gone before us have done, we hope thou shalt decide this very soon. We ask all this in thy name. Amen."

Seven boys recited the story of the birth of Christ from the Scriptures. One chap gave that part where it tells of the shepherds in the fields, "and the glory of the Lord shone round about them and they were sore afraid." But he ended by saying in a loud, clear voice, "God Save the King." The boys closed this part by singing a song, "Don't Ask us From Whence Jesus Came, He was From the Beginning."

A low caste school then sang "King Jesus Christ Came." These poor people are the lowest of the low. They are a depressed and an oppressed class. The government makes no provision whatever for their education. They did

not end their song by saying "God Save the King."

To say that these children were "packed in like sardines" is putting it literally and not figuratively. When the count was made it showed six hundred and forty-one in that church. There are a lot of the curious who were looking through the window, but they were not included in the count.

And what a motley array these six hundred and forty-one were! No less than twenty different castes were represented. There were the following:

Baniya caste—the merchants' caste.

Koris caste—the weavers' caste.

Darzi caste—the tailors.

Barhai caste—the carpenters.

Brahmans—the Pharisees of India.

Takurs—the farmers.

Lodhi caste—other farmers.

Kumar—pottery makers.

Kacchi—gardeners.

Ahir caste—cattle herders.

Sonars—gold workers.

Chamars—leather workers.

Basors—basket makers.

There were several others, but this will give some idea. And each caste has its rules and regulations. There is perhaps not another place in all India where so many castes could sit down

together, except in the church of Jesus Christ. Some members of these castes would not help others if it were a case of life and death. All India is separated with this miserable caste system, which is retarding every progressive move that is being made for the good of the country.

When the program was over the treats were given out at the hospital nearly a block away. Each one got a half-pound package of dates. I stood in line and watched the faces of the kiddies as they discovered that they had something good to eat as a present. None of that crowd had had any breakfast before coming to Sunday-school. Hence the growing boys and girls out here always carry a full grown appetite with them. Most of the people in this section have only two meals a day.

After the Sunday-school was dismissed, the communion service was held. The native pastor had charge, and four of the native deacons served the audience. It was done as quietly and reverently, and in as good order as in any American church. The individual cups were used, and they all partook at the same time, the pastor leading.

### 3

In the afternoon at 4:30 at the Boys' school were held the two Christian Endeavor services. The Junior Society was held in the yard, as the boys prefer sitting in the sun to keep warm. There were one hundred and seventy-one boys in the Junior Society. They were all barefooted.

The leader read the Christmas lesson from Luke, and a little fellow twelve years old led the music. He did a good job of it, too. Most all of the other boys sang from memory. When the time came for sentence prayers, there were two boys on their feet nearly all the time taking part.

The Senior Society had fifty boys present. Nearly all had songbooks. Their ages were from thirteen to eighteen. I was asked to make a little talk to them, and I told them the Christian Endeavorers in America sent their salaams to those of India. Then one of the boys got up and moved that they send their salaams to the Christian Endeavor Societies in America for the help they had given to the Damoh Orphanage. They sent "bahut salaams," which means "big salaams." The boy who made this motion is one of the best in the school. In the famine days years ago, his mother walked here from Harda, a distance of about three hundred miles, and carried him on her head and hip. It took her three weeks to make the trip. The boy was saved, and is now a reliable Christian and one of the best in the carpenter shop. Nearly every boy here has an interesting history.

It was a busy day, Christmas Sunday, December 21, 1919. But my faith was strengthened as to the value of missionary work as never before.



## *IN THE LAND OF THE SALAAM*

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### SCENARIO FOR A MOVING PICTURE, ENTITLED "ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK AT THE DAMOH BOYS' SCHOOL"

#### 1

Bugle—rising bell 5:45 A. M. Boys swarm out of their dormitories buzzing like bumblebees. Washing of faces. Brushing of teeth. Blankets folded. Rooms cleaned. Ready for inspection by 6:30.

#### 2

Morning prayers. One hundred and sixty-eight boys present. "Blessed Assurance." 1 Timothy. Prayer. Setting up exercises by all boys, led by Ray Rice.

#### 3

7:00 o'clock. Time for work. Ninety boys in English course, study an hour and a quarter. Apprentice boys begin work in shop. Other boys march out to the farm. Tailor shop begins work. Twelve to fifteen tailors make and repair clothing for the boys.

#### 4

9:45. Breakfast. Three cooks prepare the meal. Two hundred and twenty boys seated in long rows on the ground. Rice passed around in big baskets. Boys eat like hungry wolves.



New Sahib questions Alfred the house father and finds the monthly accounts for food. Over a ton of rice; one-half ton of wheat; nine bushels of *dal*; one hundred pounds of salt; one half bushel of red peppers; peck of garlic; peck of onions; coriander in the bulk for seasoning; forty-four pounds of sugar; eighteen pounds of sago; sixty pounds of sweet oil instead of lard. All this cooked in big brass kettles over four fire places. Wood for cooking for the year is rupees 350. Breakfast over. Every boy washes his own plate.

5

10:30 to 4:30. Everybody goes to school. Five primary grades; four grades of middle school, government standard. Ten teachers. Several classes seated on the grass in the sun. Head master wears a Prince Albert coat buttoned in the middle from the top to bottom. Three water carriers, busy all day filling up the big tanks for the boys. Inspection of classes by Mr. Rice, head master, and new Sahib. Teachers proud of the record of their classes. Class drill period for exercise and recreation. Drill prescribed by government.

6

Athletics and play. Basket ball, base ball, foot ball, races, broad jump, high jump, hockey game. New Sahib makes a home run but is penalized for "sticks,"—lifting hockey club above his shoulders.

7

Evening eats. Breakfast menu repeated with variations. Boys all ask for a second plate of curry and rice. Happy and cheerful and more highly conversational in devouring the second course than the first. Inspection by the house father to see that the cooking vessels are kept clean, and sanitary conditions observed. Kitchen, building and grounds kept in as good order as a military camp. Dish washing. Morning program repeated. Taps. Boys "hit the hay" each wrapped in his own two blankets and one rug which are checked against him. "The sawing of wood" soon begins. Curtain.

8

The leading spirit and generalissimo behind the scenes is Ray E. Rice. He was a lover and leader of boys before he went to India. He has two fine boys of his own. He loves those Indian boys and is doing everything possible to develop them in every way. His work is beginning to reach out beyond the borders of Damoh. He has been appointed by the president of the School Boys' League of Honor as Deputy League Commissioner. This School Boys' League of Honor is a stepping stone in India to the Boy Scout Movement. It is organized and supported by the educational department of the government. Mr. Rice's work, as far as his time will permit, is to establish League troops in different schools.

There are one hundred and six schools in the district. Mr. Rice's appointment being official, he can go into these schools and call meetings of the teachers and the boys and organize them. These organizations are a new thing under the sun in the Damoh district, but the teachers and the boys have co-operated splendidly. These Leagues have their rules, their regular meetings, hold contests, etc. Under Mr. Rice's supervision, three annual track and field meets have been held. The Damoh school has carried off the honors in two of these meets. It is not an unusual thing to see Mr. Rice jump on his bicycle, ride fifteen to twenty miles, organize a new League of Honor, and come riding back at night with a black buck tied on the horns of his bicycle.

Thus a new light is coming into the lives of the boys of the Damoh district. A new idea of co-operation and team work is being implanted in their early years, and this is being done by a man who loves and believes in boys, who has the boy spirit himself, who will undoubtedly be a boy at eighty, and who is willing to spend his years from now until then, in the training and the development of his boy friends in India.

### A GOSPEL FARM

#### 1

Is the running of a farm spiritual or secular? Must the missionary "preach the gospel" and do nothing else in carrying out all of the implica-

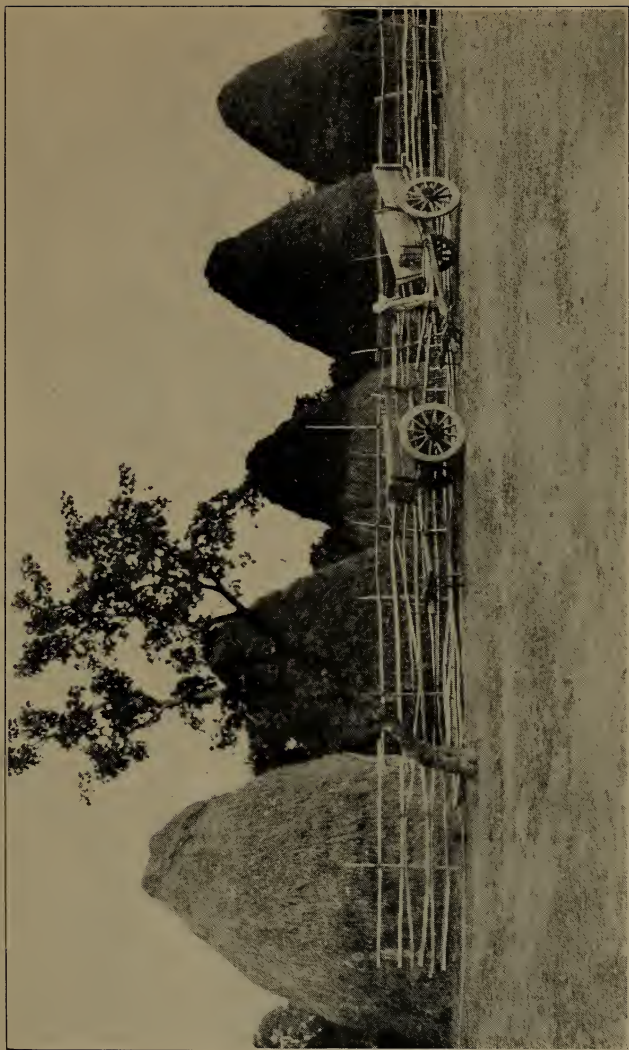
tions of the Great Commission? Was Paul still the apostle when he was a tent maker? Some one has coined the phrase "the gospel of dirt." Most certainly the Damoh farm is a gospel farm, and the "pure" gospel at that.

There are four hundred acres in this farm. Seventy acres are under cultivation. The rest is for hay and grazing land and "scrub jungle." C. E. Benlehr is the farmer-missionary in charge. There are two *talaus*—artificial lakes for irrigation purposes.

Mr. Benlehr is seeing to it that not only two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, but that three bushels of wheat grow where only one grew before, and that fine orange trees grow where none grew before. In other words he is making of that farm an example of what the people may do on their own little farms if they will only try. And for the asking they may have all the help and advice and experience at Mr. Benlehr's command.

The main crops on the farm are rice, wheat, peanuts, sweet oil seed, and hay. In the orchard are grown oranges, limes, papaiyas, pears, plums, guavas, mulberries and mangoes. There are sixty fine orange trees, all budded. The orchard is a commercial asset to the farm. The fruit is sold to the fruit dealers and the profits assist in the development of the farm.

The garden produces tomatoes, cabbage, cauliflower, egg plant, turnips, onions, carrots, radishes, peas, beans, and lettuce.



Hay Stacks on the "Gospel Farm"



The Damoh farm has government recognition as a seed farm for the district, and a recognition certificate has been granted. The seed has the same status as the seed grown on the government seed farms. That means that it has been developed until it is pure seed. Most of the grain, therefore, is sold as seed grain which brings a higher price. But the people thus get better seed and are able to produce more in their own fields.

The rice fields are well kept and irrigated from one of the lakes. When the crop was ready for harvest the government sent a man to measure up and test the fields officially for the yield per acre. It was found that the Damoh rice yielded three times the average for the district. This rice has been developed and selected for ten years, until it is of first class quality. People often come to the government officials and want to buy the kind of seed rice which is raised on the farm.

On account of this fine record in the raising of rice and wheat and other kinds of grain, the government has given the Damoh farm a medal as a token of recognition of one which has helped to improve the agriculture of the district. The government puts out but very little literature about better farming because most of the people cannot read. It is necessary for the people really to see, to understand the possibilities of better farming.



There is a fine herd of cattle on the farm. These cattle are of a better breed than the average Indian cattle. From this herd milk is furnished for the boys at the boarding school which is located upon the farm. Good, strong work oxen are also secured from this herd. After one has seen the tens of thousands of little scrub Indian cattle, he can realize what a wise thing it is for the manager of the Damoh farm to demonstrate the possibilities of better breeding.

2

There is another fine thing about this gospel farm. It is an experiment farm for the boys in the boarding school. Every morning a large number of the boys march out to the farm, two by two, for their two hours' daily work. They learn how to plow deeper and better than their fathers plowed. They help hoe the gardens, they hoe and dig the peanuts, they fix the fences, they learn the proper system of irrigation, they are taught how to select the best seeds. They are taught how to prune and care for the orchards. In short they are taught how to become successful farmers, and gardeners, and fruit growers.

In addition to the work of the boys, Mr. Benlehr now has the policy of share farming. That is, about thirty farmers are allowed to rent certain portions of land on the shares. Some of these are Christians and some non-Christians. These farmers are assisted and advised in the cultivation of their crops so that they become ac-



quainted with the best methods of farming. More than one farmer has not only learned a better method of farming, but also a better religion. Some of the men sign up for the land by putting their thumb prints on the contract. In addition to these farmers many of the village people are employed from time to time in helping to repair the lake, build the ridges for the rice fields, clear the jungle land, etc. Thus a large number of people, in one way and another, come in contact every year with the farm and its splendid influence.

3

Besides the work on the farm, there is also a work shop, including both blacksmithing and carpentering. This gives practical help and a definite training for life to many of the boys at the school. There are two Indian teachers, both reared and trained at the orphanage, for the work in the shop. Ten boys are taking full time instruction in their apprenticeship, and twenty-six other boys are taking part time instruction along with their regular school work. The boys who finish these courses are well trained and can get good jobs and good pay anywhere they go.

In this workshop they make chairs, tables, doors, windows, building timber, benches, desks, book shelves, furniture. I saw furniture out of the Damoh shops in every one of our thirteen stations. Orders come now from many parts of

India. Government officials and rich Indian gentlemen have ordered furniture from as far away as Calcutta. After the boys have received their training they of course share in the profits of the shop.

Three of the boys from the Damoh farm and shops were in Palestine during the war. They helped to build the railway from the Suez Canal to Jerusalem. Several of them also served in Mesopotamia. They told wonderful tales of the war and Jerusalem, about the Tigris and Euphrates and the great out-side world, when they returned after their great adventure. They were looked upon with more wonder and awe than was Columbus after he had discovered America.

No wonder Mr. Benlehr believes in the religion of the hammer and the plow. No wonder he takes delight in preaching the gospel of work, which is surely the gospel of Christ. No wonder he is jealous for the good name and influence of the gospel farm. He is also jealous for the crops. When the fruit is ripening, guards are placed in the orchard at night to frighten away the flying foxes, and if a wild boar dares to put his nose in the peanut patch on one night, Mr. Benlehr will lay for him the next night and put a bullet through his heart.

4

The chief output of the farm of course is boys and men. Men who can go out into life  
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upon their own resources and make it go; men who have learned the principles of farming, but who have also learned the principles of Christian living. More than one Christian home, in our different Mission stations, has been established by the men who have received their training at Damoh. Homes that are self-supporting; homes from which come some of the officers of our Indian churches; homes that are regular contributors of life and money to the support of these churches; homes that are the backbone and the mainstay of the whole Christian program of India. Surely a farm with such an output may properly be called a gospel farm.

#### A DAY WITH THE HUSTLING DR. MARY

##### 1

That portion of the human race, the conceited males, who are carrying around the idea that they only are able to do the big jobs in the world's work, need only to take a trip to the mission fields to have that conceit taken out of them. Just to follow Dr. Mary McGavran around for one day and see and try to comprehend all the work that she is doing was a full day's work for me.

At 7:30 in the morning she was having morning prayers at her hospital with the three nurses and the watchman. The meeting was held in the drug room by the oil stove. They read in turn from the Book of Matthew for the

Scripture lesson. They had just finished Mark, Luke and Galatians. The head nurse led in the morning prayer.

For a half hour immediately following prayers the Doctor teaches a course in mid-wifery. A simple book of fourteen chapters is being used and the two nurses have just completed the course and are ready for their examinations. These nurses will take the government examinations given by the civil surgeon. Dr. McGavran says that the nurses learn this course much easier after they have had two or three babies of their own.

The Doctor also finds time to give a course in first aid to the government school teachers. In this way she is able to multiply her work through the instrumentality and influence of these teachers.

The records of the hospital were carefully kept in a large book so that it was easy to discover the amount of work being done and the treatments given from month to month. The records showed the following number of treatments for the months prior to my visit:

January .....	641	June .....	775
February .....	1021	July .....	1737
March .....	1115	August .....	2618
April .....	2310	September .....	2797
May .....	1553	October .....	2530

October 1 to October 15 showed an average of one hundred and thirty treatments per day.



Dr. Mary McGavran and Purdah Women



About four-fifths of the people who come are women and children.

The Doctor has an eye to business. All the patients who are able are required to pay a fee. That helps to maintain the expenses of the hospital and the patients who pay listen to the gospel teaching better. She buys small bottles in large quantities, in which they may carry their medicines away, and sells them to the patients for two or three pice each. She has a fine well-stocked drug room, but she makes no prescriptions to diminish the stock unless it is necessary.

2

A moving picture of the crowd that files into this hospital dispensary, from day to day, would be worth going miles to see. An active imagination might be able to conjure up a part of the scene. When the door was open ready for business there was a considerable crowd in the yard, but they were compelled to come in in an orderly way.

Man with sore eyes; boy with a bottle for medicine; little girl with sore eyes; Moham-medan boy wants medicine for his sick mother, and describes the mother's sickness. Tall man, with whiskers, white turban, his wife has chills, he shook himself to show the doctor how she chilled; said she had fire in the stomach. Man whose wife had presented him with a baby boy ten years ago. Could the Miss Sahib give him



some medicine so his wife could have another child and how much would she charge?

Teacher of history and geography in government middle school. I asked him: "Since you work for the government, why don't you go to the government dispensary?" "Sahib, it's no use. Here we get good care. The medicines are useful. There they give a bottle full of medicine and it is nearly all water. Here we get a little medicine but it has big healing quality. The Hindu Doctor don't ask us much. Miss Sahib asks what is going on at our homes and she knows our needs."

Boy about seventeen, after more medicine for his little brother. It has been necessary to give him bitter medicine. The Doctor asked if the boy had kept it down. He said, "Yes, he had told his brother that Miss Sahib would cut off his ears if he threw it up!"

Women with 100 rupees worth of jewelry had traveled fifteen miles in an oxcart, accompanied by four male relatives and a son; fourteen bracelets on her arms.

Blind girl—could not the Doctor do something to make her see? Woman with a baby on her hip. The mother had on a silver belt costing forty-five rupees. Dog fight in the yard, participated in by five stray Indian dogs.

A purdah *tonga* drives up, enclosing two purdah women, curtains down on all four sides. Women, with thick veils over their faces enter purdah rooms at the hospital. Doctor enters



room to give treatment; I stay out, but get photograph as they are ready to leave.

Old man—has had hiccoughs for ten days. Doctor plans to scare it out of him. Man from a village accompanied by his three wives. Wives very shy. Oxcart drives up from a village fifteen miles away. Three or four other ox carts from villages near and far. Another woman accompanied by men, needs operation. Men refuse to have operation performed. Lead woman away, who will probably die within a month. Nurse comes in from drug room to inquire about certain medicine. Doctor gives order quickly. Boy with something wrong with his ear. Examination out in the sun where there is plenty of light. Two women patients grinding wheat between two stones in one of the wards, staying for several weeks, do their own cooking. Procession finished, prescriptions all written. Teaching service out in the yard.

Talk on the prodigal son by the head nurse, using large picture to illustrate. Story adapted to India. Malgazar had two sons. Prodigal went away because his father would have been ashamed to have him act that way in his house. Story of feeding the swine. Mohammedan woman in the audience turned up her nose. Didn't tell of killing the fatted calf. Said they made a big feast. Boy returned, father bade him salaam. Everybody was happy. Songs by the nurses and some of the audience. Prescriptions filled and people scatter to their little

homes. Doctor gets on her horse and rides home to breakfast at 11:30 A. M.

3

Totals for the morning as follows:

Christians .....	27
Mohammedans .....	23
Hindus .....	35
<hr/>	
Total .....	85
Women and children .....	64
New cases .....	16
Number of villages represented .....	10

Farthest distance traveled by patients—fifty miles from two directions, both ways one hundred miles.

In addition to the work at the hospital the Doctor looks after the health of the more than two hundred boys at the boarding school and orphanage. She has a compounder under her instruction. There is also a trained compounder who looks after the drug room at the boarding school and carries out the Doctor's instruction in the care of the boys. Besides this regular trips are made on horse back, or bicycle, or ox-cart, to some outside villages. On these trips she is accompanied by a nurse and a Bible woman. In this way thousands of people are reached every year who would not travel to Damoh.

A great and effectual door is being opened by the work and influence of such women as Doctor Mary McGavran. She loves the Stars and Stripes but she works under the Union Jack which floats over India. But the flag she loves the best is the Christian Conquest flag, which she thinks is sometime to have the supremacy, not only over the peoples of India, but over the peoples of the entire world.

#### THE PIONEERESS OF DAMOH

At the present time Miss Josepha Franklin's work is of a three-fold character. She has charge of the women's evangelistic work in and around Damoh, the management of the girls' school, and the oversight of the work among Christian women.

#### 1

In the woman's evangelistic work Miss Franklin was assisted by five Bible women. Four of these were orphan girls rescued during the great famine. One was rescued by Miss Franklin herself and sent to Deoghar to be educated. Miss Franklin and these Bible women visit eighty-three different homes each week. These are in six *mahallahs*, or caste sections of the town. Work is also started in fourteen villages around Damoh. Of the eighty-three homes regularly visited, nine are strictly purdah. These purdah women never see any men but their own husbands and relatives and are never permitted to

go out except when thickly veiled and behind curtains. In these eighty-three homes two hundred and thirty-two girls and women are taught the Bible and Christian hymns weekly.

Most of the women, to begin with, are illiterate, but they are taught to read through the second reader. After that they are given Luke's Gospel as their reading book. Miss Franklin is having a year's course of lessons from the Book of Luke taught in these homes. Once a week she meets with her Bible women and goes over the courses with them so that the lessons are thoroughly taught. Open air meetings are also held in the *mahallahs*, where men as well as women congregate to hear the Bible stories. Often after hearing one of these Bible stories the people will discuss it and make the application themselves. Once after hearing the story of the ten talents one man said, "The third agent was afraid to invest his master's money in business for fear he would fail and be blamed for poor business methods." An old woman told her son that he was just like the man who buried his talent, "because," said she, "you are too cowardly to risk anything and too lazy to work."

The work in the villages is like that in the town, both house to house and open air teaching. On bazaar days—market days—in certain towns they co-operate with Dr. McGavran in dispensing medicines and gospel teaching. The people always come for medicine when the doctor is there, but when the doctor cannot come and the

people know that Miss Franklin and her women are present, they ask that they be "taught wisdom." They sing hymns, teach the people to sing, teach the Bible stories, and in this way large groups of people from near and far hear the word of God.

2

The girls' school was opened in 1900 by Miss Franklin for non-Christian girls. At the present time, however, both Christian girls and non-Christian girls are in attendance. The school is now held in the church, but plans are under way for erecting a school building on the lot adjoining the church. There are sixty high caste girls enrolled in the school. The oldest of the girls are from ten to twelve, and many of them are either married or arrangements already made for their marriage. The teachers are all Christians, having also been rescued in the early famine days. About twenty of the girls are Christians or daughters of Christians.

The Hindu girls are daughters of merchants, land owners, and government officials. Many of them wear fine jewelry and their personal servants escort them to school, stay during school hours, and then escort them home again. The school is run according to government standards and receives a small grant from the government. However, the Bible is taught every day. The girls from the second class up read the Bible regularly. A weekly conference of the teachers

is held and the best methods of teaching are discussed and used. The school has also a first aid and hygiene class taught by Doctor McGavran.

3

Someone has said that permanent progress in any nation or any race can be measured by the development of their women. Every mission fully understands this point. Therefore, the plans everywhere are for the constant instruction and direction of the women after they become Christians. Miss Franklin has a prescribed course of study for the women co-workers, teachers, Bible women, nurses, etc. These are in five different classes, with special subjects to stimulate and enlarge the vision of these workers.

There are about fifty Christian families in Damoh and the women of these families are organized into a Christian Woman's Society. The main work of this Society is to train the Christian women for all kinds of work. They are given instruction about the care of their children, sanitation in the home, how to interest their neighbors in Christianity, and how to instruct and hold their children for the church. They have a Sunday-school committee, an educational committee, and a social and sick committee. They make regular reports about the progress of the work which they are doing.

Miss Franklin has been twenty-two years in Damoh and a total of twenty-seven years in

India. She has taught for four years in the Bible College at Jubbulpore. She has passed through the two great famines of 1896 and 1900. She helped start the work in Damoh before the railway was there. No mission work had ever been done there before. She has seen from the beginning the growth of the orphanage and boarding school, the development of the farm, the erection and growth of the hospital work, the ever-widening influence of the evangelistic and the school work, and yet she is of the firm conviction that if all the work is to become permanent and lasting, the women and girls must keep pace with the boys and men. To the accomplishment of this task she has committed her life. And the testimony of the success of her work is visible on every hand.





CHAPTER VIII

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HATTA



## CHAPTER VIII

### HATTA

#### A BUNGALOW AND AN OPPORTUNITY

Hatta, twenty-four miles north of Damoh, off the railroad, consists of not much more than a bungalow and an opportunity. Our mission policy there has been of the skip-stop variety. We have been in and out of Hatta a half dozen different times. Whenever there was lack of missionaries at other stations the man was pulled out of Hatta and sent elsewhere. When reinforcements came Hatta would be temporarily reopened. This policy has been going on for sixteen years, and nobody in particular is to blame, because there were not sufficient workers to man all the stations.

The result at Hatta can be easily foretold. There is a bungalow at Hatta as good as any we have in India; well located, in a fine yard of three or four acres. There is a school house in Hatta, but no school. There is a small house owned by the mission, across the road from the school house and renting for eight annas a month. There is no organized church at Hatta. There is no Sunday-school. Practically the only

Christians are the employed workers, the evangelists and their families, and the cook's family. When the missionary is removed, all the Christians go with him.

David Rioch was located at Hatta at the time of my visit. He had four evangelists as his assistants and they were preaching regularly in Hatta and many of the villages round about. On their evangelistic tours they go into certain centers and remain about two weeks and preach to all the nearby villages. Then they move camp and repeat the process, thus covering a wide area with the evangelistic message. But since my visit Mr. Rioch has been transferred to Mungeli. The bungalow stands empty, the school house is closed, the Christians are removed and all that remains is the opportunity and a challenge.

What is the definite opportunity and challenge? Hatta has a population of four thousand five hundred. The Hatta *Tahsil*, or district, has in it four hundred and thirty-six villages, with a total population of one hundred and twenty-two thousand one hundred and forty-nine. There are one hundred and twenty people to the square mile; there are at least ten main castes, Brahmans, Ahirs, Chamars, Gonds, Kurmis, Kacchis, etc. This whole district is now without a missionary. Mrs. Rioch, who is a physician, and who gave medical assistance to the people, is of course at Mungeli with her husband. There

is no mission of any other communion in the district.

Here is a great unoccupied field, for the present at least, entirely neglected. The people are there, the opportunity is there, the challenge is there, and the obligation is unmistakably there. For we have already put our hands to the plow. The future will reveal what we shall do both with the bungalow and the opportunity.



## CHAPTER IX

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BINA





## CHAPTER IX

### BINA

#### IN THE SHADOW OF THE GREAT STUPA

Not far from Bina is located the ruins of the Great Stupa, or Tope. These ancient ruins are some of the last remains of Buddhism. They now form one of the most picturesque as well as one of the most interesting monuments of India. The dome which is forty-two feet high and one hundred and six feet in diameter, rises from a plinth of fourteen feet. The Tope was crowned by an altar or pedestal surrounded by a rail, and must once have been nearly one hundred feet high. Not far from the Great Stupa are other Stupas of like design. In one of these Stupas was found relics of the two famous disciples of Buddha. There are also the ruins of a Buddhist temple here, said to be the oldest structural temple in existence.

Here also are the remains of several courts, surrounded by monastic cells. On the eastern side of what was evidently the principal court is a lofty shrine containing an image of Buddha, seated in that familiar attitude, beneath the Bodhi tree, when touching the earth with his

right hand, he called on her to bear witness for him against Mara, the evil one. Nine out of ten visitors imagine that this shrine is not Buddhist at all but Hindu, for its style is precisely that of a Hindu temple. Were it not for the statue of Buddha and some of the images in the niches around its outer walls, there would be nothing to indicate its Buddhist character. This indicates that Buddhism had come deeply under the influence of Hinduism, even in the matter of its architecture.

1

The fact that Buddhism seems to have lost out completely in the conflict with Hinduism, does not discourage our Christian forces at Bina. The great conflict is on there and from all indications Christianity is making headway while Hinduism seems to be on the decline. Seven live, energetic Sunday-schools are doing business in different sections of Bina. The Sunday-school for the sweepers had an attendance of sixteen. The girls' Sunday-school had an attendance of twenty-five. The upper primary had thirty; the Anglo-Vernacular, twenty-five. The Christian Sunday-school at the church had forty-two, another had thirty-eight; and the "poor Sunday-school" had but five. At this school grain is distributed to the needy people.

There is a church service in the morning in English, attended by a few of the English-speaking people of the town. There is a Hindi service

and communion in the afternoon. T. N. Hill directs this aggressive program of enlargement. He has three or four evangelists as his assistants, who work in the town and outside of the town as well. At certain seasons of the year they go on evangelistic camping tours. On these tours they pitch their tents almost under the shadow of the Great Stupa. From a central village they cover an area, in a circle of four or five miles, reaching ten or twelve villages with the message. They usually speak in from four to six villages a day. In a twenty days' camping trip they would reach from fifty to eighty villages. On such a tour they spoke personally to some nine hundred men and six hundred women. This was the only preaching done in these villages for a whole year.

In a poor section of the city Mr. Hill and his helpers held a service for the members of the *basor* caste. They work in bamboo, making baskets and other articles for sale. They are low caste and their children are not allowed to go to school with the others. Fifteen people gathered under a tree for the service. One old woman sat by a fire to keep warm in the early morning. Several goats and dogs were also in attendance. They gave good attention to the singing, but the sermon was beyond their comprehension. A number of these people were at the point where they were about ready to break caste and accept Christianity.

Another service was held for the butchers. They are but little above the chamars' caste. This service was also held under a tree with but ten people present. They listened eagerly to everything that was said. They did not understand fully that the New Testament was better than any other book. No books were bought that morning as most, if not all of those present were unable to read.

However these people, as well as the sweepers, and those in the villages, gladly hear the message. They have a natural interest in any white man who comes along. They show him courtesy and reverence. They also have a keen interest in the *babu*, an educated Indian, whom they think has absorbed the wisdom and learning of the white man. Hence when the *babu* speaks they give him careful attention. So, little by little, the message is getting into their minds and hearts, and Mr. "Tom" Hill feels that in their intensive, constructive program for the next ten years, great progress will be made at Bina.

2

Mr. Elsam seemed to be kept busy in keeping the school and the dispensary running smoothly. He had just started a school for the sweepers and had about twenty-five on the roll. These bright-eyed boys and girls, although the poorest of the poor, seemed as intelligent and as quick to learn as the children of the high caste

Brahmans. Yet the government makes no provision whatever for the education of these children. Many of the people would object to it if they did.

The girls' upper primary school had thirty-eight enrolled. Three teachers were employed, and they seemed to be doing good work. They are strong in mental arithmetic. The Indian schools teach the multiplication table up to the 25's. These girls knew everything up to the 16's.

The Anglo-Vernacular, that is, the Hindi-English middle school, had twenty-one in the classes. It is held in a rented building and the three teachers were busy with their pupils.

The boys' upper primary school was held in the church. This school is held from 10:00 o'clock to 4:00. The enrollment is eighty-nine and most of these boys come from the high caste and Mohammedan homes. In all of these schools, as in the other stations, the Bible is systematically taught.

It is only fair to give the church at home a glimpse of the shadow as well as the sunshine. Just a short time before my arrival in India, a young chap, who claimed to have been a teacher, drifted in from another mission. The need for qualified teachers is very great in all mission stations, and this fellow was given temporary employment. He looked like a desperado and his main qualification seemed to be that he could carry a tune a little better than some of the rest of the teachers, who couldn't sing at all. His

influence in the school was bad from the beginning. There was indignation in the camp one morning when it was found that this fellow had persuaded one of the other teachers who was lukewarm in his Christian life to accompany him to a dance in one of the neighboring villages. This new chap had dressed up like an Indian dancing girl, but it was not reported whether he excelled in the bunny-hug, the turkey trot, or the shimmy. However he had quite successfully disgraced both himself and the mission. When brought to task about the matter, they had as their alibi that they were thus trying to get on good terms with the village people and win them to Christianity. But the alibi didn't work, and these fellows got their walking papers before breakfast.

3

Mr. Elsam was also responsible for the conduct of the small hospital and dispensary. A Dr. Babu—sub-assistant surgeon, is in active charge. After receiving his training he took the government examination and has had considerable experience. He is a tall fellow, with thick black whiskers and very much interested in his work. He is assisted by the compounder and a nurse who is the wife of the compounder.

The buildings are located in an outer section of Bina, across the railroad tracks from the other mission property. Most of the patients come from this neglected part of the city. The hos-



pital certainly is located at the place where it is needed the most. Practically all of the patients come from this immediate neighborhood. About three thousand different people were in attendance last year. When a group of eight or ten receive their treatments, a service is held by the compounder.

The annual government grant is rupees five hundred. The municipality of Bina gives three hundred annually, and the district board donates two hundred. These gifts, along with the fees, make the institution practically self-supporting.

#### THE MISS SAHIBS AT WORK

##### 1

Just across the street from this hospital, away out in the edge of town, is the bungalow occupied by Miss Lena Russell and Miss Lulu Garton. This is their home. They live there alone. These two college girls, in the midst of grossest idolatry, are assisting in the campaign against Hinduism. How these and other refined, Christian, single women keep up their courage and their zeal, and their faith, through the long dreary months and years, is a constant source of wonder. At the 11:00 o'clock breakfast table I asked them what they did at night, after the hard day's work was done. "Oh we sit and read and sometimes talk about the work of the day." I asked them, "But living here

all alone, do you ever laugh and sing and joke in the evening?" "Well, not very often," was their reply.

But the work and their devotion to and absorption in it, seem to be their very life. The joy of life is the work of life to them, and so early in the morning they gathered with their three Bible women on the little porch of the school house for prayer. What could these girls do with only three poorly educated Bible women? Well, a part of the joy of their lives is in the teaching, training, encouraging and directing these three women. And when, after prayer they formed two groups and started out to do their work, I pegged along after one group to find out what they did.

They went into the home of a blacksmith to teach the women there. The man had two wives. The older woman had a lot of jewelry and put on a gold nose ring nearly as large around as a saucer and had me take her photograph. The younger wife had three children and showed every deference and respect to the older woman. She scoured the brass cooking pots with mud, cleaned up around the yard and seemed to be doing more than her share of the work.

While Miss Garton was teaching them, a beggar came to the gate with his begging bowl. He was a Brahman beggar, a big strong fellow, and he stopped at the gate and rang a little bell which he carried with him. One of the women went immediately into the house, brought out a



couple of handfuls of grain and gave it to the fellow and he passed on. These religious tramps are thus encouraged in their laziness.

At a second house there were three women and five children and an old lady who was the mother-in-law. They asked if I was Miss Garton's husband. When told that my Mem Sahib was in America and that we had eight daughters, the old lady shook her head and said, "That wouldn't please us in Hindustan." The Bible women talked at this house of the "Feeding of the five thousand."

In the third house the man was at home and seemed quite interested in what the ladies were trying to explain to his "female." He wanted to do part of the talking himself. He brought out an ugly looking elephant god, about the size of a teddy bear. "What can he do?" I asked him. He replied, "He can do each and everything." "Can he make it rain?" "Yes sir, he can do everything." "But," said I, "What if he gets broken." "I don't know, sir, he can do each and everything is my belief." Miss Garton said to him, "We worship the real God who made the earth, the Creator of the world." The man insisted, "No Miss Sahib, this god was in the beginning. He can do all things." After considerable discussion, the man said, "If I go to heaven, will I recognize my brother? He died and I loved him. I do not know if he can get to heaven or not." Miss Garton tried to explain to him something about Christianity and finally said, "If you

believe in Christ he can save you." The man looked puzzled and said, "Yes, Miss Sahib, but all beliefs are different. It's according to your belief. It's hard to know."

Miss Russell says that they go into about thirty-six homes. Recently three or four homes refused to allow them to come. When they pressed the women for the reason they were told that the man who owned the houses ordered them not to allow the Christians to come. In another section of the city they visit regularly twelve homes. In still another section, where they hold a Sunday-school, they teach all the women by gathering them in groups. Sometimes the men sit and listen and ask many questions. When they explain matters thoroughly to them, they often reply, "Oh that's big wisdom, it is not for us. We can't understand it." And sometimes after they tell the gospel story, the women will take a long breath and say, "Ram, Ram, Ram." But on the whole the women are friendly. One woman asked Miss Russell, "Where have you been? I thought you were displeased, because you haven't been here for a long time."

With such busy lives as these, teaching the women in the home, encouraging their Bible women, keeping the girls' school up to standard, teaching and organizing the Sunday-schools among the poor people of the city, these young women find no time to get lonesome or discouraged. The task, to some, may seem unimportant, but it is absolutely necessary if Chris-

tianity is to come out victor in its conflict with Hinduism.

2

The two married women at Bina are as busy as their husbands. Mrs. Hill assists in the Sunday-school and helps teach and encourage the Christian women. She looks after her husband, darns his socks and looks after the home. When he goes on a three weeks' tour, she piles in the oxcart and goes along. "Tom" has a fine yoke of big white oxen. On these journeys Mrs. Hill has charge of the meetings for women. She tells them Bible stories, sells portions of the Scriptures to them, and teaches them how to sing the Christian songs.

Her mothers' class was the largest in the Sunday-school. These women came, many of them carrying their babies, and sat on the grass in the sun while the lesson was being taught. Mrs. Hill talks to them about the care of their children, urges them to become Christians, and to tell their husbands about the new religion. Thus her influence and her teaching goes weekly back into many an Indian home, where these women discuss with one another and their families what the Mem Sahib said and did on Sunday.

Mrs. Elsam is busy with the church work also, in addition to the care of her home. She is a motherly sort of a woman and the girls and women come to her with all of their troubles.

She is also the station and inter-station match-maker. She sees to it that the Christian men fall in love with Christian women when they are ready to venture on the sea of matrimony. She also sees to it that the Christian girls show a preference for husbands who are members of the church. Many a Christian home has been established by the wise suggestions of Mrs. Elsam.

She had a fine courtship in process between the chief evangelist of Bina and a fine girl in the embroidery department at Kulpahar. The girl was allowed to make a trip to Bina to inspect her intended and be inspected by him, under the careful chaperonage of Mrs. Elsam. The affair seemed to be highly satisfactory to all three of them. Mrs. Elsam gave the bride two cups and saucers, a copy of "Pilgrims Progress," and I gave her a new silver rupee. A few weeks later the wedding took place, and the young couple, no doubt, "lived happily ever afterwards."

3

Buddhism in India has had its day and ceased to be. All that is left of it is the Great Stupa, Buddha's tower and other ancient relics and ruins, which hark back to its ancient glory. Its vitality was expended in its attempt to reach the state of Nirvana, which if ever reached, would mean a state of inertia, inactivity and mental nothingness.

Not so the Christian religion. Its great words are verbs, go, teach, preach, make dis-

ci-  
ples. Its geography not an easy place to sit in  
contemplation, but all the world, every nation,  
from the rising sun unto the going down there-  
of. In India, therefore, Christianity is on the go,  
increasing far more rapidly than Hinduism; in-  
creasing at a greater ratio than the increase of  
the population; and increasing in the last ten  
years at a more rapid rate than in any previous  
decade. This progress is only a prophecy of the  
coming day, when the shadow of the Great Stupa  
shall fall within the shadow of the Cross.



CHAPTER X

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JHANSI





## CHAPTER X

### JHANSI

#### THE IRON GOD PAVES THE WAY

Here is a city where the gods of stone and brass make way for the god of iron. A city that resounds to the clang of iron and steel from early morning until late at night. A city where men stand in reverence and awe before the red-hot moulten ore; where they fashion it into huge plates of iron and steel, and where, by the magic power of machinery, they build it into the great iron horses of commerce. A city of about seventy thousand, where every third man is employed in the great railroad shops repairing and constructing cars and engines for nearly all the central part of India.

Men whose forefathers for generations constructed nothing more intricate than a mud house, an oxcart, or a wooden plow, are now skilled mechanics, cogs in the great modern industrial machine. The boiler maker, with his electric bit and hammer, performing miracles during the day, does not bow down at night to a dusty, crude stone god. These great engines and the process of their making, are the mes-

sengers of a new order to the people of Jhansi. Every new engine, growing from the raw material into its completed form, has become a twentieth century juggernaut, driven by their own hands across their superstitions, their provincialisms and their customs of caste. The ignorant, narrow priests, with their faces turned toward the past, are no longer able to dictate to these progressive high priests of the god of iron, who reign supreme in this huge, throbbing temple of industry and power.

1

The first and foremost work in such a place as this would naturally be a school for the sons of those who work in iron. W. E. Gordon is busily engaged in the conduct of such a school, two hundred and forty boys being enrolled in the primary and middle grades. Ninety per cent of all these boys are the children of railroad employees, and since the government does not furnish education for these children, the railroads pay to the mission rupees one hundred per month for the support of this school.

Eleven teachers are employed, nine of whom are Christians, seven having received their training at Damoh. The mission can not always secure Christian teachers for every class. The building is owned by the mission and was built originally for about one hundred boys, but now it is entirely inadequate. The school is not

recognized by the government as a standard school on account of the poor equipment. Only two of the teachers in the English department are up to government standard. The primary class met on the porch of the building and the children were learning their letters by the use of tamarind seeds. The teacher had nearly a half bushel of these seeds for this purpose. All the teachers and classes are doing their best under the circumstances and are very proud of the school. Several of the rooms still had the decorations up which were used for the Christmas program.

Mr. Gordon and the head master are firm believers in systematic exercise for the boys. The morning drill was well conducted, showing that the masters had been quite thorough in their work. At the recess period, forty or fifty boys had a tug of war and other interesting games were participated in by these energetic, growing boys. Mr. Gordon thinks that these boys of the railroad employees are much freer from their superstitions than the average boys of India. The religious approach to them is much easier.

At the chapel period I had the opportunity of making a speech to the older boys. By the use of the Graflex I illustrated to them the idea of thoroughness and cleanliness in body, mind and heart. Mr. Gordon, at the close of my address, required the English class to write up my speech for the English lesson. Here is the paper that received the highest grade:

ADVICE OF MR. WILSON, SECRETARY OF MISSIONARY SOCIETY IN AMERICA, ON HIS VISIT TO THE INDIAN STUDENTS.

Mr. Wilson told us that the students must have three chief things in them. Of these, first, is, to have a good physical strength; unless a student has a good physical strength in him, he cannot do any enterprising work and always looks to be sad and seems to have no energy in him. Then Mr. Wilson said that God has not given us bodies to disfigure ourselves, but to preserve and beautify them, with the help of some exercise. He told us that, in his country in America it is a great offense to disfigure oneself, and the person who does it is duly punished. He then gave us an example of the "Sadhu" who was achieving his object with the severest kind of penance by seating himself on pointed iron spikes. Mr. Wilson talked with the "Sadhu" on the point and reproved him for the sin that he had been making against his body which God has given a man to preserve and not to destroy.

The second thing he told us is, that the students should have a clear brain, so that they might understand and grasp whatever is taught in the class, because if they have a good stout body and no good brain, then there is no use for the body. Therefore they should try to have them both side by side.

The third thing a student should have in him is a pure mind and merciful heart. Unless he has a pure mind and merciful heart he cannot have the noble thoughts and sympathies for the sufferer. Mr. Wilson then gave us an example, which he saw, during tours through Central Provinces, that a poor woman brought her young child to the missionary of the place to be protected and reared up, as she could not support both child and herself. The missionary who was a great humane woman, took the child from her and promised to care for him. She did this kind act because she was taught and knew the value of mercy and was, besides, a pure hearted woman.

Then he made a striking comparison between his camera, which he said was of the finest quality in the world, and the body. The [182]

leather that surrounded the camera he compared to the human skin, the plate to the brain and the lens to the mind. As some object, good or evil is reflected through the lens to the plate, so any thought, good or bad, is reflected at once from the mind to the brain. Then concluding his speech he said that a student should try to be like a camera with strong body, diligent mind, and merciful and pure heart.

Another chap, however, did not seem to grasp the speech quite as well as this one. His essay read as follows:

Mr. Wilson came to see our school. He gave a salaam to us of American boys and said that when I was coming to India the American boys requested me, "When you returned to America say something to us about Indian boys." He gave a instrict lecture in which he taught strong body, developed mind and clean, sympathy and kind heart by the help of his camera. The leather of camera was very good it is like our body its lens is also good like our mind and its inner part like our heart so we should make our body as a camebra as it is good in sight of everybody. If we do so then we will be as so good in sight of everybody as camebra. He said a story about a cruel heart. He saw a man in Harda who has a old wife he kicked her till she was young he kept her so in the same way a man may be turned only when his body mind and heart are in good order as the maker of this camera has used best metearial in making it.

2

A few blocks from this boys' school Miss Ora Haight conducts a school for girls. It is in a rented building, but was swept out carefully and kept very neat and clean. It is a school of forty-four girls, with three teachers, and goes only

through the first standard of the primary grade. These are the daughters of the railroad people and the shop people. The grant for this school is rupees two hundred and twelve per month. One of the teachers in this school has only studied through the third standard primary grade, and yet she is the best teacher available. It will thus be seen how difficult it is to get properly trained teachers for our schools. However, there is talk of the establishment of a government normal school in Jhansi, where teachers may receive the proper training.

These teachers take the little girls outside for their daily drill. They have a scarf drill, a fan drill, and several interesting little marches. The space for these exercises was in front of a great stone idol painted in hideous colors, but no one seemed to pay any attention to him, nor to be even conscious of his presence.

Miss Haight was also conducting a school near the railroad shops. It was in a section of the city of five thousand or more people, where there was no government or railroad school. There were seventy boys in this school, with but two teachers, an Indian Christian and his wife. The building was kept up in good shape and the yard was kept clean. A bunch of banana trees was growing in the yard.

The two narrow long rooms of the school building were crowded full of children. They say it would be easy to have twice that number



of children if they had the room and the teachers. Miss Haight and the teachers not only give careful instruction to the children at the school but they visit their homes and get the parents interested in the school, and the church as well.

3

In one of the buildings, back of the boys' school, Dr. Ada McNeill Gordon runs a dispensary. This work was formerly done in the rear of the mission bungalow, but it is the hope to develop a modest dispensary, in connection with the boys' school, to keep them fit and to serve the people in that section of the city. A small stock of drugs is kept there and the average attendance is from ten to thirty per day. It is not the plan to build up a hospital here, for there is already a woman's union hospital about three miles away in a different part of the city. There is also a government dispensary and a railroad dispensary, but the latter, of course, ministers only to men. The work Dr. Gordon is doing is largely for women and children, and being in a section where no one else is at work, is meeting the real needs of the people.

Dr. Gordon and Miss Haight have been taking an active part in the temperance movement. The agitation is on for a "dry India." Many of the leading Hindus and Mohammedans have joined with the Christians in the temperance movement. They have made speeches and cir-

culated petitions for the closing of the liquor shops and petitioned the government to revoke the licenses of all liquor dealers who have disobeyed the law. It will be remembered that the English government is responsible for the liquor trade of India. And the same stubborn resistance to the prohibition agitation is shown by the English officials in India, as is shown by the politicians, the government, and even the state church in England itself. What a paradox it is that Hindus and Mohammedans, members of belated and non-Christian races, should be compelled to petition a Christian nation which rules over them, to free their nation from the curse of the liquor traffic. And how inconsistent it is for Great Britain to collect revenue from a business which debauches and destroys the people whom they have set their hands to uplift.

4

The Jhansi church is small in numbers, but earnest and harmonious. The native pastor and the other Christian workers are doing everything they can to build up and strengthen the church. Mr. Gordon is an earnest believer in having the social activities of the people center around the church. He is trying to make arrangements for a reading room, a game room, tennis court, badminton court, and other recreational features; also for dormitories for a limited number of single men, who by such means would be provided with a clean and wholesome environment.



It is the hope to build up among the railroad employees, a strong self-supporting church. Their salaries are higher than the average salaries of India, and their minds are more open to the message. With the proper equipment and wise leadership a great work may develop there in the next few years.

#### THE FUTURE PROGRAM

The big program of the future is the development of an adequate educational program. Already a beautiful plot of ten and a half acres has been secured just in the rear of the two mission bungalows. The railroad has agreed to give rupees fifteen thousand for the erection of a new school on condition that the mission puts in a like sum. The railroad also agrees to give an annual grant of rupees one thousand two hundred for the maintenance of the school. Such a school, of course, would be modern in every respect, and along with the spacious playground would have a wide influence for good.

It may be asked, "Why will the railroad make such a large grant for the erection and maintenance of the school?" There are two reasons. First, they feel an obligation to furnish educational advantages for the children of their employees. There may also be a selfish motive here, for they are looking forward to the securing of young men for their employ, and the young men who have the best education make

their best skilled workmen. The second reason is that the owners of the railroad know that the missionary will give better supervision and management to the school than can be obtained in any other way. Practically every missionary is a college graduate. He has not only educational advantages, but he has educational ideals, and he is constantly bringing the teachers and the whole school up to these higher ideals. Both the government and the railroads fully understand that the best superintendents obtainable for their schools are the missionaries, and the giving of liberal grants for the support of such schools is the common custom. It is simply a matter of forethought and wisdom that these grants are made.

On the other hand these schools give the missionaries an opportunity to give religious instruction, for it is fully understood that systematic Bible study will be given. Hence there is a half hour of Christian teaching in every class, every day, in all the mission schools.

The details for the co-operation in the carrying out of the enlarged school program have not been fully worked out. But the plans for the future will no doubt include some such program as suggested above.

CHAPTER XI

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PENDRA ROAD



## CHAPTER XI

### PENDRA ROAD

#### A CROSS SECTION OF THE NEW JERUSALEM

##### 1

In 1900 Mr. and Mrs. Neils Madsen started in at Pendra Road. There were no Christians there, and it was in a jungle part of the country and far from prospective. They built their own little house of leaves, grass, and branches, and lived in it, while a larger and better house was growing. Houses are not built in a hurry in India; they have to grow.

The villages of India are very hard places for the Christians to live in. Their castes oppress them, their social customs make them outcasts, and the owners of the villages often persecute them. Mr. and Mrs. Madsen conceived the idea of building a Christian village out of their new converts. They secured a piece of ground, and when the first family was baptized, they helped in the planning and erection of a little home.

When others came, homes were erected for them, or rather they were encouraged and assisted to erect homes of their own. After a while

the idea of "home" began to grow in their minds. The Hindi language has no word for home. They say "I am going to my house." The home idea is not there at all. When these people were able to build large houses, they simply built them around the small ones until finished. Then they went inside, tore down and carried out the old house, and the job was done.

I visited this village, and found that the streets had been laid out, so that the houses were not crowded up against one another. A group of people were at work grading the streets, to get them in good shape before the rains began in the spring. Scores of Indian villages visited had not a single graded street.

The village now has a population of about two hundred. There are forty-six men, forty-eight women, and one hundred and nine children. All of the houses in the village are owned by the people themselves, except a few furnished by the mission for the teachers and evangelists. Practically all the men are cultivators, most of them own their own oxen or buffaloes, and their carts. They go out to their fields in the morning, do their work and come back to their families at night. Many of the women, when necessary, also go to the fields to labor, as is the Indian custom.

No one but a Christian can build a home in this village. It is most refreshing to visit an Indian village where there are no idols under the trees, no temples, and no signs of the pre-

valent idolatry which is to be found on every hand. I visited a number of these homes. The contrast between them and the Hindu homes is striking. Their homes are well kept, swept nice and clean, with pictures of various kinds on the walls. To be sure many of them are crude, but they are groping their way.

On the outside walls of several of these houses are Scripture verses made of the mud of which the walls are plastered. They are then whitewashed, so that it gives a very neat and clean appearance. Their little stone mills with which they grind their grain, are either on the verandas or in the houses. Their little stoves on the floor, made of mud and stones, have been built without any cost whatever.

2

A village school is maintained for the children of these Christians. Out of the one hundred and nine children, fifty-nine are in school, only six children of school age are not in the school. Many villages about this size have no schools, not even a person in the whole village being able to read or write.

Instead of the temple, there is a small building in the center of the village which might be called the town hall. It really has two principal functions. First, it is a place of prayer. It simply has a roof, and a floor. There are no seats, as the Indians prefer to sit on the floor. Every night the men of the town gather here, with Mr. Madsen, and they sing a few songs

and have prayer. From twenty to thirty men meet every night for this prayer meeting.

In the morning a prayer meeting for women is held. There were twenty-one women present and five children. They were just finishing reading all of John's writings. They read around the circle, and all the women present could read from their Bibles except two. If it were a Hindu village the order would be reversed, and not more than two out of twenty-one could read, and the strong probability would be that not even the two could read. Several of the women lead in earnest, simple prayer.

Second, this building is a *panchaiyat* meeting place. That means a place where a committee meets representing the whole village, or where the villagers themselves come to decide matters relating to the welfare of the village. In case two women get into a quarrel, that is a matter which concerns the whole village. Such a case recently occurred. The men met, heard the case, called the women in for their testimony, made their decision, wrote it down in a book, and then sent the clerk with the book to the homes of the women. The clerk read the decision to them, and their husbands agreed that they would see that their wives lived up to it. That decision is their law, and all cases so decided are carefully recorded.

3

In this meeting place they also decide about the marriage of their children. The question of  
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the marriage of two young people is not their own individual affair, or their family affair, but an affair of the whole village. The Christian religion need not change their marriage plans in this respect. The day before I arrived, two grandfathers called a meeting to arrange for the marriage of their grandchildren.

All the men of the village came together, the young man of twenty and the young woman of seventeen not being present. When the meeting was convened they sat in perfect silence for several minutes with their heads down, very humble. Finally Mr. Madsen said:

"Why doesn't someone speak?"

A man replied with his head down: "How can we speak? Who is worthy to speak on such an occasion as this?"

Mr. Madsen said: "Well if there is nothing to speak about, let's go home."

After a little, a man said: "There is something, and you know what it is."

Another pause, and at last a man announced that the meeting was for the purpose of arranging the marriage of these two young folks. Then the real meeting began. What gifts shall the man's family make to the girl? Some worthy gift to bind him to her, so the temptation will not be so great for him to put her away, if he gets angry. The villagers decided that four pieces of cloth, enough for four *saris* should be given, one *sari* for the girl, and the others for her family. (One for the mother-in-law.)

In addition, the man should give rupees fifteen. Some to be deposited in the name of the girl, some to be given to her to buy cooking pots and kettles, and the rest to be used to buy a modest feast for the occasion.

Then the question arose as to whether the boy could support the girl. That also concerns the whole village. The family represented that he could do certain work for which he got certain wages, but that he for the present would live with his family which would make it easier to support her. To all these arrangements the two families agreed. The meeting took formal action, and the two young people were notified that their marriage arrangements were all made for them. All they had to do was to get married. He had never called on her in her home, nor taken her out riding, or walking, nor even taken her home from church. The social customs are all against that procedure in India. If the young fellow does not properly provide for his new wife he has the whole village to face for his neglect.

4

One night I was called to meet the villagers in the *panchayat* house. They had some Indian music, two stringed instruments, and a long bamboo flute. After the music, a man got up and made a speech telling me that they were glad to welcome me, that I had come a long way to see them, and that they were very glad I was

there. He said that since I had brought to them the salaams of the people of America, they also wanted me to convey to the Christians of America their best salaams, and to say that they were trying to do everything in their power not to bring dishonor upon the name of Christ.

This village is very much better than a non-Christian village in its moral conditions, its sanitary conditions, its educational advantages for the children, in its great advance in the home life, and the fine religious atmosphere that emanates from those daily prayer meetings. Truly, compared to the Hindu villages, it is a cross section of the new Jerusalem come down out of heaven to bless the land of India.

And it most certainly is greatly needed in the Pendra Road area. The next mission station north is one hundred and thirty-five miles. The next east is two hundred miles, the next south is sixty-four, and west is one hundred miles. And hundreds of villages in this great section have no gospel preaching, and no provision being made at the present time to take the message to them.

#### A "T. B." LIGHTHOUSE

Like a lighthouse on the shores of the sea is the Tuberculosis Sanatorium at Pendra Road. Or, a better figure, what the lifeline is to the drowning man who is going down for the third time. Who has looked upon the face of a man or a woman with tuberculosis, and has not read there the hopelessness of despair?

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Five years ago no such institution existed throughout all the Central Provinces. Both the government and the missions had overlooked the care of the unfortunate people with tuberculosis. That statement of need to our Woman's Board in America had an immediate answer in life and money and buildings, and the result is the present splendid institution, with Dr. Mary Longdon and Miss Andrus, a trained nurse, actively and enthusiastically engaged in the great task.

There is a fine administration building; there is a new bungalow for the ladies; there are three units of the hospital building and dormitories, with plans for more as the demands may justify. There is the cook house, and the dining room and nurses' quarters. All of these buildings, with the exception of the bungalow and the administration building are inclosed by a brick wall in a five-acre tract, beautifully laid out and covered with great forest trees. Each of the wards or houses will accommodate about twenty patients. On the outside are the neat, private wards for those who desire such.

And talk about city planning! This whole layout is as neatly and carefully done as if a high priced landscape gardener had been on the job. The bungalow, the administration building, and the ward houses on the outside, are in harmony with the modest and yet substantial buildings on the inside of the wall. They are all roofed with red tile. Even the brick wall surrounding

the grounds is in harmony, color scheme and all, with the buildings. Dr. Longdon's dream of a neat substantial, well organized home for hopeless women is actually coming true before her very eyes.

But to Dr. Longdon the women are not hopeless, and she is inspiring within them the idea that their cases are not hopeless. Most of the women thus far have been from our own mission. The first year there were eighteen patients; the second year, twenty; and the third year, twenty-two. The theory of this institution is:

First, that the patients must get rich food and plenty of it. Hence each woman gets one quart of milk per day, meat three times a week, eggs every other day, and plenty of curry and rice. The milk of the patients costs rupees one hundred per month. It is put up in bottles and jugs according to the direction of Dr. Longdon and is brought six miles in buffalo cart or oxcart.

Second, that they should have plenty of fresh air. Hence the ward buildings are erected without walls. The roof and the pillars which support it, and the clean cement floor is all. Good fresh ozone thus comes into these homes day and night. They are thus compelled to breathe fresh air.

Third, to keep their hands and minds busy. So the women must grind their own grain, do their own washing, carry water from the well, hoe the gardens, keep the buildings clean, cut the grass. In short do as much as their strength will allow.

Fourth, to maintain in their hearts a strong Christian hope. Hence, there is a church service in the Sanatorium every Sunday. In one corner of the administration building is a neat little chapel. The communion service is held here each Sunday. They use the individual cups. A neat little organ assists them in the music—a gift of Mrs. T. W. Phillips, Jr., of Pennsylvania.

With this program of treatment even the hopeless need not despair. Three women nurses who have been carefully trained for this particular work, assist the missionaries. Charts are kept of each patient, showing the temperature, etc., every day. And the work has not been without its good results. Last year they dismissed twenty-five cases in which the disease is supposed to have been permanently checked.

The fee for each patient is rupees ten per month. The actual cost for the maintenance of each patient is about rupees twelve per month. In case the patient cannot pay at all, the mission supplies the treatment, and the care of the patient is just as good as if the full cost were being paid. One of the plans to keep down the cost of maintenance is the establishment of a poultry yard to supply the institution with good fresh eggs. There are already some fine white leghorns as a starter. Pure food, fresh air, work, religion! What a fine combination to change darkness into light; sorrow into joy; and despair into hope.

CHAPTER XII

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BILASPUR





## CHAPTER XII

### BILASPUR

#### IN THE VILLAGES ROUND ABOUT

##### 1

I took a very interesting tour among the villages round about Bilaspur. In a large number of these villages we now have a few Christians. In company with J. E. Moody I went on a five days' trip, camping in our tent at night, moving camp every day to another group of villages. Our tent was taken out in a buffalo cart. Moody and I rode horseback, and on bicycle, alternating from time to time.

One village we entered has seven Christians, another twenty, another two, still another eleven, etc. In nearly every village the evangelists would tell us of one or two or more people who were about ready for baptism.

At the village of Napaniya there is a good church building, as such buildings go out here. It is the best building in town by far. It is made of mud walls and a dirt floor, and has a tile roof. Those who advocate that the church should be the finest building in town could have their desires satisfied here at Napaniya.

We had a meeting with the Christians at ten A. M. About fifteen men and women, and as many children gathered for the service. One man had gone back into caste, but was now repentant, and wanted to be forgiven and taken back into the church. Another was letting his hair grow, which is the first sign that a man is drifting back to the old life. But most of the Christians are doing their best to remain true. A service is held every Sunday, one of the evangelists coming for the purpose. Ten boys of the village can read and write, the evangelist teaching them in a night school when he comes here for the service.

That night after supper we had a meeting in Sawatal, the village near our camping place. There are thirty-two Christians, and one of the evangelists is located here with his family. The meeting was held on the veranda of his house. Both of the Malgazars were present. Neither of them are Christians, but they are friendly to the work, and one of them played a drum as part of the music. The porch was crowded full of people, perhaps a hundred, sitting on the ground in true Indian style.

As Moody preached to them by the dim light of the lantern, I could see them nod their heads in assent to what he was saying. Now and then an old chap would answer back, or ask a question right out in the meeting. When Moody was explaining the wisdom of Christian nations this old man said, "Yes, you may have wis-

dom to make a watch or a camera, but you couldn't make an oxcart, and drive the oxen to it, without saying bad words." When it comes to an oxcart, or buffalo cart, these men are right at home, and they like to have the evangelists talk down on the plane where they are living.

As we walked back to our tent that night, an old man who has been a Christian for many years carried the lantern and showed us the way. As we came to the three great tamarind trees under which our tent was pitched, the old man stopped and said:

"Sahib, when Ram goes away from India, Christianity will come. As long as the people say, 'Ram, Ram, Ram,' Christ cannot enter their hearts."

We were on the road soon after sunrise the next morning. We arrived at the village of Kukusda for the meeting at 8:45. The people gathered under a tree in the center of the town. There are twenty-six Christians here, who have only recently come out of caste. As we approached the edge of the village, Moody said to me:

"You are going to see here one of the darkest pictures you will see in all India." He was right about the shadow, but to me there was also a gleam of sunshine and hope. There is no school here. The mission is running all the schools it can find teachers for now. Not a person in this whole village can read or write. About thirty people gathered under the tree and only two in

the crowd had on shoes. It was a motley looking crowd and one could plainly see that the years of oppression and lack of education had made an indelible impression not only on their brown-skinned bodies, but also upon their hearts and souls.

A Sunday-school is held here every Sunday under this village tree, by one of the evangelists. He comes here for an hour, and then goes on to another village on his circuit. The time of our visit was the time for the annual Thanksgiving offering. They have been taught from the beginning to give a Thanksgiving offering of money or grain, for the many gifts that they are receiving from God. As I looked over that crowd and saw their poverty stricken faces, I did not believe anyone there would give a penny.

But the evangelists read the Bible, prayed, sang some songs in which the whole crowd joined, made some short talks to them about Christ, and about the Thanksgiving idea. Mr. Moody and I also said a few words, and a place was cleared on the ground where it had been swept clean that morning, for the offering. They do not "pass the hat" in India, but each one goes up and puts his offering on the altar, which in this case was the bare ground. There was no urging by the evangelists, there was no song, the people simply waited and watched for the offerings. As in everything else in India, they moved slowly.

Finally an old fellow got up and walked a few steps away, fumbled in his *dhoti*—Indian substitute for pants—came back and put one silver rupee on the ground. That offering would be the equal of fifty dollars for a man of moderate circumstances in America. A woman came up and put four annas—about ten cents—on the ground. Then came others, an anna, a pice—half a cent—three annas, and a poor fellow who could not walk crawled up and put an anna in the offering. He is doomed to crawl to the end of his days, but he wanted to put something down as his Thanksgiving offering to God!

As the offering proceeded leisurely, two men got up and went away. I said to myself, "Well, there are two fellows much like some of our American Christians."

But soon they returned, each carrying a big basket of rice on his head. They came forward and poured it on the ground beside the money. They had no money, but out of their scanty store they had given grain. If an American farmer would give a fifty bushel load of wheat at the present high prices, his offering would not mean so much as what those two Indian Christians gave that morning. In all there were eighteen offerings, out of a total membership of twenty-six, which includes the children. No doubt every member was represented in that offering. The every member canvass has nothing to show these poor people.

When I said farewell as we were leaving, which means saying "salaams," one man stopped me, and said, "Take our salaams to the Christians in America." To the ministers and churches of America, I pass on the salaams from this struggling band of Christians.

2

At 11:25, we were in another village named Latta. We had crossed the river three times that morning, I riding on Ajax, a white "charger" and Moody removing his shoes and wading, while a native carried his bicycle. Latta is a village that in the past has been noted for its thievery. Many of the people belonged to the thieving caste. Since our mission work began and a number of the people have become Christians, a new ideal has entered the village. Only two or three convictions have been made for thievery in the last two or three years.

The population of this town is about two hundred and fifty. There is no public well or any other well in the village. The people carry water for cooking and drinking purposes from a river nearly a mile away. A Sunday-school is maintained here on the veranda of the evangelist's house. Ten boys go to a government school about two miles away. There is a man who has read as far as the fourth grade. All the rest of the population is illiterate.

The people all sat on the ground, except three Brahman brothers. They sat on a small



bench, and being high caste, the rest of the crowd thought it was entirely proper for them to do so. As I took down some notes of the meeting, one of these Brahmans almost broke up the meeting by examining my fountain pen. He could not understand how I could write without dipping it in ink.

We arrived at our camp near sundown. While the cook was getting our evening meal ready, I did some work around the tent, wrote up my notes, and a letter or two. It became dusk and I missed Mr. Moody. The cook told me he had gone to the nearby village. I sauntered up the dusty road, and came into the edge of town. I heard talking up "main street," and soon a strange sight met my eyes.

There was Moody sitting right in the middle of the street on a little low bed which they had brought out for him. Around him was a crowd of one hundred or more people. A little fire of grass and straw was burning, replenished from time to time by an old man, who seemed to have appointed himself for the occasion. Moody was telling them the gospel story, and explaining the benefits of Christianity, and the difference between our pure Christ, and the idols which they worship.

As the fire flashed up and lit their brown faces, long shadows stretched out into the outer darkness. It seemed typical of the darkness in which these people have lived for generations. What matter if our supper did get cold? Here

were folks who were getting the story for the first time perhaps. A village woman called aloud to her son. He answered in a loud voice from the crowd. They hushed him up, hustled him out, and the meeting proceeded.

As I lay down upon my cot that night, it was with a new hope for India. The Kingdom is coming in India. To be sure, it is coming slowly, but it is coming. How much faster it might come, if all of us were as devoted as some of these simple-minded Christians who have just found the light.

3

Our meeting in the village of Amora was held soon after sunrise. It was held as usual on the veranda of the evangelist's house, there being no church building here. About thirty people were present and as many more were spectators from afar. Three old Hindu women sat on their haunches across the road on a high piece of ground and took keen interest. A considerable crowd sat at a distance, but close enough to observe and hear.

One of the village Christians read the Scripture lesson. The Malgazar was present. When he saw the man read from the Bible, in a clear voice unafraid, his face was a study. These owners of the Indian villages seem to think that the only use for the average villager is to pay him excessive interest on debts, and obey all his commands without protest. Many of them op-



pose Christianity because they think the people will become educated and thus get out from under their control.

As the meeting proceeded, people passed with waterpots on their heads, going to the river for water. Many passed also with their hand-made wooden tooth brushes, going to the river to bathe and to brush their teeth. They break off a piece of wood about the size of a lead pencil, cut and tear one end so that it has some semblance to a brush. When one brush is worn out, it costs them nothing to get another. Our Indian cousins can teach America a good many points on keeping down the high cost of living.

The evangelist preached a short sermon, then the offering was made. Every Christian present made an offering. On the veranda, Sunday-school is held every Sunday, with an average attendance of about twenty-five. They also observe the weekly communion service.

A number of problems showed up here. One was in connection with a young man who is a Christian. His wife recently left him, and says she will not return and live with a Christian. He says that his relatives urge him every day to go back into caste. Recently the Malgazar, thinking that the time had come to get the man to renounce Christianity, offered him thirty rupees worth of rice with which to plant his fields, if he would go back into caste. When he refused, the Malgazar beat him, and the man did

not dare to fight back. To do so would mean that the police would take the word of the Mal-gazar, and he would have been arrested for assault and battery, and very likely severely punished. Because of this situation, many of the Christians will bear a beating patiently, knowing that to resist means much more trouble.

Another problem came up in connection with this man in regard to the marriage of his younger brothers. Since he is the oldest the brothers must look to him to help make the arrangements. None of the families in the village will consider marrying their daughters to Christians. The boys are not old enough to worry about being married, but the idea centuries old in India regarding early marriage arrangements is not easily forgotten by the new Christians. So when the Hindu relatives come and say to this young man:

"You are to blame for your brothers not getting good wives," it makes it hard for him to withstand them.

The man, however, says he will not go back into caste if they kill him. It is a hard fight he is putting up, and many a Christian in America would fall under temptations not half so great. This is an indication of what kind of problems the busy missionary is dealing with every day. They may seem trivial to us, but they are not so to a man whose back is bleeding from the brutality of a non-Christian religious fanatic. It tries the soul of the missionary many a time

to know what is the wise procedure in these difficulty cases.

4

After the meeting we made a trip around town to see the sights. One of the most interesting was a visit to see a potter at work. He was busy with his big wheel and his mud. On this wheel he fashioned waterpots, vases, etc., in rapid succession. He makes the wheel himself, gets the mud and water free, uses his hands to do the work, so that all he makes is clear profit.

From there we went to call upon the two richest men in town. They received us cordially. They showed us their houses, large rooms with dirt floors, and the place where they do their cooking on little stoves made of brick and mud. A stove like that costs nothing. These men are the only ones in the village who have any large supply of grain stored away. They showed us the big bins made especially for that purpose. They do not have outside granaries. These large bins are made of mud and plaster, built up off the ground a couple of feet to keep out the white ants. They are sealed at the top when full. A guard sleeps at the door of this house every night.

When the planting season comes, practically the whole village comes to rent grain for their fields. They must pay back about fifty per cent. That is, if a man gets a bushel, he must pay back a bushel and a half. It makes the

holder of the grain practically dictator of the affairs of the village.

As we went to the home of the Malgazar, a crowd of about twenty followed us. It was no breach of Indian etiquette for this crowd to stand in the open court yard and watch us as we conversed on the open veranda. When we left and went to the government school, the crowd increased to thirty or forty. At the school we found two classes meeting on the veranda. I asked the boys to do some problems in arithmetic, and they did not seem at all embarrassed because a crowd of villagers were looking on. In this village there are two hundred and eighteen children of school age, only one hundred and thirty-five are in school, and fifty of these come from other villages. However, this is a very high average for India, as thousands of the villages have no school of any kind.

The teachers, with the exception of the head master, have read only through the fourth grade. Yet they are called masters, and have the training of the Indian boys and girls in their charge. At first only high caste boys could come to the school, but the government has urged the masters to get all castes into school if possible. To do so, they have even offered a small reward to masters who get all castes into the regular classes. This reward runs from twenty-five to seventy-five rupees per year. That kind of urgency goes farther in India than any other. It was refreshing therefore to have the Brah-

man head master tell me with a good deal of pride that he had seven or eight different castes in his school. He called off the different castes and had the children from each one stand as he did so.

5

On our return trip to Bilaspur we visited several other villages, held services, preached to the people, and encouraged those who are already Christians. Our buffalo cart broke down one night two miles out of town, with our tent and baggage. We had to go out and camp there for the night on the open plains. But we were not lonesome for the jackals sang us a number of their evening songs.

As our bicycle and horse carried us back into Bilaspur, after several days in the small villages, I thanked God for the start that had already been made among those poor people. For say what you will, the Christian as little as he knows to begin with, has a hope and an outlook on life here and now, that his Indian fellows do not have. And I had a new appreciation of the missionary, and the heart and courage and zeal with which he tackles the most difficult problem in the world.

His work is slow, but it is sure, for back of the "shadows" is God "keeping watch," and at his side is the Unseen Friend who is keeping his promise, "Lo, I am with you always."

Mr. Moody has about ten well trained Indian evangelists as his helpers. The Bilaspur church has as its pastor a fine spiritual leader who is increasing in wisdom and usefulness. Ten Sunday-schools are conducted in and around Bilaspur. The average attendance for all of these Sunday-schools for the month of January was one thousand and thirty-five.

The church building is one of the best we have in India. It is of brick and cement with a seating capacity of about five hundred. A Sunday afternoon service in this beautiful church is an extraordinary sight. Both the American flag and a big Union Jack hang above the platform. The platform was decorated with flowers and palms. The communion table just in front, with spotless white linen, made a fine contrast.

In the right wing sat the girls from the primary department of the boarding school. In the left wing, the beginners in their clean colored dresses. The entire left side of the church was filled with the larger girls from the boarding school in the upper primary, the middle, English, and normal schools. On the right side were the men and boys. A number of Hindus were also present. The Indian pastor was in charge of the service, Dr. Jenny Crozier leading the singing.

The special Thanksgiving offering was taken consisting as usual of money, eggs, chickens and grain. Some of the men, as they



put down their money on the table, salaamed to it, a custom carried over from a heathen practice when making gifts. It took twelve minutes to make the offering and the total was rupees two hundred and sixty-five, two annas, nine pice.

## 7

At the invitation song three men came forward to make the confession. They came from a far village which we had visited a few days before. They stood before that large audience and boldly confessed their belief in Christ. Moody charged them never to go back into caste, and never to give up Christ. He impressed upon them the fact that it was no small thing to come out thus publicly and take their stand for Christianity.

The baptistry is a large cement tank on the outside of the church. These men were ready to be baptized at the same hour. Standing beside that baptistry, with a great crowd looking on, these men bowed their heads while Moody took his scissors and cut off the tuft of hair from the top of their heads. To cut off that *chota* means that they break with Hinduism. He also cut off the string of beads from around their necks and gave them to me as souvenirs. The cutting off of these beads indicates their willingness to break caste. Then they were baptized.

To take this stand required as much courage as it did for our boys to go "over the top" in

France. For they broke with everything that life holds dear; they broke with their religion; with their caste; with their neighbors; with their families; with the social order; with the Malgazar, who is almost the economic slave master of the people. That night they walked the long journey back to their homes.

The next afternoon found one of these men back at Bilaspur, his shoulders and back bruised from the severe beating administered by the Malgazar. The Malgazar had called him early on Monday morning, and when the man acknowledged that he had become a Christian, the Malgazar flew into a rage, beat him and threatened to kill him. He had walked the long distance back to Bilaspur to ask the Sahib what he should do. Moody got on his motorcycle, went to see the Malgazar, had a long conference with him, told him the man would be a better citizen than he was before, that he would pay his taxes, obey the law, and cause no trouble. Finally the Malgazar consented that he would give the man no further trouble.

These are some of the difficulties which the new Indian Christians face and which the missionaries must face with them. It is not always an easy thing for a missionary to urge a man to publicly confess Christ on one day, when he is practically sure that the next day the new convert will be severely beaten for taking the stand. Many of these men most certainly understand what it means to "suffer persecution."



BURGESS MEMORIAL GIRLS' SCHOOL

1

I saw no better school during my five months in India than the Burgess Memorial. Miss Emma J. Ennis doubles the eight hour day in order to properly look after the two hundred and sixty or more girls in attendance. There are two hundred and eighteen girls in boarding at the dormitory. There is a primary school of one hundred and eighty-four. There is an Anglo-Vernacular school with an attendance of sixty, and there is a normal school with an attendance of twenty.

This is the only normal school for girls in the Chatisgarh-Bilaspur-Mungeli district. There are girls in attendance from several other Missions in Central Provinces. The normal school is well-organized, kept up to government standard in every respect, and all of the Indian teachers have had special training for this particular work.

The plot of ground upon which the school is located contains about six acres. The bungalow for the missionaries is located upon this plot, and the Bilaspur church occupies one corner. For the present the primary and normal schools are located in the town, several blocks away. The present buildings are inadequate to house all the schools. However, plans are under way for the erection of the new Burgess Me-

morial which will accommodate about five hundred girls. This building when completed will be one of the best of its kind in all the Central Provinces, having fine class rooms on the ground floor, with dormitories and teachers' rooms occupying the second floor.

The question as to what to do with the girls when they are ready for high school is a problem. The mission can hardly afford to maintain a high school for just a few girls. The large majority of the girls of India never get beyond the primary grades. That girl is lucky indeed who is able to finish the upper primary and the middle school. It is extraordinary if she ever finishes high school. There are a good many high schools for boys in Central Provinces, but there are perhaps not more than twenty-five girls in all the mission schools of that whole area who are ready for high school. It is entirely proper, therefore, that these missions should be considering the advisability of maintaining one good union high school for girls, rather than trying to support a half dozen such schools by the separate missions. Our mission most certainly would and should join in such a union enterprise.

Miss Ennis is an apostle of orderliness, cleanliness, and thoroughness. She not only sees to it that the teachers are well qualified and are thorough in their school room instruction, but she also sees to it that the girls take their baths every day, brush their teeth, keep their

What a hungry lot of girls they were as they sat down in long rows to eat their simple meal. The waiters heaped their brass plates full of well-cooked rice and steaming hot curry and these girls ate with their fingers and chatted among themselves as school girls do at home. When the meal was over, what clatter and din they made as they rushed out to the big cement tanks to wash their own plates and put them away for the next meal. It takes two tons of rice per month to supply this female family larder.

## 2

1. Each boarder will be expected to bring the following:

- |                                  |                             |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 tin trunk with a lock and key. |                             |
| 1 <i>thali</i> .                 | 4 skirts.                   |
| 1 glass.                         | 3 <i>saris</i> (one white.) |
| 1 small bag.                     | 4 pajamas.                  |
| 1 Bible.                         | 3 chemise.                  |
| 1 Hymn book.                     | 2 night dresses.            |
| 4 jackets.                       |                             |

2. Students must not lend clothes to fellow students.

3. Every article of clothing must bear the owner's name.
4. Each student will write a letter home once in two weeks.
5. Lamps and lanterns may not be removed from the places where they hang.
6. Every girl must attend morning and evening prayers.
7. Beds must be placed in the sun every day.
8. One hour of daily household duties shall be required of each student.
9. For every article of clothing found in the bath room, a fine of two pice will be imposed.
10. No girl will be allowed to wear or to keep expensive ornaments in the school.
11. Only parents, guardians and persons bearing the written authority of such, will be allowed to visit the girls.
12. Training will be given in English and Indian etiquette.
13. Perfect silence is required after the retiring bell at 9:00 P. M.

What a happy, jolly crowd they were at play time in the evening when they swarmed out in the great front yard and scampered about under those beautiful trees. How surprised and

abashed they were when the new Sahib came out to play with them. A new Sahib playing with the girls and hastily climbing trees when they chased him? What a scandal! It has not been done in India since the world began! Yet when I told them, through an interpreter, how I played with my own girls in America and romped with them in the yard, it wasn't five minutes until they were as much at ease as if I had been their own father.

These Indian teachers and girls know how to give an evening's entertainment that would do credit to an amateur stock company. The little program they put on in the school room one evening was a howling success from start to finish. Nobody went to sleep during that performance. It was vaudeville and burlesque, and serio-comic and tragedy and dramatics all mixed together, and after every performance the girls cheered and laughed with hearty glee, and then watched with breathless expectation for the next number to appear.

The spirit of the war and the lyrics of the war had penetrated to the very heart of India. "Pack up your troubles" and "Johnny Get Your Gun" were somewhat tame to some of the songs which these girls got off. One was entitled—

"The Kaiser's Nightmare,"

and the first verse was as follows:

I'm called the crazy Kaiser  
In the East and in the West.  
To break the peace of Europe  
I did my level best.

I possessed a mighty navy  
Which should have swept the seas,  
But they have met the British fleet  
Mine Gott! Where are they now?

Another number was entitled "The Clipping of the Kaiser's Moustache." A girl marched in with a cap on like the Kaiser's and with a turned-up moustache, but she had added to the make-up, some long brown whiskers. She had a pillow under her belt, showing that in their conception of the Kaiser he was a squatty-looking man. A group then sang the following song to the tune of "Tom Brown's Baby Had a Cold Upon It's Chest."

Kaiser William had a wonderful moustache  
Kaiser William had a wonderful moustache  
Kaiser William had a wonderful moustache  
We went and clipped it off.

Chorus:

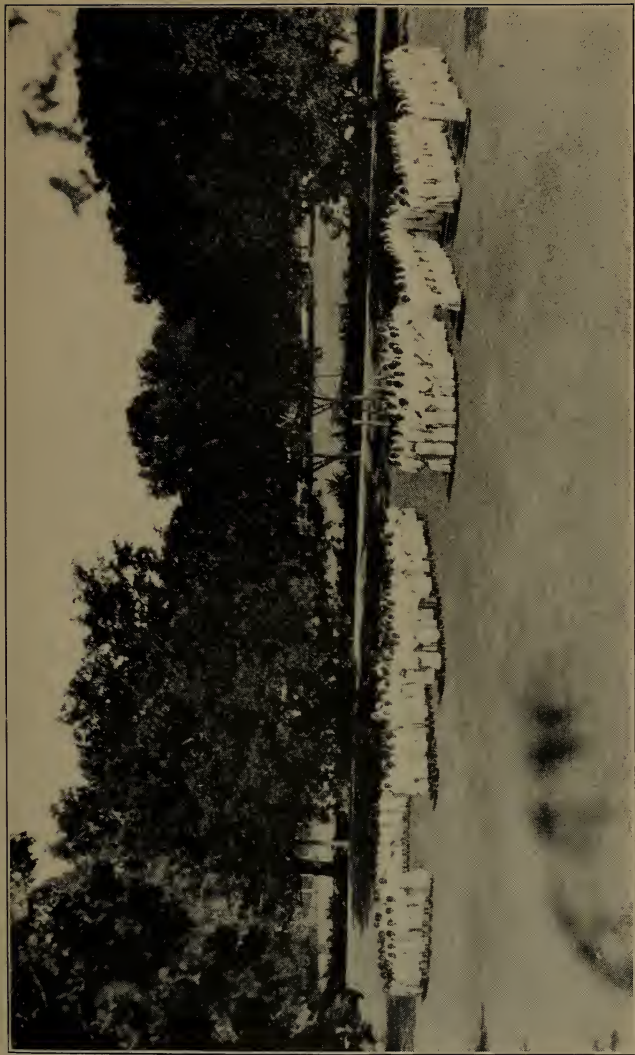
India, Canada, and Australia,  
Italy, Belgium, America,  
France and England all did march along  
And cut his whiskers off.

A little girl stood beside the made-up Kaiser and at the end of each verse and the chorus, gave his whiskers a jerk and twist.

4

And will I ever forget that sunset scene at Burgess Memorial? The girls sitting in long rows upon the grass. The sun sinking, with its





“What a happy, jolly crowd they were when they swarmed out in the  
great front yard”





golden glow, into the West. Not a breeze blowing. In that quiet out-of-doors amphitheatre, these girls, not yet one generation removed from paganism, gave an evening concert. A special chorus sang two or three beautiful selections, and then the whole group sang some of the great Christian hymns.

The week before I had seen the poverty, the ignorance, the dirt and squalor in the far villages, in which thousands of boys and girls were growing up, with never an opportunity for educational advantage. No schools, no books, no daily papers, nothing but mud houses, dirty streets, their idolatry, and hard work. The women and girls, like mere chattel slaves, doomed forever to a place of inferiority.

But here at Bilaspur was a contrast. Girls being educated, dressed in their modest clean clothes. Girls being taught Christianity who no longer bow down to idols of wood and stone. Girls being lifted above the sordid slavery which has oppressed them for generations. Girls really being educated up to the place where they can stand side by side with the best men of their race and be counted as their equals. In short, girls at last having their chance, and having their chance because Miss Ennis, and others with like devotion are with rare tact and perseverance and consecration paying the price for the up-lift and the advancement and liberation of their brown sisters of Hindustan.

DR. JENNY'S WORKSHOP

The Mission hospital at Bilaspur is like a city set on a hill. It is a woman's hospital and Dr. Jenny Crozier has visions of multiplying its influence and power. The next such hospital, traveling south, is one hundred and twenty miles away; west, two hundred and fifty miles; north, two hundred and fifty miles; and traveling east, there is no other before reaching Calcutta. There is a government hospital in Bilaspur and a few government hospitals in that area. However, these hospitals are usually under the management of Indian doctors and it is not unfair to say that as a whole their work cannot compare with that of the American trained physician.

The present staff consists of Dr. Crozier and an assistant surgeon, a fine Indian girl who took special training and who received a certificate as "sub-assistant surgeon." There are two compounders for the drug room. One fully trained nurse, another who has nearly completed her course, with four others in training as nurses and "dressers."

While this is a woman's hospital, men patients are treated at the dispensary though not received as in-patients. The report for the preceding year showed three hundred and sixty-five in-patients; two hundred and twenty-five operations; two thousand five hundred and seven male patients at the dispensary; two thousand and eighty-four female patients; a total of five

thousand four hundred and ninety-one, no person being counted twice.

The grounds are beautifully laid out, containing about ten acres. At one end is the doctor's bungalow. Not far away are the private wards for those who desire to do their own cooking when they have to stay for several weeks. At the other end of the grounds near the street, is the dispensary and hospital building, and not far from this is the main ward where from thirty to fifty patients may be accommodated. Then there are buildings for the nurses and assistants. There are fine big trees all over the yard.

The patients in these Indian hospitals are always an interesting study. Besides the common, ordinary cases which drift into every hospital, there are always special cases of more than ordinary interest. In one of the private wards was a purdah woman whose husband had brought her seventy miles for treatment. She had been there five days and was very much better. I asked the man why he had come that long distance.

He said, "I heard that Miss Doctor Sahib had very fine medicine and I thought she could heal my wife." This is only one of many similar cases where people hear of the good work of the medical missionaries and travel long distances for treatment. I asked for permission to take a photograph of himself and his wife to show the people at home. I told him that people would be interested to see the photograph of a man and

woman who had traveled seventy miles for medical treatment. Great was Dr. Crozier's surprise when the man agreed. He stood by her little bed and allowed her to remove the purdah veil while the photograph was being taken.

It is not infrequent for some Rajah, or well-to-do Indian to send for the Doctor to make a long journey to treat some member of the family. In such cases these well-to-do folk pay a large fee for the attention given them.

Dr. Crozier feels that there should be a regular nurses' training school at Bilaspur to supply nurses for our work. The hospital could well be repaired and enlarged, and with a better plant its influence and good name could be greatly increased.

(Note: A good friend has recently made a pledge of twenty-five thousand dollars for the erection of a Nurses' Training School and the enlargement and equipment of the hospital.)

#### MAMMA JI KINGSBURY

It is a great record to have spent thirty-nine years as a missionary, thirty-seven of those years in the same station. It is the high record of missionaries among Disciples of Christ. There may be some in other churches who have a longer record, but there are very, very few.

Mary Kingsbury has seen our work grow from its very beginning. She was with G. L. Wharton in the beginning of the work at Harda. Bilaspur was the second station, Mungeli the

third, and Damoh was the fourth. Then others were opened as the church at home saw the vision, and sent the men and the money. Now there are thirteen stations, and a wonderful work is being done along educational, industrial, zenana, medical and evangelistic lines. Furthermore, she has seen the work open in China, Japan, Africa, Philippine Islands, Tibet, Mexico and Latin America.

Her long period of service in Bilaspur has given her a host of friends in the church, among the Hindus, and among the English officials. People come to her for advice on all kinds of questions. What would she do about a certain law-suit? And should this cloth merchant give up business and go out and take control of a village? How can this man get along better in business? Another is poor, and being oppressed. Would the Miss Sahib please listen to his troubles and tell him what to do? Imagine the tales of woe she has listened to through thirty-nine years.

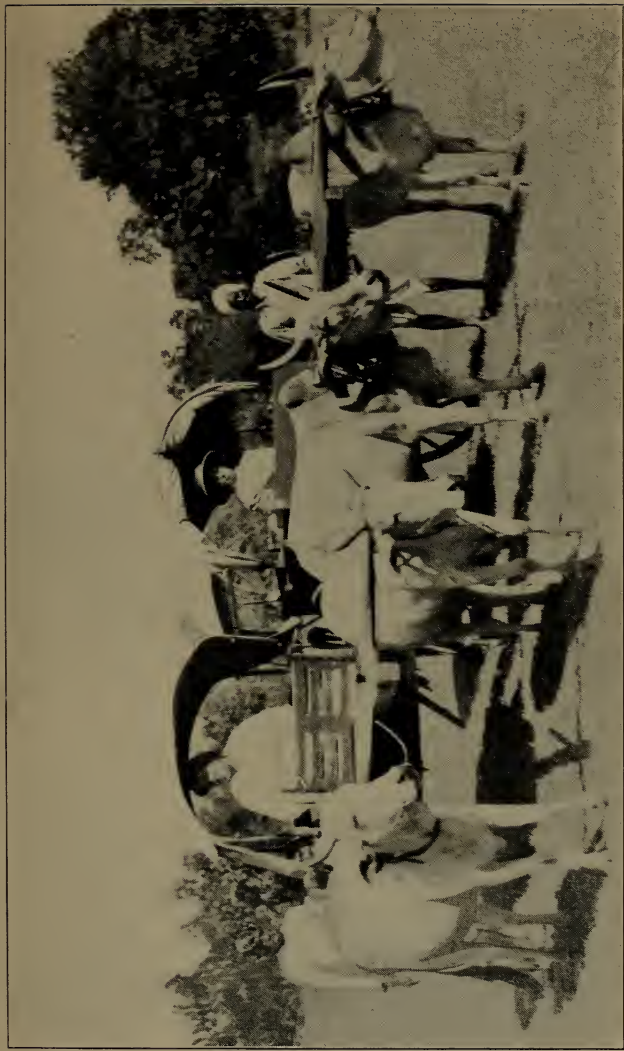
Miss Kingsbury helped to organize the first Sunday-school in Bilaspur. She also organized the Girls' School and the Orphanage which has done such a great work for the helpless children of Bilaspur and vicinity. She has never turned an orphan child away in all the years she has been in India. She laid the foundations, and for many years was the manager of the great school and orphanage now known as the Burgess Memorial School.

Since her last furlough it was necessary for a younger woman to take charge of the heavy responsibility of school and orphanage, so she has been assigned to do zenana work. She is therefore, a missionary to the women who are "behind the veil." They call them "purdah" women. Their husbands will not allow them to go out without a veil over their faces. If they go to the hospital, they go in a closed cart, and the doctor must receive them in the purdah room. All other hospitals are equipped with such a room. It is easy to imagine the good cheer and the touch from the outside world that she brings to these slaves of the Indian social order. Their minds and hearts are veiled the same as their faces. Most of them cannot read and write. One of Bilaspur's most educated and advanced citizens has a wife whom Miss Kingsbury has taught to read and write. The men now often invite her to go into their homes and teach their women folks. She always explains that if she goes she will teach them the Bible, but no objection has ever been offered to that.

Often as she goes into these homes, the word passes quickly from one house to another, and she will have an audience of from six to ten women listening to her kindly talk and her stories of Jesus, who came to save women as well as men.

The reader must not imagine that she does all this work herself, or alone. She is truly apostolic, in that she believes that she must





Mamma Ji Kingsbury and her Ox-carts





multiply herself through the work of others. Hence, she has under her guidance, training and direction, a force of ten Bible women. Three of these live in Bilaspur, and seven live in the villages round about. They spend about five hours a day at this work. They go two by two into the villages, get the children together, teach them songs and Bible stories in the mornings. Then they go to visit the women in their homes, in the afternoons. In this way hundreds of women are reached with the gospel message, who would never hear it from the men. In India, it takes women to reach women.

I was introduced to Miss Kingsbury's ox-cart, and her *gari-wala*—the driver of the oxen. There was a mission school four miles in the country, and she and one of her helpers felt that I should see it. She keeps an ox-cart instead of a horse-cart, because she feels that it is more suitable and more reliable. The oxen can go over roads that are impossible for the horse, so one day I climbed aboard the *bail-gari*. The *gari-wala* seated astride of the tongue, cranked up the tails of the oxen and we were off. Miss Kingsbury thought we would make four miles in forty-five minutes, but we finally anchored alongside of the school in an hour and ten minutes.

The Indian head-master had misunderstood the announcement that we were to be there that day, and had dismissed the school on account of it being one of the many Hindu holidays, but

when he saw that the Miss Sahib, along with the new Sahib had honored him by making a visit to his school, he sent messengers scurrying around the village and soon had about two-thirds of his pupils rounded up, and seated on the floor in the school room. They gave a program and demonstrated some of the work that is being done. The head-master is a Christian man and is doing everything he can, not only to teach the children the regular prescribed government course, but also to teach them the principles of the Christian religion. Miss Kingsbury has helped to organize and supervise a number of such schools in the villages around Bilaspur.

Through many years, Miss Kingsbury has conducted a good sized matrimonial bureau. Let the reader remember that in India no boy or girl makes his own marriage arrangements. That is always done by the parents or other relatives. Marriage arrangements are made for tens of thousands of boys and girls before they are ten years of age. Hence, it has been entirely in keeping with Indian custom for Mamma Ji Kingsbury to make arrangements for the marriage of her girls.

Since many of them were Christians, she planned of course to marry them to Christian men. It worked out about like this: A man would send her word that he wished a wife. She would look up his record, and if it was satis-

factory and he had the ability to support a wife, she would ask him to call. She would then pick out some girl whom she thought would make a suitable wife for the man. She would arrange a meeting between them on her front veranda, she always being present. After a conversation of twenty to thirty minutes Miss Kingsbury and the girl would retire for consultation. If they were pleased with each other that settled the matter and arrangements would be made for the marriage.

Miss Kingsbury has arranged over a hundred marriages, and she says that most of them have turned out well. She could give the "marrying parsons" a good many fine points about the business. Her biggest job along this line was that time when another missionary arrived one day with fourteen young men from Damoh. Damoh specializes on boys, Bilaspur on girls. It took two days to arrange all the meetings for the fourteen couples. With several it was a case of love at first sight. When all the arrangements were made, the fourteen couples marched over to the church, where the ceremony was performed. One of the pastors of one of our largest Indian churches was married in that group. He is to be ordained during the coming year.

The confidence, faith, devotion and respect which the Indian people have in Mary Kingsbury is summed up in the statement of the man who bade her welcome to Bilaspur thirty-seven

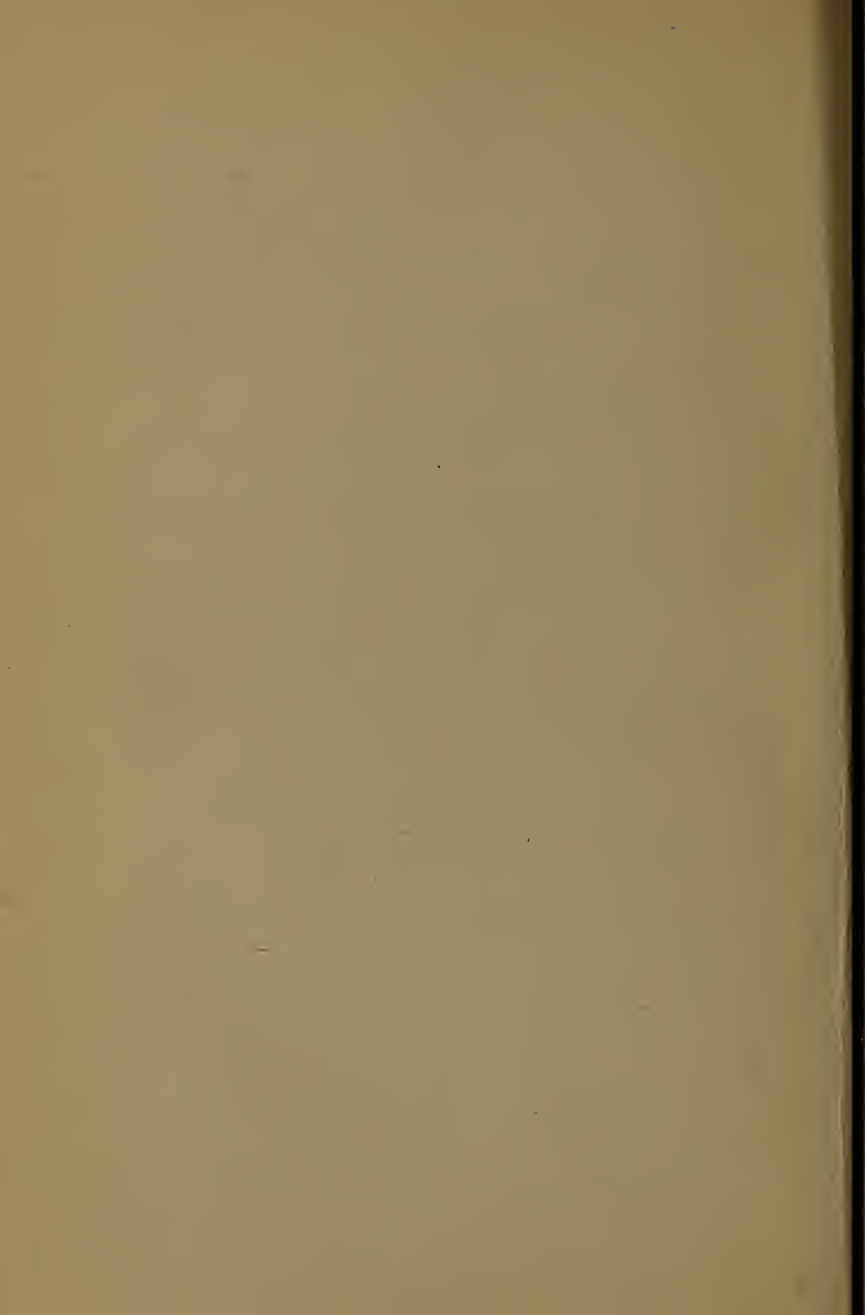
years ago. While he is still a Hindu, he has befriended her and the mission in many ways. One day he said to me:

“Miss Kingsbury is the most unselfish person I have ever met. She loves India, and India loves her. She is welcome in any home, rich or poor, high caste or low caste.”

## CHAPTER XIII

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### MUNGELI



## CHAPTER XIII

### MUNGELI

#### EVANGELISM WITH ITS BOOTS ON THE EVOLUTION OF FOSTERPUR

##### 1

The story of the growth and development of Fosterpur reads almost like a romance. It also reads like a chapter from the Acts of the Apostles.

In February, 1917, at Set Ganga, a village about nine miles west of Mungeli, there was held a meeting of the leaders of the Chungia Chamars to consider the advisability of the whole caste becoming Christians. Never before had such a meeting been held in that section of the country with such a purpose in view. Nothing definite came of this but it left an open door for later development.

In December, 1917, M. J. Shah, a well trained and devoted Indian preacher was moved from Harda with the special object of opening up and establishing the work in that section west of Mungeli.

In March, 1918, ten acres of ground were bought for a new out-station. There was some opposition to our buying the land. This was finally overcome by loaning the village pro-

prietors rupees two thousand on mortgage, and buying the land of them. In early May of 1918, the foundation was begun for a small temporary home for Mr. Shah. At the same time the personal work and the preaching to the people nearby was carried on. In the latter part of May of that same year, a *chamar*, a noted character, made a public confession of Christ and was baptized, the first fruits of the Kingdom in that section. A little later three others from this section heard the gospel while taking treatment in the Mungeli hospital and became Christians.

2

The work increased and grew. In September, 1918, two more men with their wives who lived near Fosterpur, accepted Christianity, and two others living at Piparkhuta became Christians, and before the end of September their wives had followed in their footsteps.

Still others followed and by the end of December, 1918, twenty had been baptized from the villages around Fosterpur. Thus the foundations for the buildings and the foundations of the Kingdom were being laid at the same time.

During the year 1919, most of the building work was completed. This was supervised jointly by Mr. Saum and Mr. Shah. A mud school building was erected and a school opened in January, 1919. A nice neat double house (not a St. Louis flat) was erected for the home of the master of the school and the assistant evangelist. The permanent home of Mr. Shah was



also erected. The walls are of stone, most of which came out of our own land. It has a tile roof. It is built in Indian style and is a neat, commodious, yet unpretentious home. One room is kept for the use of the missionaries as they travel in that area in supervising the work.

In July, 1919, the little congregation was formally organized on the veranda of Mr. Shah's home. Since then regular services and Sunday-school have been held, pending the erection of the church building. The Christians live in nine different villages and by the end of December, 1919, there were forty-seven Christians living in these different villages.

3

Another phase of the evolution of Fosterpur was in the heart of a man named Foster, who lives in Missouri. He began the support of a missionary in India. His vision and liberality increased as he came to know the needs and opportunity there. So the money for both the land and the building was the gift of Mr. Foster, and the new out-station was named Fosterpur in his honor. Thus it will be seen that the development of the work on the foreign fields keeps pace with the vision and consecration of the church at home.

During the year 1919 there was a famine in that area and the workers at Fosterpur gave valuable assistance to the people in need. A number of children were cared for and the mis-

sion supervised a government famine-relief station at Set Ganga.

The following facts indicate the situation at Fosterpur at the beginning of the year 1920. Twenty-two families are represented among the Christians living in nine different villages. The number of children in these families is thirty-five. The number of school pupils enrolled is forty-two. The number of farmers among the converts is twelve, and they own about seventy acres of land. The average being a little less than six acres which is more than the average for all India. A number of the Christians have been taught to read and write so that permanent progress is being made. Mr. Shah and his helpers, along with his wife who directs the woman's work, now visit forty different villages where they teach and preach regularly.

At the time of my visit there were several fine patches of wheat on the ten acre farm. One patch was beardless wheat which the government had requested the mission to introduce. The Indian farmers nearby are being asked to introduce this better variety of wheat, as it will yield considerably more to the acre.

4

A crowd of about one hundred gathered around Mr. Shah's veranda for the program and Thanksgiving offering. Before the program had finished the crowd had increased to at least two hundred. People brought money and grain as their offerings. One man carried over a bushel

of grain nearly nine miles. This was carried in two large baskets, one at each end of a bamboo pole over his shoulder. A widow who had recently been baptized sent her son a distance of eight miles with her offering of more than a gallon of grain. The school children each made an offering.

Mr. Shah gave an interesting account of how the people are learning to give to help support their new religion. A little earthen jar has been put in practically every Christian home, and the women are asked to put one handful of grain in this jar every time they prepare a meal. It is called "the jar of religion." By that method, in one month the women gave rupees one, three annas, two pice worth of grain.

When the Christians had finished their offerings, Mr. Shah made a statement to the Hindus present. He told of the work in the community and what the money and grain would be used for. He also told what the school, the farm, and the medicines were doing for the uplift of the people. He said that all of it had been done and the offerings given, in the name of Christ, to bring relief and help to the people, and told the Hindus that their offerings were not solicited, but would be gladly accepted and used with the other offerings if they desired to give.

Then a strange and unheard of thing occurred. At least fifty Hindus marched up to the table and made gifts. Two or three of them were

Malgazars. The Christians were amazed that the Hindus gave so freely.

Three things are major factors in the evolution of Fosterpur; money, prayer and life. The beginnings of the enterprise have been eminently successful. Only the One who knows all things can foresee the ultimate results. The success of this new work is most certainly a prophecy of what might be done in many fields if the workers and their support were available.

#### BY OX-CART TO PIPARKHUTA

Piparkhuta is a village about seventeen miles west of Mungeli, eight miles beyond Fosterpur. We made the trip to Fosterpur in a buggy. There are five Christian families at Piparkhuta and Mr. Saum felt that they would be greatly disappointed if we did not visit them while in that section of the country. When we were ready to start for Piparkhuta we piled into the ox-cart and started on the long dusty road at the rate of about three miles an hour. After more than two hours of dusty travelling we came to a road leading out across the fields. Here a man met us who had come out two miles on foot to bid us welcome to his home and to the village. A few minutes later we came to the river. The oxen were unhitched and allowed to graze, and the man carried Mr. Saum and me across the river on his back.

A little further on a young man came out to meet us, and by the time we were at the edge of

the town several other persons met us and escorted us back into the village. These Christians are the relatives of Bickram, one of the hospital assistants in Mungeli. It was through his influence that they became Christians. He had gone out the day before to talk to other friends and relatives about becoming Christians.

We sat down in a little mud house and had a conference with the Christians. Other people came in and listened to the conversation. There are many problems in connection with the work in a village of this kind. The Christians are often perplexed as to what is the wise thing to do, and as soon as a missionary arrives they confront him with many intricate and complex problems which are at times very difficult to solve. One such problem was in connection with a girl about eleven years of age. She had been promised in marriage to a man of another village. Now her father was a Christian. If the girl goes to school in Mungeli she will become better educated than the man, become a Christian, and will not be satisfied with the man and his ideals when he comes to demand her in marriage. What should the father do in this case? When the engagement took place the boy's father had given to the girl's father twenty-five rupees to bind the contract. The girl was only four years of age when this transaction took place. To get her released would now cost her father forty or fifty rupees and he did not have the money to pay. Problem number one: As

a Christian man what should he do? Problem number two: As an adviser of his converts, what could a missionary say to help him out of his difficulty?

Another problem was this: One of the men has six acres of ground. He mortgaged it during the famine for forty rupees. If he doesn't pay the government tax for three years he loses the land, and it goes to the Malgazar, who will pay the tax. The man has two dependents and he is now a Christian. The land is worth about twenty rupees per acre, or a total of one hundred and twenty rupees, but it is so tied up that he cannot sell it. He has no oxen, he has no plow, and he has no grain, and he is not in position to pay the forty rupees which he borrowed. Neither does he want to lose what money he has invested in the land. The problem is, what shall the missionary advise this man to do?

It is not enough to say, "Let the mission advance the money and pay the man's debt." That would be easy enough if there were but one man to deal with, but there are so many men with so many different problems that it is impossible for the mission to finance them in their times of difficulty. On the other hand, the problem of establishing and maintaining a little church in that village, and in many other villages, is dependent upon the solution of the economic problems of the Christians located there.



AMONG THIEVES AT KESARUADIH

A very interesting work is being carried on among the people of the thieving caste at Kesaruadih. Practically all of the people who live here in a village of about twenty houses belong to the thieving caste. Many of them were religiously working at the job. They were not only thieves themselves, but taught their children to steal. To escape detection was considered by them very honorable. They became such a nuisance that they were put under police surveillance. The men were not allowed to leave their village without reporting to the police where they were going and how long they were going to stay. They were also required to report to the police at the village to which they were going.

Our mission began work there a few years ago. The police laughed at our native evangelists when they first went in. They said no good could be done among those thieves. They were perfectly willing for the experiment to be tried out. After some time a few of the men became Christians, later some of the women, and at the time of my visit there were twenty Christians from among the thieving caste at Kesaruadih. There were Christians in ten houses, or half the houses in the village. The Christians gathered together for conference in the little two room house of the evangelist. This man had lived here for nearly a year. He conducts a Sunday-school in his little home every Sunday, and also

a communion service. He conducts a day school for an hour each day for the children who desire to come. He also goes to seven or eight villages and teaches regularly.

It was a queer looking crowd that sat down with Mr. Saum and me on the floor of that little Indian home. How humble these Christians seemed who had lately come out of the thieving caste, and how proud this evangelist was to have the new Sahib from America visit his little home far from the mission station. On the walls were a number of colored pages clipped from the catalog of a famous mail order house from Chicago. Quite a number of American post cards were also on the walls, one being a beautiful picture of Niagara Falls.

After we had talked for some time, one of the men made a little speech to me. In substance this is about what he said: "Sahib, all of us here used to belong to the thieving caste. We were thieves. We taught our children to steal. We didn't know any better. But the white Sahib came and taught us about Jesus. The evangelist came often and told us the story over and over again. Finally some of us became Christians. We found out we could make more money by being Christians than we could by stealing and now we no longer steal. We send our children to school. Five of the men here send their boys to the Mungeli boarding school. Some of them may be preachers. Sahib we thank you for sending us the story of Jesus. We



are all praying for you, and we are praying that before long all the houses in Kesaruadih will have Christians in them. We want our village entirely changed from a thieving village to a Christian village."

What transformations come into the lives of these poor people, when a great compelling ideal has entered their souls. The policemen say that one evangelist or one missionary is worth five policemen in Kesaruadih. People who have known the past history of that village now travel miles to see and know something of the strange thing that has come to pass. There is but one power that could bring about this transformation, and that is the gospel "which is the power of God unto salvation" even to a thieving village in the heart of India.

#### ON HORSEBACK TO PATHARIA

We made the trip from Kesaruadih to Patharia on horseback, where we stayed all night, sleeping in a little mud school-house. This is a village of about a thousand people. It is planned to establish a dispensary here. Two Christian teachers and their wives live here and conduct the school. The head master is very much interested in the school, and reports splendid progress and interest among the people of the village. There are several Christian families here.

The Malgazar who owns this village is a Mohammedan. He not only owns the land upon

which the village is located but he owns about two hundred acres surrounding the village. Many of the people who live in the village work on his land or rent land from him on the shares. It would be well here for the reader to get an idea about the land situation in India. Perhaps it may most easily be illustrated by this tall, proud Mohammedan Malgazar who not only owns Patharia, but owns eleven other villages either partially or entirely.

Mr. Saum sent for him to call upon us. He came over and sat in the little school-house with us while the school was being conducted in the open court outside. He asked questions about my camera, about the rifle, and about the farming tools in America, and about our system of taxation. Then I asked him some questions. His ancestors have been Malgazars for several generations. These men pay to the government large sums of money in taxes. The government must look to them for their own taxes and for assistance in collecting the head tax of the people who work on their land.

He gave the following list of villages he owned and the number of acres around the villages:

First village.....	1600 acres....	one-half interest
Second village.....	800 acres....	one-half interest
Third village.....	1400 acres....	full interest
Fourth village.....	1100 acres....	full interest
Fifth village.....	900 acres....	full interest
Sixth village.....	1000 acres....	full interest

Seventh village.... 325 acres....full interest  
Eighth village..... 650 acres....full interest  
Ninth village..... 800 acres....half interest  
Tenth village..... 600 acres....one-eighth interest  
Eleventh village..1150 acres....one-eighth interest  
Patharia village.. 200 acres....full interest.

Thus this one man, either partially or entirely, owns and controls over ten thousand acres of land. More than seventy per cent of the people of India are engaged in agriculture. The average Indian farm is not more than five acres. It can readily be seen, therefore, the inequality existing between this man and the average Indian farmer. No wonder he is looked upon as a big man.

Being a Mohammedan and devout and rich, he has already made a trip to Mecca and is very proud of it. He has actually looked upon the Holy City of the Mohammedans with his own eyes. He was invited by the English government to attend the Durbar at Delhi in 1911, when the King was crowned Emperor of the Indian Empire. This man is very proud of having been present upon that historic occasion, and, "standing up before the Rajah Sahib, King George V."

It will not take much imagination for the reader to understand some of the difficulties in the way of building up a strong church and a strong Christian influence in a village where such a man is the dominating factor. He was very courteous, as the leading influential Indians always are, but back of his courtesy is his Mo-

hammedan fanaticism, and no loyal Moham-medan ever allows Christianity to have full sway without his secret or open opposition.

BIG DOINGS AT BHULAN

1

We continued from Patharia to Bhulan on horseback. It was necessary to ride for several miles upon the ridges between the fields to get to Bhulan. There are not many good roads in that section of the country. When we were about a mile out of the village we met two men, the chief men of the village who had come out to greet us. They bade us salaam and welcome. A half mile further on we met the teachers and the whole school which had come out to give us a cordial greeting. There are eighty-two in the school and it was a fine sight to see them all bow and salaam as we rode up.

The mission school is the only school in this village. This is our banner school for that area and a number of the children of Christian parents come from other villages for their education.

We have a good school building here which is also used for a church building. There are four teachers with their wives. The school and the church have a most excellent influence in the community. The people are friendly and there is but very little opposition to the work.

This was a big day at Bhulan for it was the time for the Thanksgiving offering, and the

Christians from the surrounding villages were all present. It was also an occasion of extraordinary importance to them because the Secretary Sahib from America was present. After the usual greetings we all went into the school-house where the program was to be given. Many of the non-Christian people were present and the building was jammed to the doors. A number of Christian songs were sung and the children recited many portions of the Scriptures. Four non-Christian boys recited the Beatitudes and gave the Lord's Prayer in Hindi. I made a short talk through an interpreter on "The Purpose and Meaning of Thanksgiving."

Following the program the Thanksgiving offering was taken. This was managed by the Indian evangelists who preach in and around Bhulan. They read the list of names of the church members and as each name was read the man and wife and children came forward together and put their offerings upon the table. One man and wife and his mother gave about four rupees, which is a large offering for people in their financial circumstances. One young woman gave a rupee, which was a very large offering but was explained on the ground that she was a "second generation Christian." That expression has a world of meaning in India. Everything that goes with growth and progress and education and leadership and Christian stability is involved when they say "second generation Christian."

Some of the mothers brought their babies with money in their little chubby hands to place upon the offering table. Some farmers gave slips of paper indicating that they would give a certain amount of grain. One farmer who was considered rather "close," announced that he would give five and a half rupees' worth of grain, and the whole crowd cheered. Another man gave one rupees' worth of grain and one rupee in cash. This was a fine offering for him and the crowd cheered again. The total amount of the offering, in cash and grain, amounted to forty rupees. Practically every Christian had a part in the offering and they were all happy over the results.

2

Following this we were to have a big basket dinner. It did not consist of fried chicken and apple pie and four kinds of cake. It consisted of plain curry and rice, the simple, yet nutritious food of these common people. One old man stole a march on the entertainment committee and informed Mr. Saum and me that we were to eat dinner at his house. We went with him, took off our shoes, sat on the floor and were just finishing a big plate of curry and rice when a committee of five appeared upon the scene. There was war brewing. This committee informed us that this man had no right to invite us to his house, that the plan was for us to eat with the rest of the crowd; that they were all waiting, they had eaten nothing, and that they would not



eat unless Mr. Saum and I came to eat with them. Saum is a wise man and he poured oil upon the troubled waters by telling them that we had misunderstood, and that now we had eaten with this man we would also go over and eat with them. This was satisfactory all around and we soon were seated on the long veranda and the waiters were dishing out heaping plates of curry and rice to the hungry crowd.

One tall, slim old fellow who was blind, was seated on the edge of the veranda, by the side of a post. They ran out of plates by the time they had reached him, and the only thing left was a wash basin. They filled it nearly half full of curry and rice. I thought it would kill the old man if he ate this first course, but to my surprise he was calling for the second order before I had gotten started. He cleaned up his second order and held up the wash basin for a third helping. The waiter gave him a scolding for making a hog out of himself, but gave him a small portion for the third time. When the old man had finished he leaned up against the veranda post and was sound asleep in two minutes.

Following the dinner hour we had a good visit in the yard and they asked me many questions about America, my family, the churches, how we farmed, the ocean voyage, etc. They were very much interested when I reported to them that our churches were growing in missionary vision, year by year. They say they want their Indian churches and Christians to do the same.



When they all grouped together for the photograph they stood under the large sign which they had put up to welcome me. It was on a piece of cloth twelve feet long and three feet wide. It was held in place by two bamboo posts. The Hindi inscription on the sign read "Victory to Jesus" and after the photograph had been taken they all joined reverently in giving the cheer of "Victory to Jesus." They often give that cheer at a baptismal service or when a new convert comes out to confess Christ. They also give it at conferences where they meet together to encourage one another in the Christian life. As I bade them goodbye that day, perhaps never to see them again, I felt that if all the Christians in the world were as true as these Indian Christians "Victory to Jesus" would really come.

WHAT THEY SAID TO ME AT PENDRIDIH

(Note: Dih in Pendridih is pronounced dee.)

Many years ago the mission saw its opportunity and bought the village of Pendridih and about two hundred acres of land surrounding it. This made it possible for the mission to appoint the Malgazar for the village and for him to be so recognized before the law. Mr. Saum is the Christian Malgazar of the village of Pendridih. The people of that section, therefore, have the opportunity of seeing the growth and development of a Christian community and of seeing the people who live in the village get a square deal when they borrow seed for their crops.

This farm is a constant example to the nearby farmers. It always produces more bushels per acre than those of the Hindu farmers. At the Raipur fair, corresponding to a state fair at home, the Pendridih farm took first prize on wheat. No wonder the people are anxious to get prize seed wheat for their fields. The farm also received a medal for the production of rice. The agricultural department of the province has arranged to make Pendridih a distribution center for improved seed grain.

The mission also maintains a co-operative bank in Pendridih. Thus the people, when necessity arises, are able to secure a loan without the extortionate rate of interest demanded by the money lenders.

The village is about nine miles from Mungeli. The church there has about one hundred and thirty members. They have their own native preacher, and support him with their own gifts. They have a fairly good church building but it is now too small for their needs, and they are planning to erect a new building which will cost about one thousand dollars. Of this amount the Indian Christians will be able to raise about four hundred dollars and the mission will assist them with the other six hundred dollars.

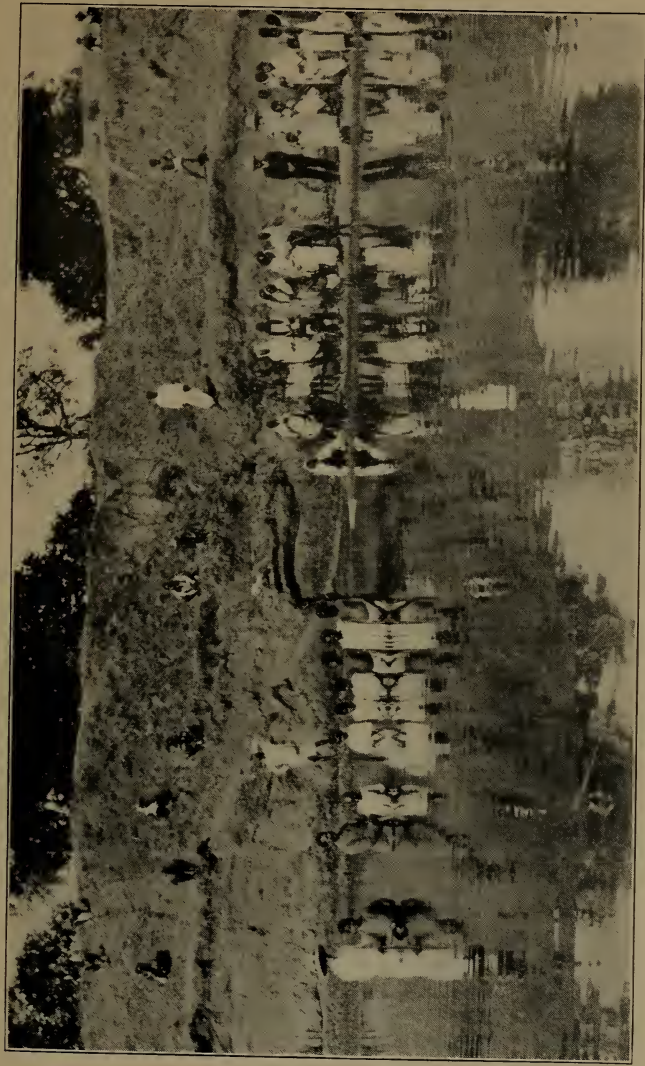
The school at Pendridih is a good one. There are five teachers and the head master and all of them are enthusiastic. They have five or six different castes represented in the school.

The whole Christian community, with many others, met in the church to bid me welcome and to assist in the program of education which I was to receive. This program consisted of a number of addresses or talks by different people representing different phases of the work. Here is what they said to me (verbatim) as I sat in that quaint little Indian church at Pendrihih.

One of the teachers arose and told the reason of the meeting:

"May it be known to all you good people that we all who are seated here, whether of this place or from other places, may you know that this is not a prayer meeting, nor church, nor Christians, but it is the time of the growth of our work. And all of us present here have come to receive and give advice to each other, and to pray for the advance of God's Kingdom and have met with our Secretary, Wilson Sahib, who is of the Home Board Committee. It was his great desire that he might meet the Indian Christians and teach them concerning the growth of the Kingdom of God, and learn the methods here, and knowing the conditions here, present it to the Home Board. And now opportunity is given, first, that we all stand up to show him honor. May God bless him, and keep him during his journey, this is the prayer of us all here."

As this man finished the whole audience arose and gave me a most cordial and unanimous salaam.



Baptizing in a River near Mungeli



Rama stood up, bowed to me and the audience, and spoke as follows:

“About twenty years ago Gordon Sahib bought this village for rupees one thousand eight hundred, and had the farm work begun. The farming was begun, and then for some reason was stopped. Then again in 1913, O. J. Grainger Sahib said, ‘This work shall be opened up again.’ Having mercy he himself gave about rupees two hundred to this work and hired workers. Then every year God’s blessing was upon this work. People found numerous advantages from this work, as,

“1—Gradually the value of the farm increased until instead of rupees one thousand eight hundred, it is now worth about rupees ten thousand, and every year the capital increases. The village capital now saved in hand is about rupees two thousand five hundred.

“2—Now on occasions the Christians are helped with seeds, which they formerly did not receive, and because they had no seed had heavy losses. Our Christians who worked by the day for their living have now work for every month of the year. Formerly part of the year they had to leave their homes to hunt for work.

“3—It is an advantage, not only to the mission and Christians, but non-Christians also are given seeds and work, thus affording us an opportunity to preach the gospel to them and give



them Christian influence and show them our sympathy.

"4—In this village we Christians live with great peace. Christians living in other villages have not this peace. They have many petty persecutions and temptations. With this experience we bear witness and petition; when there are such advantages upon this farm, why does not our Society buy other farms? The growth and development, spiritual and secular, the spread of the Kingdom of God, the monthly growth, we petition and hope that our Missionary Society will buy such villages as will increase the wealth and strengthen the church."

4

Damaru Nichol is the fine, tall, intelligent pastor of the Pendridih church. He said:

"Although we were born amongst believers in ghosts and goblins, idol-worshippers and poor, and where it is sad to think of our condition in life, but we thank God that He has called us out from that condition and has chosen us, that being His, we may work for Him.

"We know that we are not perfect and are not worthy of all things, but with the help of God we are growing gradually and are beginning to understand our duty and responsibility. The proof of this is when five or six years ago the church was very weak in service, giving, and all kinds of church work. They thought that all such work was for the Sahib, or co-workers. I remember that one month the collection was



only eight pice! (This would be equal to about six mills.) In those days O. J. Grainger Sahib who was then the missionary in charge, said to me, 'It would be well for you people to separate your work, accounts, church councils, etc., from the Mungeli church.' And so it was done.

"Then people perceive that responsibilities have come upon us. We must care for our church and slowly this work began. Now the collections have increased to rupees from twelve to fifteen per month. Have begun to care for the poor and have undertaken one special work. See! Our church house is small, broken down, and is in danger of falling. We have promised to collect money on a new church. And the church has collected about rupees five hundred. Although the building will be about rupees two thousand five hundred, nevertheless the church will begin work when they have collected rupees one thousand. After that we do not know where we will get money to finish it. But we know that this is the work of God and that He will finish it. With faith we begin work. We ask our Missionary Society to help us in this work.

"We do other work also connected with the mission, preach the gospel, especially to relatives of the Christians, and to those whom we know, and bring them into the church. And gradually the work is growing in every direction. May God help us."

Following this a tall farmer arose, named Ghasiya, and spoke about the needs of their children:

"First we thank God and the missionaries that by the mercy of God and the teaching of the missionaries, having left our former conditions in which our ancestors were entangled, we have come into our present condition.

"Our parents worshipped idols and were swamped in the mire of sin. They were like animals, that is, they were contaminated by idol-worship, but we have left that condition.

"In the beginning of the Mungeli work there were five of us boys between ten and twelve years in the Mungeli school. At that time Jackson Sahib came. Every evening he seated us on his veranda and taught us religion. Then we five boys promised that 'This religion seems to be true and we will sure become Christians.' Then after Mr. Jackson, Gordon Sahib came, and according to our promise we were baptized by him. Then we came into the true religion and this is now our religion. In this way our brethren and sisters in the church have come into this religion, and now we have many children who are in Damoh, Harda, Bilaspur, Mahoba and Kulpahar schools.

"Therefore we all request the missionaries and Secretary Wilson Sahib that they will see that our children have even better opportunity than we have. That they may not remain as we are, but that in good things they may go be-

yond us. By the greatness of God, through their enthusiasm, more may be done. Therefore, through Secretary Wilson Sahib, we send word to all brethren there, concerning our children that you may make great effort that our children may advance more than we have done. May God give blessings."

6

Sukhru, the evangelist, who lives and works at the thieving village of Kesaruadih, spoke briefly:

"1—Former condition of the Kesaruadih people:

"They kept bad company—therefore they were a bad lot. They were thieves—therefore the police were constantly after them, and all the people around look upon them with contempt. They were like sheep without a shepherd.

"2—When these people, because of their troubles, became Christians, from that time their conditions began to improve, and the very people who had formerly persecuted them understood that they are now all right; and began to respect them. The people in villages round-about, formerly would not allow them to come into their villages, but now those same people allow them to come and treat them with respect. About two years ago these people became Christians. At first people said that these Kesaruadih people never would become good, but now those very people have begun to call them good.

"3—Their children were wild and ignorant. And in regard to them it was thought that 'as the parents are, so will the children be.' But instead of this the children have become good. For about a year the boys have been in the Mungeli hostel, and are learning well in school. Their parents have begun to pay school fees at the rate of annas eight per month for each boy. Megnath gives Rs. one for his two boys. Rohigo gives Rs. one for his son and his adopted son. Bisalu gives annas eight for his boy. In this way the boys read in the Mungeli school. One man is too poor to give anything for fees for his boy.

"4—On Sunday these people stop all work, attend Sunday-school, and both morning and evening service. They give annas two per month. Some have begun to see the light, because they are thinking about spiritual things.

"5—The people of Kesaruadih all give thanks to the mission because they have learned to live good lives and are now in good condition."

7

Vishli, the head master of the school, made the following report and address:

"The enrollment of the school is eighty-two. New pupils twenty-five. Total about one hundred. The average attendance is seventy-five per cent. Eight girls are in this school. The monthly fees received for pupils average about rupees two. Many pupils are excused from paying fees because they are so poor.

"Sometimes the school committee or the Tasildar Sahib each year urges the children to

attend school. Besides this mission officers come (Miss Sahib comes regularly) and at the present time his honor, Secretary Wilson Sahib has come. We have been blessed by his coming.

"There are children from about six villages enrolled in this school. Some of these villages are one mile, or two miles distant. There are the following castes: Christians, Brahmans, Kurumis, Gondas, Telis, Rawats, Pankas, Chamars, Buniyas, and Garas.

"Six persons belong to the school staff. There are two women and three men teachers and one janitor. All of us thank God first and the missionary Sahib, that they have brought us up, cared for us, taught us things physical and spiritual, and made us such men that we are now able to make a living. You have given us advantages that have enabled us to get certificates from the government, or honor from the mission, and now we are able to work.

"In this station are all village schools. Schools are open only in the morning, so the children may have time for their work in the fields, or take the cattle out to graze. It takes a good while to go and come.

"At eight o'clock the teachers and pupils all meet for prayer, then all go to their respective classes and we have about four and a half hours of school. Half an hour each day the Bible is taught to each class so that the pupils receive both temporal and spiritual instruction. So then they learn good behavior.

"The teaching staff of this school receives rupees sixty-two—annas eight, monthly salary. We thank the Society for spending so much for us. This school also receives a small grant from the government. We also thank the missions and the station committee for the revival meetings and master's conferences sometimes given us that we may meet those of other places. We are thus able to teach our children with pleasure.

"When the teachers have time they visit the parents of pupils, instructing them in religious things, and in sickness give them such help as is right. Besides this the teachers help in the church work, helping in the Endeavor, Sunday-schools, etc.

"We have a good group of teachers. I give something about their qualifications:

"Laksmi Bai, teacher. Her age is twenty-three years. She is herself from the Bilaspur Girls' Boarding School. She is from the sixth Hindi class. She has taught in this school about three years. She teaches the infant class. There are twenty-five pupils in her class enrolled and some new pupils not yet enrolled. She has such a pleasant manner of teaching that her pupils never wish to be absent. She loves her pupils and gives them every kind of help that is right. She is a good singer, and her pupils know good songs and stories. The pupils are pleased with her and are kind to one another. She teaches three and a half hours then dismisses her class.

"She can also sew. If the honorable Wilson Sahib should be in need of a handkerchief then



we may be able to send him one of her make. When necessary she helps in the making of clothes for the poor children and also teaches a class in Sunday-school. She is also very clever in her housework. She makes good *chipatis* (bread.) She has a memory and reads the newspapers and the Christian Sahayak.

"Samuel, assistant master. His age is twenty years. Has read in the government middle English school at Bilaspur until fourth English. We are happy that this education so far has been at his father's expense. His father and mother are old Christians here. He has worked with me in this school nearly one year. There are fifteen pupils enrolled in his class. Every morning early he walks one mile to call the pupils. The advantage in this is that he gets exercise and also visits the parents. He returns in time for his school work.

"He teaches the second class. He is a good teacher. Sometimes he talks a little English with his teaching. He works hard for his school, helps with the register and monthly report. He teaches four and a half hours. He loves hockey and football. He has another accomplishment, that is, he loves fishing. He also gives great thought to religious matters. He is kind to all. We hear that the mission will send him to Raipur for a special course in farming. We rejoice with the mission that he will be given this opportunity.

"Prem Bai. She is the wife of Damaru Nichol. Her age is about thirty-two years. She



was educated in the Mahoba boarding school, Damoh, and Jubbulpore Bible College. Passed the sixth Hindi and Bible College course. She has taught in this school about two and a half years. She teaches the third Hindi. There are fourteen pupils enrolled in her class. She loves her children very much. One of her own children is in each class. After school is out she does her housework. She visits with all the people about, she sews, using a machine, she makes butter and cooks well.

“Kishori Lal, assistant teacher. His age is about twenty-eight years. He passed the sixth Hindi and knows considerable English also. He attended school in Damoh and Harda. He has taught here three years. He teaches the fourth Hindi class. He has fourteen pupils enrolled. He especially loves small children. When school closes he helps in the house work. He is also a deacon in the church. He also likes to help in other work. He finds it easy to make two pice out of one pice. He who wishes to be rich may learn of him.

“Bishli, head master. I also am a clod of earth. I received my town certificate while Mr. Adams was in Bilaspur. I teach the fifth Hindi class. I try to make the pupils strong physically and mentally. I also help in the church work. I love small children. I can swim well and ride horseback a little. There is much more to say but I now close.”

8

After this splendid program I was called upon to speak. I will leave it to the imagination of the reader to supply what I said of encouragement and commendation of the splendid work and vision of the Indian Christians at Pendridih. And while the imagination is at work the reader might well look forward to the transformation that would take place in India if there were ten thousand such villages as Pendridih.

A BUSY SUNDAY AT MUNGELI

1

The communion service was held at 8:00 o'clock in the morning. The good, commodious church was full. Hira Lal and Bickram acted as deacons. The individual communion cups were used. No sermon was preached at this early morning service.

Then followed the Sunday-school, with Bickram, the hospital assistant, as superintendent. When the birthday offerings were called for, several boys came forward and as they deposited their offerings in the birthday box they announced in a loud voice how old they were. Then the lesson leaves were passed and a Hindi lesson was read in concert, the women reading as well as the men. Following the opening exercises the classes had a study period of forty-five minutes.

They marched out of the church and sat in groups upon the grass in the warm sun. One teacher had a tripod with a large Sunday-school

map upon it from which he taught the lesson. The teachers seemed well prepared and all of the classes seemed to take a real interest in the lesson.

2

In the afternoon the annual Thanksgiving service was held. This is held in February, and not in November as is done in America. It will be necessary to give the account of this service somewhat in detail that the reader may fully understand all that it involves.

A great crowd was present for the service, ten different villages being represented in the audience. Some people came a distance of fifteen miles. Even before the service began a couple of chickens squawked which was an indication that the offering was to be a liberal one. A blind woman was led to her place by the ushers and her son later walked across the church and put some money in her hand for the offering. "Great events cast their shadows before them."

Everybody joined heartily in the singing. Hira Lal read the Scriptures and Miss Franklin was called upon for prayer. At the close of her prayer another chicken let out a hearty squawk. Four boys from Kesaruadih sang. Some special Indian music was given by an orchestra consisting of a tabla—two small drums—two violins, and one soloist. The music had been arranged by and was under the direction of Mrs. G. E. Miller.

Mr. Shah preached a fine sermon telling of the growth of the church at Mungeli and at  
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Fosterpur, and at several other villages in that vicinity. He told how faithful the people had been in their lives, and in their giving. One poor ignorant woman had learned the story of Zaccheus. She in turn taught it to her husband and he now tells this story of Jesus dealing with Zaccheus wherever he goes. Following this speech, Ganesh, another fine Indian preacher made an address.

Then came the offering. Hira Lal read the names of the Christians, calling his own name first, and he and his wife and children put their offerings upon the table. One woman brought an egg, another woman four eggs, others brought offerings of little sacks of grain. A blind man brought up a chicken and placed it upon the platform. Others brought their chickens and gave them freely. A large group of Hindus who had walked in four miles for the service, and who were sitting in the rear of the church, stood up to watch the people make their offerings.

One man left the church and went home and returned with his offering. Another gave rupees one in money, and rupees one six in grain. A man brought an offering of seven annas for his new baby boy. He lived seven miles away. A woman gave two more eggs. Another man who had eight children and an income of rupees ten per month made an offering. Most of these people give monthly to the church but these offerings were extra. The boarding school boys marched up and every one gave an offering. The missionaries also made their offering. The

lepers sent word that they would give rupees fourteen, ten annas, out of their weekly allowances.

When the opportunity was given several of the Hindus came forward and deposited their gifts upon the table. When it was all counted up eggs, chickens, grain and money, the total offering amounted to rupees one hundred and twenty-five, eleven annas, four pice, and when they received the reports from all of the out-stations, including Fosterpur, Bhulan and Pendridih, the total Thanksgiving offering amounted to rupees three hundred and thirty seven and one anna.

It was a great service and everybody was happy. Following the service I had a conversation with the group of Hindus present. I told them that we were hoping that their village would become a Christian village and that they would some time co-operate in helping to give Christianity to all the people in the Mungeli district.

No man could spend such a busy Sunday with the Indian Christians who live in and around Mungeli without coming to have a high regard for their ability, their devotion, their consecration and their work. They are rapidly growing in the grace and knowledge of the truth. With such leaders as Hira Lal and Mr. Shah, and with their increasing growth in liberality, the time may not be far away when the church at Mungeli may become a self-supporting, a self-governing, and a self-propagating church. May that day speedily come.

## 3

Many years ago a new convert was enrolled by the name of Samuel Biswas. He was a Bengali and was better educated than the average Indian. He was a man who came to be a good preacher but his influence and work widened through the years. He was well acquainted with the Indian law regarding land, inheritances, marriages, etc. In later years he developed into a sort of lawyer-preacher. Many of the new converts would have lost all of their property had it not been for Samuel Biswas.

For a while he spent most of his time in keeping the Indian Christians out of the courts, protecting them from both physical and legal assault, getting their land titles cleared up, going through the tedious processes of getting their marriage and inheritance technicalities straightened out, and a lot of other things which made it possible for the Christian community to stand its ground, and take root in the various villages. He did all this disagreeable work with a patience and fidelity which cannot be too highly appreciated. No missionary could have done that piece of work as he did it. He was ever on the alert to encourage the Christians to see that they had their rights and to help make strong the Indian church, so that after a while it would be able to stand alone.

Three workers stand out in my mind as among the strongest of our Indian leaders. M. J. Shah, the wide awake evangelist and leader. Hira Lal, the hospital assistant and effective



personal worker. Samuel Biswas, lawyer, advisor, advocate and preacher.

(Note: Word has just come that Biswas, after a serious illness, has passed away.)

#### EVANGELISTIC WORK FOR WOMEN

##### 1

A very thorough and systematic program of evangelistic work among the women is also being carried on. This work is under the direction of Miss Neva Nicholson. Miss Nicholson has seven regular Bible women under her supervision, with one or two substitutes when needed. Two of these Bible women live in Mungeli, but the others live in the out-stations and work among the women there. Miss Nicholson goes to the out-stations, helps to plan and direct the work and encourages the workers. She also gets a monthly report from each worker. She has a *panchaiyat*—a committee meeting or conference of the women from time to time, to talk over and decide on all matters relating to the work.

In December a three days' conference was held in Mungeli with all of the Bible women present and the women teachers of the schools. All other Christian women were invited to this conference. The conference was held in the bungalow where Miss Nicholson and Miss Franklin live. They removed the chairs and sat on the floor so the women would feel perfectly at ease. They entertained the women during the conference and gave them their food.





Dr. Miller and Hira Lal about their Work



Mrs. Shah presided at the meetings and gave talks and suggestions concerning the best methods of work. Bible classes were held, reports of the year given, and a new plan for carrying out their work was agreed upon.

One plan was to have the women workers urge their hearers to an immediate acceptance of Christ. Also to report on how their message and work were helping and developing the Christian women whom they visited. One worker reported that one of the Christian women, when she went to the fields to gather grain, told Bible stories to her companions.

At this conference definite aims were set for the year. These aims were as follows:

- 1—The winning of one hundred Christian women.
- 2—To secure one hundred girls for enrollment in the schools.
- 3—One hundred and fifty villages to be visited at least three times during the year.
- 4—The mother of each child in all the schools, to be visited.
- 5—To get every Christian woman to do some special service for which she is not paid.

Each out-station has a certain number of villages allotted to it. Thus a new hope is given to these Bible women, and as they work they have a definite plan for reporting their labors. They report the number of readers of the New Testament, the number of houses they visit, the

number of villages visited, the number of school children visited, the number of new girl pupils secured, the number of volunteer workers, the number of new Christian women won, and the total number of hearers for the month. When each out-station reports to Miss Nicholson, at the end of the month, she compiles the records for all and sends the report to each woman under her direction. Thus each woman has a report of her own work and a report of all of the other women as well. This plan stimulates activity and lends unity and encouragement to all the workers. Miss Nicholson reports that under this new plan more villages were visited in one month than had been visited in any six months before. A total number of two thousand six hundred and forty-six hearers were reported in a single month.

2

This kind of work takes constant care and oversight. A regular series of Bible lessons is prepared and taught to these Bible women to teach their hearers. A series of Bible stories is arranged for the use of these workers. The women often find a crowd in the field, as they travel from one village to another. They stop, sing a few songs, tell the Bible stories, and the people usually hear them gladly. They often ask them to tarry longer and tell them more.

Dr. Jennie Fleming (who was in America during my visit to India) also assists in the evangelistic work at Mungeli. She makes many tours among the villages to teach the people

about Christianity. She carries a little communion set with her. When she goes into a village where there are a few Christians, the communion service is observed.

The lady missionaries go in all kinds of weather and in all sorts of ways to supervise and direct and manage the work under their care. They go in ox-carts, in buffalo carts, in horse *tonga*, on horseback, on foot, and sometimes in a sedan chair, called in India a "dandy," carried by four men. As Dr. Fleming returned from furlough she was provided with a Ford car by some of her friends. But however they go, it is with brave hearts and steady hands and confident purpose and with unfaltering faith that their contribution is necessary for the uplift of India's belated womanhood, and for the whole program of India's ultimate redemption.

#### MEDICAL AND DISPENSARY WORK

Dr. George E. Miller was the medical missionary in charge at Mungeli. He was ably assisted by Hira Lal. Twenty-eight people assembled early one morning for medical treatment. They were carefully examined, their names recorded, their prescriptions written out in proper form. Before they filed into the drug room to have these prescriptions filled, Hira Lal read from the Scriptures to them and taught them the meaning of what he read. Others came while he was speaking so that the morning attendance was from forty to fifty. Sometimes it runs much higher than this. In addition to

the Mungeli hospital two dispensaries are maintained at out-stations, besides the work among the lepers at Mungeli and the women's leper asylum, about a mile from Pendridih. The total number of treatments last year was sixteen thousand five hundred. The new cases numbered ten thousand two hundred and thirty.

The dispensary at Barela, twelve miles east, has been in operation for a dozen years with the same compounder, Dhansai, in charge. He is a steady, reliable fellow and has ministered to the simple needs of the people. He has thus gained their good will and has helped to win a number of Christians in several different villages. He also has an assistant compounder, and the wives of these two men are Bible women under the direction of Miss Nicholson.

The mission owns about two acres of land here upon which the dispensary building, the school-house, and the houses of the workers are located. There are thirty-seven Christians in this section living in four different villages. Four of them are farmers who own thirty-three acres of land.

When cases come to the dispensary which Dhansai is unable to care for, they are sent to the hospital at Mungeli. But many people receive simple remedies at Barela who would not take the long journey to Mungeli.

#### AMONG THE LEPERS

One Sunday I went with Hira Lal to the Leper Asylum, on the outskirts of Mungeli. There  
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are seventy-six lepers there. Most of them are Christians. They sat out on the grass in one large Sunday-school class, while Hira Lal taught them the lesson.

Following this they moved into a nearby building which is used as a church auditorium. One side of this building is entirely open. The platform is separated from the rest of the building by a railing, so that those who conduct the service may not come in contact with the lepers.

These people joined in the singing of the songs with vigor and vociferation. When Hira Lal read the New Testament lesson a number of the lepers opened their own New Testaments and followed him in the reading. He made a short talk to them and they listened eagerly. Following his talk the communion was served. They have a regular leper church in the institution, with the communion every Sunday and two leper deacons pass the emblems. One man who was formerly an evangelist, is a sort of leper pastor to these poor people.

Before we adjourned some of them requested that the new Sahib talk to them a little. I hardly knew what to say, but as I was trying to get started one of them said, "Sahib, please kill a wild boar and send some meat up to us." These poor people rarely get meat and to them there was nothing ridiculous about asking for some wild boar meat immediately following a communion service. I tried to bring them a word of cheer, but they were so much more cheerful than most people could have possibly been under



the circumstances, that I felt my talk didn't have much in it for them.

As I finished talking one man said, "Sahib, take our *bahut* salaams (big salaams) back to the people of America." Their hope and good cheer and happiness were all a mystery to me as I looked upon them and knew that they were doomed to remain in that institution to the end of their days.

As we were walking back from this service I remarked: "Hira Lal, I can't understand why those people are so cheerful." He replied instantly, "Sahib, the secret of it all is Jesus. When they become Christians they are happier in their minds. The Christians here are easier managed and seem much more contented than the non-Christians."

#### THE WOMEN LEPERS

About a mile from Pendridih is a leper asylum for women. Thirty-six women are in this institution, and all but four are Christians. They sat on the floor and sang their Hindi songs with enthusiasm. One song was "I Wear in My Heart the Necklace of Jesus," and another, "My Mind is Inclined Toward Jesus." They also sang a song praising the king, and an improvised song for the occasion praising me, saying that they were glad that their "father and mother" had come into their midst.

Dr. Miller visits this institution regularly, giving such medical treatment as is needed.

These leper women all had on considerable jewelry. As this was the season for the Thanks-  
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giving offering Mr. Saum told them how the others had given. After he had lead in prayer, three or four of these women prayed, thanking the Lord for clothing and food and the care they were receiving.

Damaru asked the women if they wanted to give and they replied "yes." He asked them if they wanted to give by having their names called, or if all should give the same amount. One old lady said she thought each one should give four annas; another thought that three annas would be the right amount. There was silence for a while and a gray-haired old woman said, "Why should we reduce it from four annas to three? Jesus has done so much for us we would never miss it." So they agreed on four and the offering was taken.

The missionaries and the Indian leaders say that these women are never so happy as when they are giving to help somebody else to know the "Jesus story." I have not found so great faith or liberality; no, not in Texas, nor Missouri, nor Nebraska, nor Tennessee.

"AND AS YE GO, TEACH"

1

The educational work in and around Mungeli is under the direction of Miss Stella Franklin. Miss Franklin has spent almost a quarter of a century in India. There are five primary schools under her supervision. The splendid school at Pendridih has been given attention elsewhere in this volume. The schools at Bhu-

lan, Patharia and Fosterpur are wisely guided and kept up to the required standard by Miss Franklin. The primary school at Mungeli, of nearly one hundred pupils, and the boys' boarding school are a part of Miss Franklin's work. All of these schools are inspected and examined by the government, and all are maintained according to government standards. Two of the schools receive a small government grant.

The total enrollment in all these schools is about four hundred and fifty. The pupils come from twenty-one different villages. About ninety of the more advanced boys and girls of Christian parents are attending the mission boarding school elsewhere.

Miss Franklin is very proud of the fact that the four teachers in the primary school at Mungeli are all Christians. Also that fifty-six of the pupils are either Christians or the children of Christian parents. The head teacher in this school has finished the eighth grade and one year of the normal school. Another teacher has finished the seventh Hindi course, and the other two the upper primary fifth grade.

Miss Franklin is a thorough believer in teaching the Bible in a systematic way to all the classes. Most of these pupils can recite lengthy passages of the Scriptures from memory. It was interesting to hear some of the boys from the thieving village recite the Beatitudes. Another boy about six years of age told the story of Joseph. Another boy of ten recited the story of Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane. He was the

son of a cattle man. Preceding Christmas the children commit to memory the Christmas story.

Regular courses of systematic Bible lessons, standardized in such a way that they may be used in all the schools, is being worked out by Miss Franklin. The course for the beginners' class contains simple stories from the Old Testament and the new Testament. The second and third grades have a more advanced course of stories, mostly from the Book of Luke. The fourth grade has lessons from the Book of Mark, arranged and adapted to meet the needs of the pupils. In looking over this course of studies I ran across the following: "Note to teacher: Your class will not understand the reasoning in verses Mark 2:6-10, but you can tell the children how Christ did two things for the sick man; first, forgave him his sins, second, healed him." The fifth grade course is from the Book of Matthew.

It can be seen that with such a thorough educational course and with systematic Bible instruction, a ground work is being laid for a better citizenship among the people of India.

2

The boys' boarding school in Mungeli has an enrollment of twenty-three. It was opened to help educate the village Christian boys and to aid in training plain mission workers to meet our greater needs. It is a united effort to develop the sons of the new Christians living in scattered villages where there are no schools. These new Christians would not allow their boys

to be sent as far away as Damoh, and until this boarding school was started many of these parents were indifferent to their boys' education.

The dormitories are run on a very simple plan. No servants of any kind are employed. A committee is appointed each month to do the buying for the school. They bring all of their rice from the village bazaar. A committee of the larger boys looks after the cooking. They carry water, wash their own clothes, keep the yards clean, hoe their own gardens. They were very proud of about fifty chickens they were raising. The house father has classes for the boys from two to four o'clock. Three of the boys are learning to sew and may become tailors.

The parents of these boys are mostly farmers. They are encouraged to pay fees in grain at the two harvest times. The parents also provide their clothing. By this co-operation the sons of Christian parents are being given Christian training to prepare them for the better things of life.

To all of these schools, Miss Franklin goes regularly. She examines each class personally to see that the proper instruction is being given, also examines them on the progress in Bible teaching, and prepares the pupils of all the schools for the final government examinations.

The record of our mission schools is that the pupils pass better examinations and are better trained than the pupils in an equal number of government schools. There are reasons. Miss Stella Franklin is one of them.

CHAPTER XIV

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JUBBULPORE





## CHAPTER XIV

### JUBBULPORE

#### BIBLE COLLEGE

##### 1

Alexander Campbell organized Bethany College in 1840. He knew that the great cause for which he stood could not permanently succeed without properly trained men to carry it on. The missionaries in India know that same thing. Therefore, they organized a Bible College at Harda in 1902. Of the first class trained by G. L. Wharton, the following are still with us in the work: M. J. Shah, Yakub Masih, and John Pana.

Later the institution was transferred to Jubbulpore, as that city is nearer the center of all our work. The building is set in the midst of a fine campus, adorned with great trees. It is well constructed of brick and cement and there are plenty of rooms for the classes. The equipment is sufficient with the exception of the needed volumes for the library. There is room on the campus for plenty of playgrounds. The Jubbulpore church was constructed in connection with the Bible College and the two make a very beautiful and imposing appearance.

The average attendance for a number of years at the Bible College has been about twenty-five. While this is not a large number, it must be remembered that the constituency from which to draw the students is limited. Furthermore, there are some of our own colleges in America that do not have many more than twenty-five students studying for the ministry.

A part of the work is given in Hindi and is known as the Hindi course. The men in this course have had all the vernacular work given in the Indian public schools. Some of them have also had some instruction in English. They have all had a period of service in the mission before coming to the Bible College. These men get three years of training. They study Bible Geography, Introduction to the Old Testament, Introduction to the New Testament, History of Bible Lands, Old Testament History, New Testament History, Church History, Elementary Psychology and Elementary Logic. They also are instructed in Homiletics and Christian Teaching and Doctrine. In addition to this they have an eighteen months' course in Hinduism and Mohammedanism. During this training they are given practical work in bazaar preaching and the Jubbulpore Sunday-schools.

The men in the English course have all had the equivalent of high school training before entering the Bible College and do all their work in English. This course is arranged in order to attract the best qualified men to enter the Bible

College. It is necessary to get some men for the ministry whose training fits them to stand up to the well educated Hindus and Mohammedans.

They are given a three years' course. In the first year they take courses in History, Psychology, Sociology, Introduction to the History of Religion, Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament and the New Testament. This first year course is planned to prepare them for an understanding of the second year's work which consists of a thorough study of the Old and New Testament, of the Christian Message, and of the non-Christian religions of India. The third year's course is a practical application of the Christian message to the needs of India.

2

O. J. Grainger, principal of the Bible College, says that the work given to these men in the English course is of a college grade from the standpoint of any good college of America. He says you will have to hunt a long time among college freshmen in America to find men who could do that grade of work in a foreign tongue any better than those English course men did their first year's work. He says, "I had work under Aylesworth and Dungan in Cotner and under Dean McDairmid and Wakefield and Zol-lars in Hiram. The work we are giving in Jubbulpore is the equivalent of what I got from these men. The men have never had less than three and usually four years work."

Mr. Grainger and W. C. McDougall were giving full time to the work in the Bible College. Faye Livengood was teaching one class. Miss Mary Louise Jeter was giving part time to the Bible College, teaching classes for the women who are wives of the men students. There were eight women in the school. These women are given a sufficient training so that they will be able to carry on the work of Bible women.

I visited a number of the classes. A class of from six to eight is not what ordinarily challenges the teacher to do his best work. Yet it is my conviction that no more thorough work is being done any where than by these faithful teachers in this small Bible College. The students were working like Trojans to absorb the teaching, to master the subjects and to make their grades. They carry their books home at night and come to the early morning classes with minds hungry for knowledge and training. It's a long, tedious process but the men and women who have taken this kind of training are now among our most successful preachers and evangelists.

This is not a spectacular work. It does not have the inspiration of numbers. Some men, as in America, want to be trained for preachers who would better be plowing corn or raising rice. Yet the instructors in the Bible College are sticking to the task year after year and doing the best they can with the material that is sent to them. They know their work is fundamental.

They know that the Kingdom cannot advance without this work. They have seen their students go out and make good in life because of the thorough training they have received. Mr. Grainger well expressed the feeling of all of them when he said:

“We men who have been doing this work don’t feel one bit discouraged. It is hard work. So is all the work. We feel that we have gotten somewhere and have done something worth while.”

### THE JUBBULPORE CHURCH

As has been stated before, the church building is in connection with the Bible College. It is a fine, commodious church and well arranged for service and work. It gives a restful feeling to sit down in that splendid church and see the entire platform banked with potted plants and palms. One would know he was in the far East if he should wake up some Sunday morning in that church.

The membership, as I remember it, is about seventy-five or one hundred. This church is ministered to by both the missionaries and the more advanced students in the Bible College. Many a Bible College student has tried out his preaching ability in the Jubbulpore church. Many a new Sahib, after the first year’s language study, has attempted his first sermon in Hindi in this church, both to the delight of his fellow missionaries and to the Indians, but not always

to the delight of himself. I saw one such Sahib making his first attempt. He waded in, backed up, stuttered, and began all over again, but stayed with it until he had finished his sermon. The changing expression on his wife's face during the process, was worth going miles to see. And how courteous the Indian preachers were in encouraging him and congratulating him on his first attempt.

In addition to the main Sunday-school in the Church, there are eight other Sunday-schools in different parts of Jubbulpore. The Bible College students assist in these Sunday-schools, which gives them practical experience along with their class work.

There is also an out-station at Barela, a village about ten miles away. Miss Jeter conducts a girls' school at Barela, where she goes regularly to supervise her Indian helpers. The missionaries also make frequent trips to Barela, preach in the bazaar and give out simple medicines to the people in need.

#### THE "JUB" PRINTING PRESS

##### 1

There is no better institution in all our work in India than the "Jub" printing press. There are about twenty-five men regularly employed in the press. It is housed in a good building for the purpose of printing and publishing. G. W. Brown established the printing press and was in charge from the time of its beginning to



1917, in connection with his work as Principal of the Bible College. Many of the workmen in the press are Indian Christians who have been trained by the missionaries for this particular work.

The Hindi paper, *The Christian Sahayak*, has a very wide influence. It is a weekly paper of sixteen pages. Fourteen of these pages are always in Hindi, with two pages of English notes and news. The contents of the paper show a wide range of interest. Two pages are for news of the world, two for news of India, two each for the Sunday-school notes and Christian Endeavor notes, two contain stories for children and two on religious news, both local and world wide. Then there are two pages for some strong, solid article on a religious subject.

The circulation is about one thousand. This does not seem large, but it means a great deal more than that number would mean in America. This paper is taken wherever there are Indian Christians who can read Hindi. It goes to all parts of India, even to the extremes of Assam. It goes to the Fijis and to East Africa and to Mesopotamia. It followed the Indian troops to East Africa. They even sent for a time some copies to Trinidad on the north coast of South America. It is taken by Indian Christians of every communion and is read by many missionaries also. O. J. Grainger was editor following Mr. Brown, and at the present time Mr. McDougall is editor.



Mr. Alexander is the manager of the printing press. He has a well trained Indian foreman who takes the responsibility of managing the men in the shop and looking after all of the details of the work.

The regular output of the press is about four million pages per year.

#### TRANSLATIONS

##### 2

The following translations into Hindi have been printed on the "Jub" press: Hurlbert's Bible Geography, The Church of Christ by a Layman, Ainslie's God and Me, Newcomb's Elementary Theology. Mr. Brown also wrote an original work in Hindi on Logic and one on Psychology.

Miss Mary Thompson wrote a pamphlet on the life of Chandra Lela.

Mrs. Scott, of Harda, wrote a Hindi translation of The Other Wise Man.

Miss Josepha Franklin wrote a Teacher's Manual for Lessons in the Gospel of Matthew.

O. J. Grainger translated into the Hindi, The Life of Mohammed, and The Second Year of Graded Sunday-school Lessons for Beginners. He translated into Hindi about one hundred hymns and was Editor-in-Chief for a Union Hymn Book gotten out by the Chattisgarh Missionary Association. He also wrote in Hindi an original book on the Gospel of John giving special attention to its teaching as to the Divinity of Christ.

All of the above translations were printed on our Jubbulpore press. The press has also published a lot of books and pamphlets written by persons of other missions. It publishes a series of Sunday-school lesson leaflets. The weekly output was five thousand three hundred. One course is on the International Lessons and one on the Graded Lessons. These are used by many Sunday-schools outside of our own mission. Considerable printing is also done for the North India Bible and Tract Society. A number of periodicals are also published for several other missions of the Hindi speaking area. The necessary printing for all of our own stations is done at Jubbulpore.

The printing of the Christian literature is done at a loss, but there is an increased amount of job work coming to the press which makes up for the losses on some of the other publications. The need for Christian literature of all kinds is very great. The mission could well afford to set aside one man who would give all his time to the production of the right kind of literature for the Hindi speaking people.

### THE ANNUAL CONVENTION

(Note: To the reader. It is my earnest desire that you do not skip this section of the book.)

#### 1

The annual convention at Jubbulpore is the high time of the year. It is the time when all the missionaries leave their own work for a

week and meet to confer upon the problems and progress of all the work in all the stations. It is the one big event for all of them. It is looked back upon with satisfaction and joy for a six months' period, and for the next six months it is looked forward to with intense eagerness.

What salutations, salaams, and handshakes on the first day of the convention! Here come the families that have been living all alone, far out from the railroad. How hungry they are to see the faces of their fellow workers. Here come the doctors and nurses, who have toiled through the year, early and late, to be away from the grind for a little while and gather new inspiration for the work when they return. Here come the school people, the zenana workers, the evangelistic missionaries, and those from institutional work, to throw off the burden and care and revel in the fellowship and devotion of their Anglo-Saxon friends.

And what interesting stories they tell; of a hard case cured, or a Brahman convert, or a break among the *chamars*, or the enlarged vision of their Indian co-workers, or a new friendliness among hitherto bitter opponents, of progress, encouragement and hope along many lines. And how human they are. One tells of putting a bullet through a crocodile's neck at sixty yards, another of the slaughter of a wild boar that was destroying the garden, another brought down a sambar, while a young Sahib proudly relates his marksmanship by bringing

in his first wildcat; and still another tells the story of dropping a black buck with a .22 rifle at a hundred yards.

And here come the missionary children, little folks who for a year have played with no one except little brown Indian boys and girls. They scarcely know how to play with their white friends. And the older children; some of them of high school and junior college grades, who have been denied the companionship of their kind. How happy they are together, at this annual convention time.

And here is a Mem Sahib with her new baby, born since the last convention. No white persons have ever seen it except the two or three on the station where she lives. How proudly she exhibits her tiny Sahib, or Miss Sahib to the admiring folks from the other stations. And how careful she is to keep his little head from being exposed to the Indian sun.

The tents have been put up all over the fine campus of the Bible College, and here come the carts of baggage and bedding which these folks must of necessity bring along with them. As they unload, the tennis rackets are noticeable among other paraphernalia. For at the convention there are scheduled periods of play as well as work. And how these over-worked folks do need to relax a little and forget their cares in wholesome play.

Do you ask how such a large group of about seventy-five is fed? A well organized catering

committee has looked forward to such a time as this. Each family has been instructed to bring along its cook and bearer. The cooks are organized under that chief of Indian cooks, Chinawamy, who for a time was G. L. Wharton's cook in Harda, and in these later years has been cook for Dr. Drummond. What fine curry and rice he can put up. The waiters are also organized for their work. The buying is done wholesale and jams have been put up during the year for this event. The whole plan is carefully worked out by Mrs. Nellie Alexander (wife of W. B.) who is chairman of the committee. A special building, with open sides contains the long tables where the meals are served. Such good natured chattering and visiting and banter goes on under that roof as the meals are being served.

2

And the program, how thoughtfully it has been worked out. What might be termed the minor phases of the program have had as careful attention as the major. Every afternoon there was a children's hour. The committee that worked out the program had put much time and thought upon it. There was also a children's supper hour, so that the youngsters could have an earlier supper and retire for the night. Then there was an evening with the "junior" missionaries, in which these young people prepared the program. It was one of two nights of relaxation for the week.

That wide-awake bunch of "junior" missionaries put on a great show. After several games and original stunts, it was announced that the main part of the program would be the Shylock scene from "The Merchant of Venice." It's easy to get the costumes for such a scene in India. The Shylock, with his whiskers, has been done much more poorly in college plays at home. The Portia was fine. In fact every part was not only well portrayed in dress, but the elocution and presentation of all the parts were exceptionally well done under the circumstances. Where they learned how to do it, and how to dress the parts, is not much of a mystery. The fathers and mothers of these young people are all college graduates, who have studied the best in English literature and who, before going to India had opportunity of seeing the best that the American stage produces. What a tragedy it would be if these growing boys and girls on the mission field did not have as their parents, men and women of superior training.

What about the other night of relaxation? Honesty compels me to tell the whole story. The folks at home have a right to know what these missionaries do when they get together, so the truth must out! It was a "dress up" night. And it is an annual affair at these conventions. Not a burlesque dress up affair, but a real social evening when it is announced and expected that it will be a full dress occasion. All are expected



to wear their best clothes, real evening clothes, if they are lucky enough to possess them.

It was a great night. Two or three not far removed from college, came forth unashamed in real evening clothes. Others came with their long-tailed coats. And the women, both married and single, how sweet they looked. Some of them I am sure, had their wedding dresses on and others with dresses they had worn when they were graduated from college. How thankful I was for that occasion. For what excuse was there for carrying a Prince Albert around the world if there was no chance to blossom forth in it, at least once, on the whole journey.

All the niceties of social etiquette were observed during the evening. The young people entered into the spirit of the occasion as well as the grown-ups. It was held in the large bungalow which is occupied by three families, Graingers, Livengoods and Alexanders. This large bungalow is well adapted to such an occasion. There were piano selections, recitations, solos, quartettes and group singing. The hosts and hostesses received their guests as they came and bade them goodnight as they left. My own conviction is that this night is worth as much to the mission as any entire day of the convention. The psychology of the thing is right. For such a night is really a little section of the best of the American social order which is a part of the training these people have absorbed before going out on their difficult mission. How their



minds must have gone back to their college days, their commencement days, their wedding days, to socials and entertainments in the church, and to the other fine influences which gave them the vision and led them to the commitment of their lives, to this, the greatest work in the world. Here's my unqualified indorsement of the "dress up" night of the Jubbulpore convention.

3

The work of the convention proper might well be studied by the convention committees of our district, state, and national conventions. It is not a convention merely for speech-making and for hearing reports. It is a convention where the real business of the mission is carefully considered, discussed and passed upon. If anything is omitted, it is the speeches and not the business. The important committees met two or three days in advance of the convention and went carefully over every phase of the work committed to them, item by item. When a committee report was brought in it had had careful, constructive consideration by all the members of the committee. The report was read in full to the whole convention and time was given for questions, for explanation, and for frank and full discussion on any and every point. There was no desire nor attempt to "railroad" things through. When a report was finally adopted and a course of action agreed upon, it was the result of the combined wisdom of the whole

mission, and the workers as they went back to their stations following the convention, to carry out the plans agreed upon, knew in doing so, that they had the sanction and wisdom and prayers of the entire mission back of them.

What a variety of subjects were discussed at this convention. There was a committee on co-workers (Indian workers) which had to do with the salaries, assignments and supervision of all the Indian employees. How carefully they had to work out every detail so that no injustice would be done to any worker, and that each should be placed where the most effective work could be done. There was a committee on education, orphanages and Kulpahar Industrial Home. There was a "little boys' committee" to recommend how little boys were to be cared for who are too small to attend the Damoh orphanage and boarding school. There were committees on a school for American children, men's evangelistic work, women's evangelistic work, and industrial work. There were committees on finance, medical work, language and literature, location and needs of the field. These committees gave hours and hours of careful study to their work. And when the 5:00 o'clock hour for tennis came, if the work was undone, they cut out the tennis rather than the work.

The morning sessions of the convention began at 8:00 o'clock. A half hour devotional period was held, followed by an address. The rest of the forenoon was given entirely over to

convention business. Convention business was scheduled on the program, everyone knew that the chief work of the convention was the business, and they attended strictly to business from day to day until every matter, from every station, and from every department of the work had been attended to.

It has been my privilege as well as duty, in the last few years, to attend many conventions, county, district, state and national, but I have attended no convention anywhere that was as well organized and that attended as strictly to business as the Jubbulpore convention. In its detail committee work, in the time given for the discussion of committee reports, in the desire of those present to be fully acquainted with the details of every report, in the wise constructive program for the future, in the unity and harmony of all the workers, it seemed to me to be pretty nearly a model convention.

### THE WATCH DOG OF THE TREASURY

#### 1

Three or four years ago, the work became so large and complex that it seemed wise to set aside one man to give most of his time as secretary and treasurer of the mission. They elected Mr. W. B. Alexander. The work of such a man will undoubtedly be of interest to people who are furnishing the money to maintain the work of our Indian mission.

In the first place Mr. Alexander is under bond as the treasurer of the mission. He handles considerably more than one hundred thousand dollars every year. When the checks arrive, from month to month, he has to use his judgment in securing the best rate of exchange, as the exchange situation is in a constant state of fluctuation. In handling these checks he is not always able to get the actual cash in Jubbulpore. If the best rate is quoted from Calcutta, he wires instructions to sell and to ship the money. The paper money thus shipped is usually clipped in two, one half of it being expressed on one day, and the corresponding half on the second day to prevent thievery. When both packages arrive safely, it is necessary for the notes to be pasted together again. When Mr. Alexander ships money from Jubbulpore to the different stations, it is clipped and sent in the same way.

2

A careful plan has been worked out to keep each station informed as to the state of the funds allotted to it for the year. In times past some of them did not know how their accounts stood until the end of the year. Mr. Alexander's plan provides a monthly report for each mission station and each missionary within the station. On this report is entered the amount which has been granted for each department of the work for the year. There is also entered the amount that has been drawn to date. In this way each worker

knows the exact condition of his available funds each month. This system of reporting from the central office saves the workers of the various stations much bookkeeping and releases them for the real work which they were appointed to do.

Mr. Alexander is also free to go on call to the various stations to give special advice and help. He gives valuable counsel in building operations. He lends encouragement when special problems are pressing, and knowing the needs of all the stations, he helps the workers in each to get a glimpse of the program and the opportunity of all. He is in no sense a dictator either in desire or practice. He is the servant of the mission, a wise counsellor, and helper, and sympathizer with the work and problems of every missionary in every station. Thus unity of purpose runs through the whole mission.

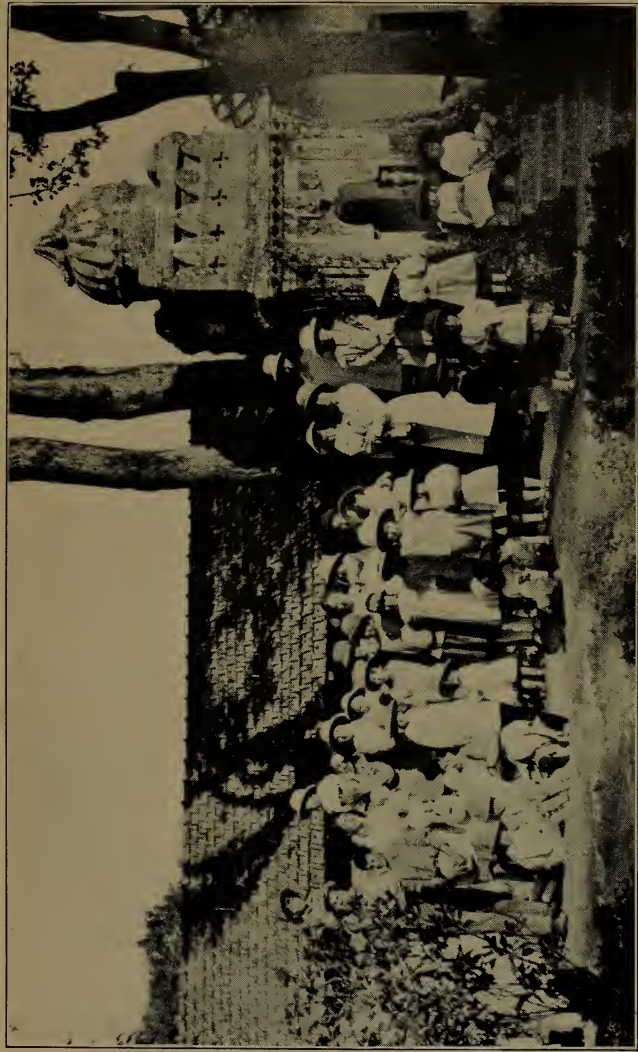
The office is a busy place. He has two or three fairly well trained Indian helpers. His bookkeeper saves him an endless amount of labor. His stenographer could easily be fifty per cent more efficient, but it is very difficult to find a competent Indian stenographer. Then he has an all-around man who does everything that the rest of them do not and cannot do. This man hires the procession of oxcarts and *tongas* to meet the incoming trains at convention time, he goes into the bazaar and gets better prices on almost any commodity than anybody else can do. He acts as messenger in going to the bank for

money. He frequently goes to the bank and brings from one thousand to five thousand rupees. Mr. Alexander has perfect confidence in him.

Following the war the army offered for sale a large quantity of blankets at a greatly reduced price. Mr. Alexander bought up a large quantity of these and sold them at cost to the Indian workers in the different stations. There was a great demand for them and for several months following he was receiving thanks and salaams from these workers who had been saved a great deal of money just by a little interest and thoughtfulness.

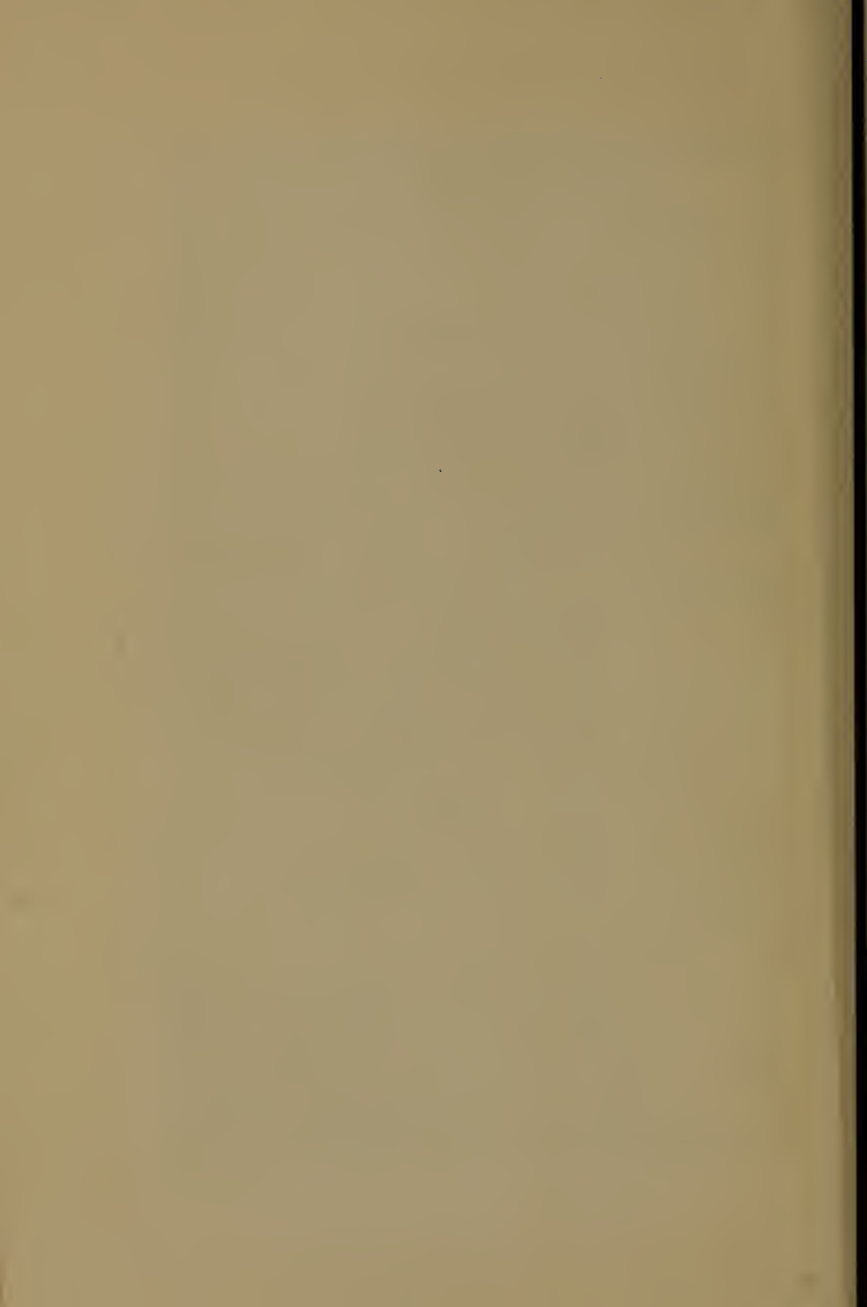
Besides keeping in touch with the mission he carries on the official correspondence with the Board at home. He must inform the Board of the decisions of the convention, report the progress being made on the building projects, keep the Society treasurer informed of the condition of funds sent out for special purposes, report the demand and need for more workers, and in many other ways keep the Society constantly informed about the work. No busier man; no more humble man; and no more useful man is to be found in our Indian mission than its devoted secretary and treasurer.





The Missionaries' Children at the Jubbulpore Convention





## CHAPTER XV

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### A TRIBUTE AND SOME PROBLEMS



## CHAPTER XV

### A TRIBUTE AND SOME PROBLEMS

#### THE MEM SAHIBS

(Note: It has not been possible for me, in this volume, to mention the work of every married woman by name. But I have not been unmindful of the work they are doing. This section, therefore, is a heartfelt tribute to all such faithful workers in every station.)

#### 1

I have not yet seen a statement in missionary literature bearing on the subject of the married women missionaries. These missionaries in India are known as the Mem Sahibs. Their influence is great, and their work is as important as that of any other worker, although sometimes that may not seem apparent to the casual observer. My topic is of every Mem Sahib in India.

In the first place a Mem Sahib is the manager of the home. That means more than it does in America, for she must look after two or three Indian servants, and in many cases thick-headed servants at that.

One of these is a cook, and he must be instructed how to prepare American food in the good old-fashioned American way, and to do this is a task of no mean proportion. This cook is always a man and not a woman, and he has to take his instructions from a woman, and not a man. From time immemorial, the man in India has looked upon woman as an inferior, and now he must listen carefully to a woman explain to him how to make coffee and toast and tea, and how to peel potatoes and cook meat, and make doughnuts and pies. And this foreign woman continuously and everlastingly insists that the cook shall wash his hands before the preparation of every meal; that he shall keep all of the food scrupulously clean, that he scour his cooking vessels after every meal and that he wash the dishes in clean water.

She also insists that he actually boil the drinking water, and bring it up and pour it in the large earthen water jars, and strain it through a piece of cloth before her very eyes. This is not only done one day, but three hundred and sixty-five days of every year. The Mem Sahib sees to it that there is no neglect on this point, otherwise there would be many additional missionary graves "in the land of the salaam."

If the reader should ask why the Mem Sahib does not do this work herself, the reply is that she has too much sense, for in that hot climate no white woman could last ten years who did her own cooking.

Another problem of the Mem Sahib is that of matching wits daily with the cook. This is a problem with two aspects. First, she must send the cook to the bazaar to buy the meat and vegetables. She has to keep a constant eye upon the price, otherwise the cook may be getting one price for the food and the man in the bazaar another. She also must know that he delivers all the food he buys to her own kitchen rather than a part of it to his. In the second place, in the preparation and serving of the meals, she must know that enough only is being prepared and served for her own family and not that of the cook also. The cook receives his regular pay and is supposed to board himself. But a cook who is on to his job will many times save enough out of the meals of the missionary to run his own family. She must keep the sugar locked up, and other such articles for the table, and when it is time for a meal she gets out her bunch of keys and doles out enough for the meal and then puts the padlock on again. If there is any butter left, she must know it, otherwise it will be "all gone" before the next meal.

Then there is the sweeper and water carrier. He looks after the garbage cans, does the sweeping, carries the water, for in most places the water must come from a well some distance away from the bungalow. The Mem Sahib must see to it that this individual does his work properly and keeps everything in good, sanitary condition around the bathrooms.

And, if she has children, she must have a *bai*—an Indian woman to help look after them. This is necessary, if she is to do any missionary work outside the home. These *bais* must have careful instruction as to the proper care of the children. The little white babies, if they go out in the sun, must wear a *topi*, and the growing boys and girls likewise must wear *topis* when they go out. The children must not be allowed to drink water that is not boiled. There is a constant fear in the heart of every Mem Sahib, lest the Indian helper fail to properly care for the child, and some calamity befall it.

Another problem, which is a source of worry to the missionary mother, is the lack of white companions for her children. In most cases, they must play alone or with the Indian boys and girls. As the boys and girls grow older, this is a constant source of danger. How her children may grow up into normal boys and girls without being contaminated by the vices of India is a worry and strain upon the missionary mother's mind and heart.

On the other hand, every missionary child preaches a dozen sermons every day. It preaches the sermon of cleanliness, both in its person and clothing. The idea of using Ivory soap and clear water on every child every day has never entered the Indian mother's mind since the world began. The missionary child also preaches a sermon on education, for he is taught as soon as he is able to learn, both in the home and at



school. He preaches a sermon on sanitation, a sermon on health, a sermon on play, for the Indian boy and girl scarcely know how to play. In short, the missionary home and the missionary child and mother are the teachers of a new social order, and their circle of influence widens with every passing year.

In many stations the Mem Sahib is the teacher of her own children. There are no public schools for white children and it is not wise to send them to the same schools with the Indian children. Her home is, therefore, a schoolroom, and along with her other daily tasks, she must wrestle with arithmetic, reading, writing, spelling, geography and history. She is always faced with the difficulty of getting good magazines and books for her children. There is no magazine counter or book store in the town where she lives. Most of these must come from America. And looking after the selection of the proper kind, of both children's and adult magazines and books and keeping up the subscription lists is no small task. Many times I was asked as to what was the best magazine for children from seven to ten, and also for older boys and girls. How welcome John Martin's Book and St. Nicholas are to the growing children in far away lands.

Then there is a peculiar psychological problem with which the missionary mother is

constantly confronted. That is, of keeping the home with the American atmosphere about it, so that the children will grow up to be normal American boys and girls. They are American, and they must continue to be American. They can neither be English nor Indian. They are away from their American friends, from a five to an eight year period between furloughs. The missionary mother must keep enough of the American spirit and atmosphere and habits of thought about the home, that when the children return to America for furlough or for high school and college, they will fit into the life of American boys and girls without being thought "queer." Not a few missionary children have had many a heartache while they were becoming adjusted to the American life and ways because this point was overlooked by their parents.

The home of the Mem Sahib is really the center for the Christian community where she lives, in fact, in many cases, it is the center of things progressive for the whole community, for her home is established before there is a hospital, a school, a Sunday-school, or a Church. The first idea as to what the white man is like, and how he lives, comes from the Christian home. People learn early to come to the mission bungalow for advice and help, when in distress. The more advanced people come to borrow books, and many times to discuss matters of politics and religion, with the missionary. People coming to a village and wanting to know how an

American lives, will go to the mission bungalow, as one of the places of interest. To all of these, and many more who come, the missionary home is the center of a new world. Her home must express to all who come, both high caste and low caste, the finest and the best of what Christian civilization means, and what the Christian home should be. The Mem Sahib, therefore, and her home, must always be ready for inspection, nearly twenty-four hours a day, for people come early and late with their many problems and questions.

The Mem Sahib may also be considered almost "a bird of passage" for in the hot season she must "lift up her eyes unto the hills." More than that, she must go to the hills with the children for two or three months during the terrible hot days that come annually in India. She, therefore, must really establish a new home for the time being, up in the foothills of the Himalayas. There she starts her school over again. However, in most "hill stations," there is a school for missionary children and it is a great relief to the missionary mother to start her children to school with their own kind. Often she is compelled to go back to the plains and begin her work, leaving the children in boarding school for a few weeks to finish the term.

A smoothly running home has a reflex influence upon the work of her husband. If he is a doctor, his hands are busy nearly sixteen hours a day, with the many calls upon his

time and sympathy. If he is a school man, the constant care of the school, the supervision of the teachers and keeping the whole school up to government standards, takes all of his time. If he is an evangelist, he must make many tours with his Indian preachers, being away from home for days and sometimes weeks. The Mem Sahib who is able to look after the details of the home and keep her husband in good humor and always fit for his work, releases his energies and time in such a way that the largest amount of good may be accomplished. Not to be able to do this, hinders the work in many ways. It will be seen, therefore, that she is making a constant contribution to the great work outside of her own home every day of the year.

3

Having read thus far the reader may conclude that the Mem Sahib does no real missionary work. If she did nothing else than what has been indicated above it would be a missionary task well worth while. However, this is not all that she does, as I can testify. In addition to all that has been mentioned heretofore, a number of the Mem Sahibs were doing the following things:

One had charge of the girls' school work in her station, and looked after the supervision of the Indian teachers and all the details of the school. Another had charge of a Sunday-school in a village about two miles away and every

Sunday walked out to that school, across the fields, to care for her little school. She has some time also for visiting the homes of the people. Three other Mem Sahibs were medical missionaries. One looked after the dispensary and the necessary medical work at the hospital, treating from thirty to fifty patients a day with the help of her assistants. Another carried on a dispensary on the front porch and in the front yard of her own home, from fifteen to twenty people a day coming for treatment in the morning. She also looked after a little school with two Indian women teachers, under a tree in her front yard. The other traveled with her husband on evangelistic tours and gave out medicine to the people. She is now looking after the hospital in one of our stations. Another supervised the work of the Bible women, and had some time to visit the homes along with some of these Bible women, and teach the people the truths of Christianity. Still other Mem Sahibs had some time to visit among the homes of the Indian women. They also had frequent meetings in their own homes with the Christian women of the station, encouraging them in their Christian lives and teaching them the proper care of their children and their homes. Others have rendered useful service in helping the Christian young women to find Christian husbands. Many of the women go on tours with their husbands among the villages and tell Bible stories to the children and women while their

husbands are preaching to the men in the village streets.

In these ways and a thousand others, the Mem Sahibs are giving a good account of themselves in the "land of the salaam." They are rendering invaluable service. They are doing a work that nobody else can do. Their contribution to the Kingdom of God is as important as that of any other worker. Their faith and hope and courage and zeal have not been surpassed by priest or prophet. They have stood up under the most difficult circumstances with as much heroism as any group of women who have ever lived. They may say with J. G. Holland:

"In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud."

Many of them have grown gray in the service of India. They have grown gray working at the most difficult task in the world. Yet everyone of them looks forward to the day for which they all pray, when India shall be redeemed. And strange as it may seem, every one of them is praying that her own children shall be willing to give their lives also, that India may have the more abundant life which is to be found only in the Christian religion.

#### THE PROBLEMS OF THE MISSIONARIES

There is an old saying, "tell your troubles to the policeman." It seems to me it would be better to tell the problems of the missionaries to



the Brotherhood. The Brotherhood should not only know the successes of the missionaries but it should also know the problems which daily confront our workers on the other side of the world. In this way only can intelligent prayer be offered for the solution of these problems, and the Brotherhood enter sympathetically into the life and work of our representatives on the other side. There are four problems which need consideration.

1

THE LAND PROBLEM

The land system in India is a constant handicap to the missionary program. About ninety-eight per cent of the people live in villages. In most cases, the village is owned by one man who is called the Malgazar. He not only owns the land upon which the village is located, but usually all of the land surrounding the village. The people build and own their little mud houses, but they do not own the lot upon which the house is built.

The villagers, therefore, work and live upon the land owned by the Malgazar. They are very poor. Most of them usually have eaten up all their grain before the next harvest comes on. Many times they have to borrow seed from the Malgazar to put in their crops. He charges them from twenty-five per cent to fifty per cent for every loan. When they finally get their share



of the crop, they have to pay back a part of it at once for what they have borrowed. This puts them constantly in debt to the Malgazar and they are virtually economic slaves.

Now when the missionary and evangelist preach in such a village and a man of family expresses a desire to follow Christ, the Malgazar must be reckoned with. In many cases, he is bitterly opposed to Christianity and informs the prospective convert that if he follows the new religion he cannot borrow any grain nor rent any more land. Many new Christians have been beaten and run out of town by such hard-hearted task masters, and many others no doubt have been kept from accepting Christ because of the economic pressure put upon them. This land system which has been in vogue for many generations is one of the big factors in keeping back a more rapid progress of Christianity.

2

THE EDUCATIONAL PROBLEM

The educational problem has two phases.

The first involves the question as to how far the missions should go in the establishment of schools. The educational program of the government is entirely inadequate. Compulsory education in India, as we have it in America, would be entirely impossible because there would not be enough teachers to care for the schools if they should be organized. There are thousands

of villages where there is no school and never has been. The missionary, therefore, has an opportunity on every hand, to organize schools, and a good attendance is assured, almost as soon as school begins. The entire missionary force, as well as native Christian force, could easily be used in the organization and conduct of schools for non-Christian people.

On the other hand, most of the missions are now feeling that their first obligation is to furnish schools for the children of the Christian community, so that the children of the Indian Christians may be properly trained for Christian leadership in later years. After that is done, they feel that such other educational work may be carried on for non-Christians as time and force will permit. However, at the present time, many schools are carried on, including middle schools and high schools, where the majority of the students are non-Christians. In many towns of from five to twenty thousand the whole school program is organized and conducted and largely supported by the mission.

This leads to the second phase of the problem.

The radical Indian leaders are demanding a larger place in the conduct of the government. They are demanding that certain phases of the government shall be transferred to them, to be under their entire supervision and direction. In all probability, education will be a transferred subject. This will mean that the missionaries

will be compelled to deal directly with Indians in the management of the missionary schools. These Indians will, no doubt, demand that the teaching of the Bible be taken out of the regular curriculum of the mission schools, the Bible now being one of the required subjects. The question will then face all the missions as to whether they will be willing to carry on such schools and teach the Bible as a voluntary subject, or re-organize their whole educational program and furnish only enough schools to care for the Christian community, and give the rest of their time and energies to more direct evangelistic effort.

3

THE PROBLEM OF EVANGELISM

There are two prevalent ideas concerning evangelism. One is the plan of "touring among the villages." This is almost entirely a process of seed sowing. The missionary and evangelists go from village to village, gathering the people together for an hour or so, preaching to them, and then passing on to the next village. Such tours last from two to six weeks, during certain seasons of the year. Many villages are reached on such a tour and thousands of people hear the Gospel message who otherwise would never hear it. However, such a visit may be the only one during an entire year, and the stay is not long enough for the people to sufficiently understand

and accept the message. Hence, the possibility of many converts is remote.

On the other hand, many feel that the plan of touring among the villages should be almost if not entirely abandoned. They feel that direct, definite, personal work with individuals, families and castes should be carried on. The missionaries who are pursuing this course are having good results and baptizing many new converts. The whole evangelistic program in India needs to be revitalized along this line. The Indian preachers and evangelists need to be taught how to do definite, personal work in winning their fellows from an idolatrous religion, to a personal acceptance of Christ as their Saviour.

However, this is not easily done. It is hard sometimes for a native preacher and even a missionary to persuade a man to definitely take the stand for Christ, when he knows that the very day he does take that stand the man will probably be beaten and run out of town. He knows also if this happens, that he has a new convert on his hands, who is out of a job and who must be cared for by the mission until he is able to find some other employment. If the Indian people were as free to accept Christ as are the people of America the missionaries could easily have a hundred converts where they now have but one.

THE PROBLEM OF INDIAN WORKERS

Perhaps the most vital need in our whole mission is that of properly trained and consecrated Indian teachers and preachers. There is a preacher shortage in India more urgent than in America. Most of the converts have come from the poor class of people. They have not had previous educational advantages. Therefore, their training is a big problem. It is no easy task to take an illiterate Indian Christian without any background of efficiency and education and leadership and train him to be an effective preacher and leader. It is not easy to take a young man who has only finished the primary grade and train him to be an acceptable evangelist who can be trusted to carry on the work among the villages. It is no easy matter to take ignorant, though willing, Indian women and teach them to be effective Bible women. And it is a perennial problem to train both the men and women who will successfully carry on the work of the mission schools.

Yet the missionaries fully understand that the entire success of their work depends upon the raising up of a corps of trained Indian leaders, who will carry on the work of the schools, the churches, the hospitals and among the women. How happy they are when such a man has been trained so that he can and will take the place of responsibility and leadership

## *A TRIBUTE AND SOME PROBLEMS*

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and acceptably carry out the program that is set before him.

### INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT INDIA

The latest compiled statistics give the population of India by religions, as follows:

Christians .....	5,000,000
Hindus .....	234,000,000
Mohammedans .....	71,000,000
Buddhists .....	12,000,000
Animists .....	11,000,000
Others .....	7,000,000
<hr/>	
Total .....	340,000,000

The area of India is about one-half that of the United States. The United States has thirty-nine persons to the square mile, while India has one hundred and sixty-three.

Owing to the successive swarms of invaders, there are seven distinct races in India, speaking about one hundred and eighty different languages and about one hundred additional dialects. This land of many tongues is a great stumbling block to the missionary program. Twelve different languages are each the speech of five million people or more, as indicated below:



Malayalam, spoken by....	7,000,000	people
Burmese, spoken by.....	8,000,000	"
Oriya, spoken by.....	10,000,000	"
Kanarese, spoken by.....	11,000,000	"
Gujarati, spoken by.....	11,000,000	"
Rajasthani, spoken by....	14,000,000	"
Panjabi, spoken by.....	16,000,000	"
Tamil, spoken by.....	18,000,000	"
Marathi, spoken by.....	20,000,000	"
Telegu, spoken by.....	24,000,000	"
Bengali, spoken by.....	48,000,000	"
Hindi, spoken by.....	96,000,000	"

India is one of the largest exporters of hides in the world.

More than seventy per cent of India's population is engaged in agriculture. It is the largest rice producer in the world. It is second only to the United States in the production of cotton.

In the last ten years, the factories of India have nearly doubled.

The average daily wage before the war in India, among the rural population, was about three cents, and among the urban population about eleven cents. For the same class of labor in the United States, the average is about two dollars and fifty cents. The average weekly wage for skilled labor in the United States was thirty dollars and in India only two dollars.

The latest available figures show that eighty-nine per cent of the men of India are illiterate and ninety-nine per cent of the women. The per-



centage of illiteracy among religions is as follows:

Jains .....	28	per cent	literate
Sikhs .....	7	" "	" "
Christians .....	22	" "	" "
Buddhists .....	23	" "	" "
Animists .....	1	" "	" "
Mohammedans .....	4	" "	" "
Hindus .....	6	" "	" "

The large per cent of illiteracy among Christians, is due to the fact that the converts are mostly from the low caste people, who have never had any educational opportunities, before becoming Christians.

In India, there are more than two and a half million wives, under ten years of age, and nine million under fifteen years of age. The following table shows the proportion of girls of various ages, who are married:

Under 5 years.....	1 in 72
From 5 to 10 years .....	1 in 10
From 10 to 15 years....	more than 2 in 5
From 15 to 20 years .....	4 in 5

In India, one Christian woman out of every eight can read, but only one woman out of a hundred, among the non-Christian women can read.

There are one hundred and eighty-five mission hospitals and three hundred foreign missionary doctors in India. One hundred and sixty of these doctors are women.

There are about fourteen thousand Protestant missionary schools, of all grades, attended by about seven hundred thousand pupils.

The total attendance of all public schools for 1917 was reported over seven million two hundred thousand. Less than one fifth of these pupils were girls.

#### PURELY PERSONAL

The work of some of our India missionaries has not been mentioned in this volume because they were home on furlough during the time of my visit. I have attempted to write what I saw and felt. However, a general word about those on furlough will not be out of order.

Mrs. George Springer who worked so effectively for many years at Mahoba is now located at Maudaha. She just arrived in India, fresh from her experiences in the war, about a month before I left.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Menzies, who toiled so faithfully at Rath, returned just prior to the Jubbulpore Convention and were located at Pendra Road during the furlough of Mr. and Mrs. Madsen.

W. H. Scott and wife, formerly principal of the Harda High School, were also absent on furlough, but are now back in Harda working with Mr. Harnar where two families are needed for the school work instead of one.

E. C. Davis and wife of Kulpahar, who look after the evangelistic work there, were also in

America. I slept for several nights in their bungalow. He has been a handy man in the erection of buildings, and has helped in the construction of several building enterprises in the different stations.

Miss Olive Griffith, for many years located at Damoh, has now returned and is helping in the work at Jhansi, while Miss Haight is on furlough.

Dr. Jennie Fleming, who does such splendid work among the villages around Mungeli, was also taking a much needed rest in the home land, as were likewise Miss Furman, of Bilaspur, and Miss Cowdrey, of Kulpahar.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Schaefer, of Bilaspur, are now back at the task there while Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Moody are on furlough.

Both Miss Minnie Johnson, a trained nurse working in Bilaspur, and Miss Ina Hartsook were taking an extended furlough because of a breakdown in health.

And last but not least, Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Cunningham. He had acted as the Principal of the Harda High School, as Secretary of the mission, and also had a large part in the organization of the enlarged program of evangelism at Bilaspur. For health reasons, he was taking a prolonged furlough from his work in India, but his mind and heart were not idle. The Boards had called him as the Recruitment Secretary for all the fields. For two years he had visited our colleges and gave the call and the challenge of

the great mission fields to hundreds of students. He had toiled unceasingly to find the right type of young men and young women for this work.

No finer piece of work had ever been done by any Recruitment Secretary of any mission board. The news of his death was received with the profoundest sorrow by his host of Indian friends. They loved him. His zeal and optimism had permeated the whole Indian Christian community. His influence will be felt for many years.

In addition to these an even dozen new workers have gone out since I left India. Some future writer will be able to record their difficulties and their victories.

But to all the workers, both new and old, who toil in the "land of the salaam" go out our hearts, our hopes, our prayers and sometimes even our tears, and to them all we send out across the world our *bahut* salaams.



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